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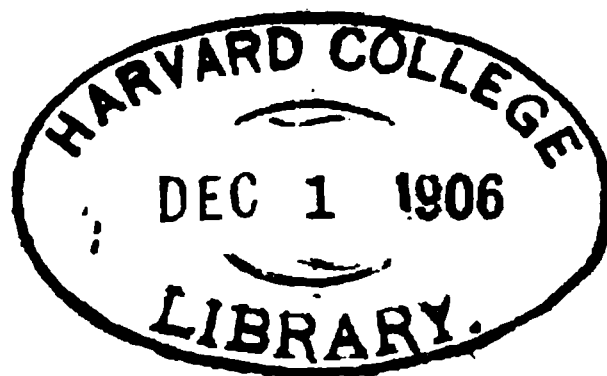
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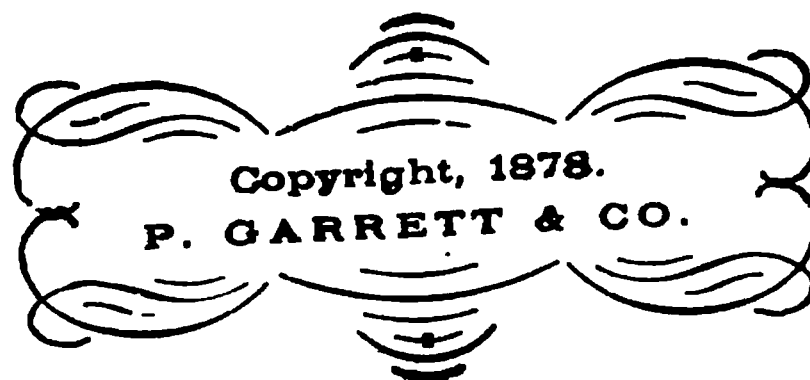
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Part Thirteenth.

*Each of the Four Numbers of
"100 Choice Selections" contained
in this volume is paged separately,
and the Index is made to corres-
pond therewith. See EXPLANATION on
first page of Contents.*

*The entire book contains nearly
1000 pages.*

100
CHOICE SELECTIONS.
No. 13.

CENTENNIAL HYMN.—JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Our father's God! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,
To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.

Here, where of old, by Thy design,
The fathers spake that word of Thine,
Whose echo is the glad refrain
Of rended bolt and falling chain,
To grace our festal time from all
The zones of earth our guests we call.

Be with us while the New World greets
The Old World thronging all its streets,
Unveiling all the triumphs won
By art or toil beneath the sun;
And unto common good ordain
This rivalry of hand and brain.

Thou who hast here in concord furled
The war-flags of a gathered world,
Beneath our western skies fulfill
The orient mission of good-will:
And, freighted with love's golden fleece,
Send back the Argonauts of peace.

For art and labor met in truce,
 For beauty made the bride of use,
 We thank Thee, while withal we crave
 The austere virtues, strong to save;
 The honor, proof to place or gold;
 The manhood, never bought nor sold.

Oh! make Thou us through centuries long,
 In peace secure, in justice strong;
 Around our gift of freedom draw
 The safeguards of Thy righteous law,
 And, cast in some diviner mold,
 Let the new cycle shame the old.

TOM.—CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

Yes, Tom's the best fellow that ever you knew.

Just listen to this:—

When the old mill took fire, and the flooring fell through,
 And I with it, helpless there, full in my view
 What do you think my eyes saw through the fire
 That crept along, crept along, nigher and nigher,
 But Robin, my baby-boy, laughing to see
 The shining? He must have come there after me,
 Toddled alone from the cottage without

Any one's missing him. Then, what a shout—
 Oh! how I shouted, "For Heaven's sake, men,
 Save little Robin!" Again and again
 They tried, but the fire held them back like a wall.
 I could hear them go at it, and at it, and call,
 "Never mind, baby, sit still like a man!
 We're coming to get you as fast as we can."
 They could not see him, but I could. He sat
 Still on a beam, his little straw hat
 Carefully placed by his side; and his eyes

Stared at the flame with a baby's surprise,
 Calm and unconscious, as nearer it crept.
 The roar of the fire up above must have kept
 The sound of his mother's voice shrieking his name
 From reaching the child. But I heard it. It came
 Again and again. O God, what a cry!
 The axes went faster: I saw the sparks fly
 Where the men worked like tigers, nor minded the heat
 That scorched them,—when, suddenly, there at their feet,

The great beams leaned in—they saw him—then, crash,
 Down came the wall! The men made a dash,—
 Jumped to get out of the way,—and I thought,
 “All’s up with poor little Robin!” and brought
 Slowly the arm that was least hurt to hide
 The sight of the child there,—when swift, at my side,
 Some one rushed by, and went right through the flame,
 Straight as a dart—caught the child—and then came
 Back with him, choking and crying, but—saved!
 Saved safe and sound!

Oh, how the men raved,
 Shouted, and cried, and hurrahed! Then they all
 Rushed at the work again, lest the back wall
 Where I was lying, away from the fire,
 Should fall in and bury me.

Oh! you’d admire
 To see Robin now: he’s as bright as a dime,
 Deep in some mischief, too, most of the time.
 Tom, it was, saved him. Now, isn’t it true
 Tom’s the best fellow that ever you knew?
 There’s Robin now! See, he’s strong as a log!
 And there comes Tom too—

Yes, Tom was our dog.

TRUE NOBILITY.—AN ORATION.

Who are the true noblemen of the earth? Who well deserve to belong to the nobility? Not they who are decked with glittering crowns and costly paraphernalia; not they who possess wealth and power; not they whose names are echoed far and wide, and lauded as successful financiers, mighty warriors, brilliant statesmen, or eloquent orators; but they who are known by excellent virtues and noble deeds; they who have honest and pure hearts, above all meanness and crime; who act honestly in all circumstances, and whose chief desire is to benefit their fellow-men.

Nobility denotes true honor. It does *not* mean that man shall continually play the hypocrite in order to carry out his plans—ready to praise a man in the morning and curse him at sun-down—ready to shout for Republicanism in the street, and wire-pull for Democracy in the caucus.

A true nobleman is a man straightforward and just, kind and benevolent; who feeds the hungry, clothes the naked,

visits the afflicted ones of earth, pouring oil upon the troubled waters, and brushing away the tear that trembled in the eye of the weeper.

It is he who is independent. *Not* that independence which says, "I am Sir Oracle; let no dog bark when I do ope my mouth," but that independence which consists of true moral courage, that Newton-like, can learn from a goat-herd, and when necessary, can promptly say, "No." I mean that independence that is exempt from undue influence, and possessing the power of self-control.

Nobility denotes a courteous deportment; cheerfulness, industry, affability, an obliging disposition, and a strict observance of all the proper rules of society are necessary to true nobility.

Another important element is mental cultivation. Ignorance is debasing to the mind and robs it of its glory. Intelligence expands and gives energy and power to the soul. To obtain this intelligence, careful study and close thought are necessary. Here is the true Castilian fount. Drink deep thereof, and learn to be good and noble.

Study well the book of Nature. There you will meet with wide ideas of beauty and grandeur,—and hold fellowship with Him who maketh the earth His footstool, the heavens His throne, the thunder His voice, and the clouds His chariot,—and you will be rewarded with rich gems of thought and new and grand projects that mayhap shall cause you to be remembered as another Franklin, another Newton, or another Locke. True nobility denotes purity of soul with freedom from all corruptions of our nature,—pride, self-will, anger, covetousness, envy. It also denotes a proper government of the body by curbing properly all the desires and appetites. These all should be conformed to the principles of morality and religion. Cleanliness, which is next to godliness, is its constant attendant.

True nobility denotes an earnest, active life, consecrated to the glory of God and the good of humanity. Man can only answer the end of his being in working with all his ransomed powers to this end. He will scarcely have placed his foot on the threshold of this work, ere he will be surrounded with difficulties.

But fear not. Resolution inspires self-confidence, brings every power to the same point and moves the soul onward, like a Grecian phalanx:

"What is noble? 'tis the finer portion of our mind and heart,
Linked to something still diviner than mere language can impart;
Ever prompting—ever seeing some improvement yet to plan—
To uplift our fellow-being, and like man, to feel for man.
What is noble? that which places truth in its enfranchised will,
Leaving steps, like angel traces that mankind may follow still!
Even though scorn's malignant glances prove him poorest of his clan,
He's the noble—who advances freedom and the cause of man!"

Ye mothers! teach the principles of true nobility to the lisping one in its cradle, and bid the first pulsations of its little heart to beat music to them. Fathers! breathe them into your sons, and though you launch them upon life's stormy ocean penniless and alone, yet will they flourish like a green bay tree.

Do you ask for exemplars? I point you to Daniel and Paul, to Luther, to Wesley, and to Calvin, to Washington and Lincoln, and hosts of others who have called forth the loud acclamations of the earth and the approving smile of Heaven by their noble deeds.

HOW PERSIMMONS TOOK CAH OB DER BABY.

Persimmons was a colored lad
'Way down in Lou'sianny;
And all the teaching that he had
Was given him by his granny.
But he did his duty ever,
As well as you, it may be:
With faithfulness and pride always,
He minded missus' baby.
He loved the counsels of the saints,
And, sometimes, those of sinners,—
To run off 'possum-hunting, and
Steal "water-million" dinners.
And fervently at meetin', too,
On every Sunday night,
He'd with the elders shout and pray
By the pine-knots' flaring light,
And sing their rudest melodies,
With voice so full and strong,
You could almost think he learned them
From the angels' triumph-song.

SONG.

'We be nearer to de Lord
 Dan de white folks —and dey knows it.
 See de glory-gate unbarred!
 Walk in, darkies, past de guard:
 Bet you dollar he won't close it!

"Walk in, darkies, troo de gate;
 Hear de kullered angels holler!
 Go 'way, white folks: you're too late:
 We's de winnin' kuller. Wait
 Till de trumpet blow to foller."

He would croon this over softly
 As he lay out in the sun;
 But the song he heard most often,
 His granny's favorite one,

Was, "Jawge Washington
 Thomas Jefferson
 Persimmons Henry Clay, be
 Quick! shut de do';
 Get up off dat flo';
 Come heah and mind de baby."

One night there came a fearful storm,
 Almost a second flood:
 The river rose, a torrent swoln
 Of beaten, yellow mud.
 It bit at its embankments,
 And lapped them down in foam,
 Till, surging through a wide crevasse,
 The waves seethed round their home.
 They scaled the high veranda;
 They filled the parlors clear,
 Till floating chairs and tables
 Clashed against the chandelier.
 'Twas then Persimmons' granny,
 Stout of arm and terror-proof,
 By means of axe and lever,
 Pried up the veranda roof;
 Bound mattresses upon it
 With stoutest cord of rope;
 Lifted out her fainting mistress,
 Saying, "Honey, dar is hope!"

You, Jawge Washington
 Thomas Jefferson
 Persimmons Henry Clay, be
 Quick on dat raft!
 Don't star' like a calf,
 But take good cah ob baby!"

The frothing river lifted them
 Out on its turbid tide ;
 And for awhile they floated on
 Together, side by side ;
 Till, broken by the current strong,
 The frail raft snapped in two,
 And Persimmons saw his granny
 Fast fading from his view.

The deck-hands on a steamboat
 Heard, as they passed in haste,
 A child's voice singing in the dark,
 Upon the water's waste,—
 A song of faith and triumph,
 Of Moses and the Lord ;
 And, throwing out a coil of rope,
 They drew him safe on board.

Full many a stranger city
 Persimmons wandered through,
 "A-totin ob der baby," and
 Singing songs he knew.
 At length some City Fathers
 Objected to his plan,
 Arresting as a vagrant
 Our valiant little man.
 They carried out their purposes :
 Persimmons " 'lowed he'd spile 'em :"
 So, *sloping* from the station-house,
 He stole baby from the 'sylum.

And on that very afternoon,
 As it was growing dark,
 He sang beside the fountain in
 The crowded city park,
 A rude camp-meeting anthem,
 Which he had sung before,
 While on his granny's fragile raft
 He drifted far from shore :—

SONG.

"Moses smote de water, and
 De sea gabe away :
 De chilleren dey passed ober, for
 De sea gabe way.
 O Lord! *I feel so glad!*
It am always dark fo' day:
So, honey, don't yer be sad:
 DE SEA'LL GIVE WAY."

A lady dressed in mourning
 Turned with a sudden start,

Gave one glance at the baby,
Then caught it to her heart,
 While a substantial shadow
 That was walking by her side
 Seized Persimmons by the shoulder,
And while she shook him, cried,—

"You, Jawge Washington

THOMAS JEFFERSON

Persimmons Henry Clay,

Be quick, splain yourself, chile,

Stop dat ar fool smile!

Whar you done been wid baby?"

—*Scribner's Magazine.*

DEATH MAKES ALL MEN BROTHERS.

LOUISE S. UPHAM.

War was in the old dominions, and proud Austria's pride
 and boast

Met, to conquer or be conquered—met the valiant Prussian
 host.

Flags in Austrian hands uplifted fluttered in the morning
 breeze;

Flags with Prussian streamers flying cleft the air with grace-
 ful ease.

Sweet as silver voice of woman, clear-toned bugles thrilled
 the air,

Stealing from the morning slumber, drifting through the
 morning prayer.

Deep-mouthed cannon loudly thundered; far-off mountains
 caught the sound,

Sending back reverberations through the startled country
 round.

Bristling like an angry forest, file on file of bayonets bright,
 Like a city legion-spined, gleamed before the wearied sight;
 Swords in strong right hands expectant, eager for the com-
 ing fray,

Leaped from burdened scabbards, ready valor's mandates to
 obey.

Mettled chargers, snuffing battle in the rolling of the drum.
 Spurned the earth, while proudly marching, for the glory
 soon to come.

Friend and foeman, prince and yeoman, side by side that
 day were found,

Warriors grim and beardless striplings by the same stern
 fetters bound;

Sweethearts flushing through their roses felt their rounded
 cheeks grow pale,
 Buckling on their lovers' breastplates, that in battle's need
 might fail.
 Austrian wives and Austrian mothers, weeping, made the
 Papal sign—
 Crossed their foreheads, crossed their bosoms, kneeling by a
 saintly shrine.
 Prussian wives and Prussian mothers, Lutheran in faith and
 creed,
 Prayed God's blessing for their loved ones, in that hour of
 direst need.

"Hark! the trumpet now is calling. Soldiers, forward! cow-
 ards, fly!
 Let no laggard join the columns!—heroes live, or heroes die.
 Ho, there, standard-bearers, ready! manfully maintain each
 post;

Once our colors earthward trailing, lo, the day for us is lost!"
 Boom of guns and crack of rifles, whistling shot and burst-
 ing shell;
 Then two armies rushed together, with a wild, exultant yell.
 Right and left, still fast and faster, fell the deadly saber
 strokes,
 As the lightning in midsummer rends the heart of sturdy oaks.
 Shrieks of wounded men and dying fell upon the tortured
 air;
 Prayers of chaplains, priestly shrivings, rose 'mid wailings
 of despair.

Morning smiled on two great armies, valiant-hearted for
 their foes;
 Evening frowned on shattered remnants, thankful for the
 night's repose.
 After toil, how sweet is slumber! but the fateful battle din
 Weary nights of anxious searching for the fallen ushers in.
 "Shall we find them dead or dying—horse and rider both
 gone down?
 Theirs fame's ever fadeless laurel, or the tardy martyr
 crown?"

Austrian seeking brother Austrian heard this plaintive, plead-
 ing cry:
 "Weary, weary hours I've lain here; help me, help me, or
 I die!"
 Quickly to the moaning soldier with his full canteen he hied;
 Cooled his parching lips with water, stanching the wound
 upon his side.
 Ha! what curdles all his life-blood, like a cruel, frenzied
 dream?
 On the stripling's leathern girdle see the Prussian eagle gleam!

"Dastard Prussian, lie there, die there! What care I for
 your sad plight?
 Think you, through the day I fought you, glad to succor you
 at night?
 To my dying day I'll scorn you, spurn you till my sword shall
 rust!
 Glad were I if every Prussian by our arms should bite the
 dust!"
 Mutely then the weak hand beckoned, feebly motioning to
 take
 From his breast, that death was chilling, treasures kept "for
 mother's sake."

Hearts are hearts, though men be foemen; and the Austrian,
 kneeling down,
 Gently sought the sacred relic, dearer than a world's renown.
 Opening wide the cherished locket, lo, he saw soft silver
 hair;
 Read within, "With mother's blessing," sweet words deftly
 graven there.
 Gone all feuds and deadly striving; gone the soldier; and
 a son,
 Lost forever to his mother, now his dimmed eyes rested on.
 Quick he tore aside the doublet, fanned the pallid brow
 again:
 What to him was Austrian feather; what was Prussian eagle
 then?
 Prussian head on Austrian bosom—Austrian hand the pain
 beguiled,
 For he knew a *mother* somewhere soon would mourn her
 dear, dead child!

THE RIDE OF COLLINS GRAVES.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

AN INCIDENT OF THE FLOOD IN MASSACHUSETTS, MAY 16, 1874

No song of a soldier riding down
 To the raging fight of Winchester town;
 No song of a time that shook the earth
 With the nation's throe at a nation's birth;
 But the song of a brave man, free from fear
 As Sheridan's self, or Paul Revere;
 Who risked what they risked,—free from strife
 And its promise of glorious pay,—his life.

The peaceful valley has waked and stirred,
 And the answering echoes of life are heard;

The dew still clings to the trees and grass,
And the earlier toilers smiling pass,
As they glance aside at the white-walled homes,
Or up the valley where merrily comes
The brook that sparkles in diamond rills
As the sun comes over the Hampshire hills.

What was it that passed like an ominous breath?
Like a shiver of fear or a touch of death?
What was it? The valley is peaceful still,
And the leaves are afire on the top of the hill;
It was not a sound, nor a thing of sense—
But a pain, like a pang in the short suspense
That wraps the being of those who see
At their feet the gulf of eternity.

The air of the valley has felt the chill;
The workers pause at the door of the mill;
The housewife, keen to the shivering air,
Arrests her foot on the cottage stair,
Instinctive taught by the mother-love,
And thinks of the sleeping ones above.

Why start the listeners? Why does the course
Of the mill-stream widen? Is it a horse—
“Hark to the sound of his hoofs,” they say—
That gallops so wildly Williamsburg way?

God! What was that, like a human shriek,
From the winding valley? Will nobody speak;
Will nobody answer those women who cry
As the awful warnings thunder by?

Whence come they? Listen! And now they hear
The sound of the galloping horse-hoofs near;
They watch the trend of the vale, and see
The rider, who thunders so menacingly,
With waving arms and warning scream
To the home-filled banks of the valley stream.
He draws no rein, but he shakes the street
With a shout and the ring of the galloping feet,
And this the cry that he flings to the wind:
“To the hills for your lives! The flood is behind!”

He cries and is gone; but they know the worst—
The treacherous Williamsburg dam has burst!
The basin that nourished their happy homes
Is changed to a demon—It comes! it comes!
A monster in aspect, with shaggy front
Of shattered dwellings to take the brunt
Of the dwellings they shatter,—white-maned and hoarse,
The merciless terror fills the course

Of the narrow valley, and rushing raves,
 With death on the first of its hissing waves,
 Till cottage and street and crowded mill
 Are crumbled and crushed. But onward still,
 In front of the roaring flood is heard
 The galloping horse and the warning word.
 'Thank God, that the brave man's life is spared!
 From Williamsburg town he nobly dared
 To race with the flood and to take the road
 In front of the terrible swath it mowed.
 For miles it thundered and crashed behind,
 But he looked ahead with a steadfast mind:
"They must be warned!" was all he said,
 As away on his terrible ride he sped.

When heroes are called for, bring the crown
 To this Yankee rider; send him down
 On the stream of time with the Curtius old:
 His deed, as the Roman's, was brave and bold.
 And the tale can as noble a thrill awake,
 For he offered his life for the people's sake.

RELIGION AND DOCTRINE.—JOHN HAY.

"He answered and said, Whether he be a sinner or no, I know not: one thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see." John IX. 25."

He stood before the Sanhedrim;
 The scowling rabbis gazed at him.
 He recked not of their praise or blame;
 There was no fear, there was no shame
 For one upon whose dazzled eyes
 The whole world poured its vast surprise.
 The open heaven was far too near,
 His first day's light too sweet and clear,
 To let him waste his new-gained ken
 On the hate-clouded face of men.

But still they questioned, Who art thou?
 What hast thou been? What art thou now?
 Thou art not he who yesterday
 Sat here and begged beside the way;
 For he was blind.

—And I am he;
For I was blind, but now I see.

He told the story o'er and o'er;
 It was his full heart's only lore:

A prophet on the Sabbath-day
 Had touched his sightless eyes with clay,
 And made him see who had been blind;
 Their words passed by him like the wind
 Which raves and howls, but cannot shock
 The hundred-fathom-rooted rock.

Their threats and fury all went wide;
 They could not touch his Hebrew pride.
 Their sneers at Jesus and His band,
 Nameless and homeless in the land,—
 Their boasts of Moses and his Lord,
 All could not change him by one word.

*I know not what this man may be
 Sinner or saint; but as for me,
 One thing I know, that I am he
 Who once was blind, and now I see.*

They were all doctors of renown,—
 The great men of a famous town,
 With deep brows, wrinkled, broad, and wise,
 Beneath their wide phylacteries;
 The wisdom of the east was theirs,
 And honor crowned their silver hairs.
 The man they jeered and laughed to scorn
 Was unlearned, poor, and humbly born;
 But he knew better far than they
 What came to him that Sabbath-day;
 And what the Christ had done for him
 He knew, and not the Sanhedrim.

DIARY OF A SEA VOYAGE.

A Journal of Misery.

THURSDAY—(SECOND DAY OUT).

Rolling and pitching. Not hungry as usual.
 Kept on deck, except sundry visits to Neptune.
 A. M., sick. P. M., sicker.
 Accounts continually cast; never balanced.
 Went below. Will appear at Queenstown.

FRIDAY.

Warm water diet; not nutritious, but sufficiently so for
 the purpose designed.
 Ate no food. Want to go home.

Sickness increasing. Gag and agag. Steward busy.
 No conveniences for suicide.
 Want to walk home.
 Beef tea and crackers. Down, and then up.
 P. M., worse. Moans and groans.
 Why did they let me go!
 Gulf stream, temp. 80. Stateroom stifling. Going home
 by rail.
 Warm water diet continued.
 Doctor appeared. Administered tar pill. Very choice.
 Held it five minutes.
 Bandages and plasters. Arrowroot tea. Quite soothing.
 First drink came up on time; second remained. Felt en-
 couraged.

SATURDAY.

Better, but weak. Slept on galley loft from 4 to 10 a. m.
 Hard tack for breakfast. Appeared convalescent.
 Congratulations from those who knew how it was them-
 selves.
 Many had been there; others were going.
 L——'s turn next. Accounts rendered on time, and in
 perfect order.
 A model of precision. Neatness exemplified.
 Wanted to go back. Disgusted with life.
 Inward emotions overpowering. Steward said, fight
 against it.
 Tried to, but couldn't.
 Mental determination insufficient.
 Victory of matter over mind.
 Meals at a discount. Dining-room kept aloof.
 Lemons and remedies of no use.
 Beef tea a failure. Seidlitz powders of no avail.
 Surgeon at loss. Says will be better soon.
 Don't want to be better. Prefer extermination.
 Steward calm and serene. Smiles ghastly.
 Holds on to the door. Says, "This is a calm."
 Proffers the basin. Empties contents.
 Says "Sea is smooth as a bowl of milk." Very consoling.
 Groans from A *flat* to G sharp.
 Up notes the worst.
 Adjoining rooms melodious.

Same tunes but different keys.
 Closets reverberate similar strains.
 Hurrah without the "h."
 Bowls and other crockery in demand.
 Ejections more frequent. Quantity diminishing, but quality kept up.
 Port holes barred. Fresh air to be avoided.
 Don't want to see Europe. Nothing there to see. Won't pay for this.
 A sail passing to starboard! Don't want to see a sail.
 A whale spouting near "the banks!" Don't want to see a whale.
Want to go home. Had enough.
 Evening, carried on deck by steward (or rather dragged).
 Stopped at half-way house for refreshments. Felt better.
 Rested an hour on deck. Gazing toward the setting sun.
 Homesick! Oh, no!
 Tried to go back alone. Slipped and rolled down stairs.
 Stopped at bottom. Convenient resting place.
 Hauled to room by steward. Called for basin.
 More arrowroot and brandy. Quite soothing.
 Hat and shawl hung up on floor.
 Slept on lounge with overcoat and boots.
 Dreamt of home, sweet home!

SUNDAY.

Improving.
 Washed face and hands for first time. Combed my hair.
 Recognized by friends as a man that was.
 First clean collar. Brushed and cleaned my clothes.
 More recognitions. Service in saloon. Prayers read for the Queen.
 Quite appropriate. Shall see her shortly.
 Dinner at 4. Fearful appetite.
 A pig in appearance. A pig in fact.
 Iceberg at 5. Served up on deck. Left table at once.
 100 feet high and 2 miles square. Very cooling.
 Next course, fruits and coffee. 6 p. m.—5 sails in sight.

MONDAY.

Recovered. A new man. Exquisite toilet.
 Smooth sea. Portholes opened. State-room steady and quiet.

Brushed teeth and cleaned nails.

Wonderful transformation! Cravat tied. Very distingue.

Looked around to see if any had been sick.

How could they on such a quiet voyage?

Walked the deck like an old salt. Greeted as such by officers.

Homesick? How absurd!

TUESDAY.

Fine weather. Little motion.

Invalids coming to the surface.

Present appearances indicate past distress.

I greeted some and congratulated others.

Said they had not been well. [I believed them.]

Expressed my sorrow and extended my sympathy.

WEDNESDAY.

Not sea-sick, but sick of the sea.

THE SURGEON'S TALE.—BARRY CORNWALL.

Verdict—"Found Dead."

Some years ago, a paragraph appeared in some of the daily newspapers, giving an account of an inquest held on the body of a young woman "found dead" in some obscure street or lane in London. The body was discovered, frightfully emaciated, scantily clothed, and in a poor garret which was entirely destitute of every article of furniture, and other comforts, except a few ragged love-letters which she had preserved through every privation. According to the evidence, she had been at one time a person of considerable beauty, and had evidently died of hunger.

'Twas on a dark December evening,
 Loud the blast and bitter cold;
 Downward came the whirling waters,
 Deep and black the river rolled;
 Not a dog beneath the tempest—
 Not a beggar upon his beat;
 Wind and rain, and cold and darkness,
 Swept through every desert street.

Muffled to the teeth, that evening
 I was struggling in the storm,
 Through pestilent lanes and hungry alleys;
 Suddenly an ancient form
 Peered from out a gloomy doorway,
 And with trembling croak, it said—
 "In the left-hand empty garret
 You will find a woman—dead.

“Never stepped a finer creature,
 When she was a simple maid;
 But she did like many another—
 Loved a man, and was betrayed.
 I have seen her in her carriage
 Riding, diamonds in her hair;
 And I’ve seen her starving, (starving,
 Do you hear?) and now—*she’s there!*”

Up the worn and slippery stair
 With a quickened pulse I sprung;
 Famine, filth, and mean despair
 Round about the darkness hung:
 No kind vision met my glances
 Friend or helper of the poor;
 So the crazy room I entered,
 And looked down upon the floor.

There, on the rough and naked boards,
 A long, gaunt, wasted figure lay,
 Murdered in its youth by hunger,
 All its beauty—wrinkled clay.
 Life’s poor wants had left her nothing,
 Clothes nor fuel—food nor bed,
Nothing—save some ragged letters,
 Whereon lay the ghastly head.

* * * * *

“Nothing!”—yet what more could pity
 Crave, for one about to die,
 Than sweet words from one she worshiped,
 (Sweet, though every word a lie!)
 In the morning of her pleasure,
 In the midnight of her pain,
 They were all her wealth, her comfort,
 Treasured—ay, and not in vain.

And with her now they lie moldering,
 And a date upon a stone
 Telleth where, to end the story,
 Love’s poor outcast sleeps alone.
 Mourn not; for at length she sleepeth
 The soft slumber of the dead,
 Resting on her loved love-letters—
 Last fit pillow for her head.

WANTED.—ANSON G. CHESTER.

The world wants men—light-hearted, manly men—
Men who shall join its chorus, and prolong
The psalm of labor and the song of love.

The times wants scholars—scholars who shall shape
The doubtful destinies of dubious years,
And land the ark that bears our country's good,
Safe on some peaceful Ararat at last.

The age wants heroes—heroes who shall dare
To struggle in the solid ranks of truth ;
To clutch the monster error by the throat ;
To bear opinion to a loftier seat ;
To blot the era of oppression out,
And lead a universal freedom in.

And heaven wants souls—fresh and capacious souls
To taste its raptures, and expand like flowers
Beneath the glory of its central sun.
It wants fresh souls—not lean and shriveled ones ;
It wants fresh souls, my brother—give it thine !

If thou, indeed, wilt act as man should act ;
If thou, indeed, wilt be what scholars should ;
If thou wilt be a hero, and wilt strive
To help thy fellow and exalt thyself,
Thy feet at last shall stand on jasper floors,
Thy heart at last shall seem a thousand hearts,
Each single heart with myriad raptures filled—
While thou shalt sit with princes and with kings,
Rich in the jewel of a ransomed soul.

PYRAMIDS NOT ALL EGYPTIAN.—G. O. BARNES.

Mankind are toiling for a deathless name. Various are the schemes devised, and the plans pursued, to gain this one world-sought end—to rear a pyramid that shall not decay, but grow broader and higher with “the roll of ages.” This is the nucleus of the world of thought. At its altar are immolated the smile and tear, the swell of delight and revenging throb, the sweets of duty, and joys of life, and hopes of heaven. No hardships, nor privations, nor sacrifices, but

here are freely shrined Eating the bread of sorrow and drinking the tears of mourning, the individual world eagerly pursues the phantom of hope, till death stops the chase and rolls them into the tomb. Dreaming of this, the peasant forgets his grief, and only seeks to become dear in his own circle, though icicles hang from his brow and freeze around his heart.

The student ekes out his life in midnight thought, tumbles into the grave, only craving a wandering sigh when years have rolled away. The conspirator cuts the bands of civil law, touches the spring of revolution, and heaves whole empires into a sea of tears, that his name may eddy away on the raging billows. The warrior builds *his* pyramid on the bloody battle plain; and where bayonet, and fire, and blood blend their terrors, *he* deals death with his saber, and flings heart's blood at the sun with his glittering blade. The moral deceiver erects his in a more solemn realm. *He* blots out the sun of hope, rolls man up in self, and pushes a whole world to the doleful caverns of an eternal night. And what an illustration of this is Mohammed, that form of terror which blazed athwart the moral heavens, consumed the vital atmosphere, and shrieking with his latest breath, "Oh God! pardon my sins," plunged into the awful whirlpool of shoreless remorse. How has the bleak, black summit of his pyramid been shattered by the scathing fires of heaven's judgment? To give his name to posterity, Cæsar crossed the Rubicon, and Rome was free no more. *He* built a terrible pyramid upon the ruins of the "Eternal City." But think you its vast height gave him pride, or availed him aught when the cold steel of Brutus' dagger rankled in his heart, and poured his blood on the Senate floor of Rome?

To gain an undying name, Alexander drew the sword of conquest, lit up the land with burning cities, quenched their sighs with tears, extorted the sigh of anguish from millions, and then died, seeking to show himself a god. And Bonaparte too, that lion, swimming in blood, went over Europe tying laurels on his brow with heart-strings, and writing his name with his blood-streaming sword, full on the thrones and foreheads of kings. The powers of his mind, throbbing in midnight dreams, shook the civilized world; and yet the

delirious spirit of this world-wonderful warrior, whose haughty star withered kings and whose brow was unawed, whether his eagles hovered around the Alps or shrieked amid the flames of Moscow, died a powerless prisoner on the lonely billow-dashed isle of St. Helena. These have gained names more lasting than Egyptian pyramids. But oh! the doleful price of their eternal ruin. Who, who can read the history of such men as these and then seek a like immortality? may the winds of annihilation blow such desires from our earth! But is there no way of gaining a name, noble, glorious, immortal? Boundless are the fields, endless are the ways, and numberless the examples of pure and heavenly renown. Though the ways which lead to never-ending shame are many, there are paths that lead to fame, unsullied and undying, up which many great minds have toiled unceasing, till death cut the fetters and sent them home.

The scholar, astronomer, poet, orator, patriot and philosopher, all have fields, broad, fertile, perennial. The ruins of the "Eternal City" "still breathe, *born* with Cicero." The story of Demosthenes, with his mouth full of pebbles, haranguing the billows of old ocean, will be stammered by the school-boy "down to latest time." And after "the foot of time" has trodden down his marble tombstone, and strewn his grave with the dust of ages, it will be said that nature's orator, Patrick Henry, while accused of treason and threatened with death, "hurled his crushing thunderbolts" at the haughty form of tyranny, and cried, "Give me liberty or give me death," in accents that burned all over Europe.

Washington, too, has a pyramid in every American heart. When the serpent, tyranny, wrapped his freezing folds around our nation's heart, and with exulting hisses raised his horrid coils to heaven, then Washington hurled a thunderbolt that drove him back to mold and rot beneath the crumbling thrones of Europe, and sent the startling echo of freedom rumbling around our broad green earth. A fire of desolation may kindle in our metropolis and strew it in the dust, yea, may burn away our continent with all its monuments, but *his* name will be breathed with reverence till the ocean has ceased to heave, and time has ceased to be. Our countryman, Franklin, too; look at the pyramid that bears his

name, burying its mighty summit in the lowering thunder-cloud, while around it the lightnings play and lurk, and write "Immortality." Has not Newton a name among the immortal? How eagerly did he grasp the golden chain, swung from the Eternal Throne, and with what intense rapture and thrilling delight did he climb upward, vibrate through the concave of the skies, gaze around upon the stars, and bathe in the glorious sunlight of eternal truth that blazed from the center—Deity.

Can time, or winds, or floods, or fire, destroy Luther's pyramid? He reared it by an awful conflict, more terrible than ever hung on the tread of an army. The *one* carries thrones and empires, the silent thoughts of the *other* tell on the destiny of the world. Nerved by the Omnipotent, he stood up amid the smoke and flash of century-working batteries, and thundered, "Truth," till the world reeled and rocked as if within the grasp of an earthquake. Milton, too; the wave of oblivion may surge over the pyramids, yea, may engulf all Africa, but Milton, who painted pyramids with heavenly glow, unlocked the brazen gates of the fiery gulf, heard its raging howl and saw its maddening billows heave and plunge, will strike anew his golden lyre in heaven when yonder sun shall stay his fiery wheels mid-heaven, sicken, darken, and pitch lawless from his flaming chariot into the black chaos of universal ruin.

Nor is this all. A day is coming when the pyramids built in blood shall crumble and sink, when yonder firmament shall frown in blackness and terror, when the judgment fires shall kindle around the pillars that stay creation, and rolling their smoke and flames upward, fire the entire starry dome,—when burning worlds shall fly, and lighten through immensity,—when the car of eternity rumbling onward, shall ever travel over the dismal loneliness and bleak desolation of a burned up universe; and then shall the pyramids of the just tower away in the sunlight of heaven, while their builders shall cull the flowers and pluck the fruits of the perennial city,—and to God who created them, and to Christ who redeemed them, swell an anthem of praise, increasing, louder and deeper, with the ceaseless annals of eternity.

PROVERBEEL FEELOSSIFY.—BY AGRIKLER.

You've heard o' Measter Tupper? well I've heerd on un too
 And I've had his book a lend ma, but I didden rade un droo.
 When a man begins ta rite, tes 'mazin how the words ull grow,
 But a verry littel book ull hould what mooast on us do knaw,
 Zo I tuk my pen and piaper jest for to sketch it down,
 And thaught I'd try and knock up a vew prawverbs o' my own
 Noa man es wise athout a wife—that's true and not no viction,
 Vor the verry peth o' wisdom es got at by conterdiction,
 And that's one raisin wy I beant zo wise as Zolomon!
 Becas they zay he'd lots o' wives and I got only one,
 But spwite o' Zolomon's example maikie one wife suffize,
 Vor tiant by no mians elthy to be moor than common wise.
No man es wise as thinks he is—jest tiake that as a rule—
 And a self-appwinted tiacher es vust-cuzzen to a vool.
 Ef yer house be miade o glass, yer naibers doant ee stoan um,
 And remember that the "mortices be nilly nicey boane um."
 Which latten words do signerfy (I ax'd our passun twice),
 That when you taaks about the deead, zay allus zunmat nice.
 When a man do brag o' honesty (no sign can well be wuss),
 Button up yer britches pocket, and be keerful o' yer puss.
 Two thengs come awver I like a leech that's touch'd wi saalt,
 A judge as shaws no marcy, and a man athout a faalt:
 And as vor faaltless wimmen, perhaps *you* mid a zeen um;
 But them o' that zort mooastly dies afor their mothers
 wean um.

If you wants to borrow money, and hant got nor a vriend,
 Dooant never goo to them chaps as do advertise to lend;
 And ef you've money got to lend, jest tiake a vriendly hent,
 And never lend to he as offers twenty-vive per cent.
 Vor even ef it zhould be paid, it only proaves the rule,
 One o' the two must be a roague, and tother one a vool.
 If you tiakes a lot o' flossick vor the colic or the gout,
 You only puts one divil in to drave another out—
 Which proaves that docturs aal alike, thaw one may tother
 banter,
 Do hould the doctrine "simul lies simillibus cow ranter,"
 Which passun zes do mian the zeame as when a chap in-
 vites ye
 To tiake, when you been dreenkin, a heer o'th' dog as bites ye.
 But a better plan than puttin that there maxim to tha pruff,
 Es, jest to liave off drenkin when you vinds you've had
 enough.

And not like thay tea tottlers, to miake a stupid rule,
 Or zay good drenk is pwison becaase a man's a fool.
 Or like a Cockney spoortsman, when a clem a boss outzide,
 Bleame the boss vor drawin he, when twere he as coulden ride.

Wi regard to wars and fitins, I mid be rong or right,
 But one thing's perty clear, it tiakes two to make a fight;
 And as for miakin one o' thay, I'd never hav a roun',
 'Less I were shour and sartain I cud knock tha tother down.
 And ef the tother wer the siame opinion as I,
 He'd be a blessed fool to stick up there and let ma try.
 Zo ef my plan wer carried out by booath the grate and smaal,
 I zomehow thenk there'd never be noa fitin not at aal.
 Devence but not deviance es noo onmanein whim—
Doant never fight—but allus kip yerself in fightin trim.

—*Rhymes in the West of England Dialect.*

THE TWO TEMPLES.—C. T. CORLIS.

Through the mist of the years in the long, long ago,
 I saw in a vision a Temple, aglow—
 Aglow with the beams of the orient sun,
 Whose splendor and vastness conception outrun.

No sound of the hammer or trowel was there,
 In silence that Temple uprose in the air,
 Like some gorgeous castle in fairy tale told,
 All covered with silver and inlaid with gold.

The walls of that Temple in marble were laid.
 Its roof-trees and coverings of cedar were made;
 They laid its foundations deep down in the mold,
 That this Temple might last through the ages untold.

The tribe of Naphtali to Solomon bore
 A man who was skilled in mechanical lore,—
 That cunning artificer, Hiram of Tyre,
 Wrought vessels in gold that the world might admire.

He wrought them in brass, and in silver as well,
 Their number and fashion would fail me to tell,
 The tables, and altars, and candlesticks bore
 An impress of genius man saw not before.

The pillars called Jachin and Boaz he made,
 With lily-work and with pomegranates o'erlaid,
 Twelve cubits about them and eighteen in length,
 The former for beauty, the latter for strength.

When seven long years had in silence rolled on,
 The capstone was laid and the Temple was done;
 The craft were assembled and paid for their hire,
 From the humblest apprentice to Hiram of Tyre.

That Temple of Solomon, where is it now?
 The priest and the miter he wore on his brow?
 The king and the subject, the master and slave,
 Together they sleep in the night of the grave!

They builded with marble that Temple of old,
 It has faded and gone like a tale that is told!
 They builded with cedar, gold, silver, and brass,
 It has vanished like dew when exhaled from the grass

But we have a Temple not builded with hands,
 Eternal as truth, in its glory it stands;
 Age dims not its luster, grand, gorgeous, sublime,
 Unmarred by the tempests, untarnished by time.

Its porch is as wide as the east from the west,
 Its altar the heart in each true Mason's breast,
 Its coverings of charity richer than gold,
 Its jewels are good deeds of value untold.

Here all nations meet in one language and tongue,
 The anthems of praise to Jehovah are sung;
 No jarring of sects, neither clashing of creeds,
 This Temple's as wide as the world and its needs.

All schisms are banished, no Christian or Jew;
 Mohammedan, Pagan, nor Buddhist, nor Foo;
 For these are all lost in the brotherhood—where
 They meet on the level and work by the square.

'TIS FIVE-AND-TWENTY YEARS.

Sitting upon our cottage stoop,
 By autumn maples shaded,
 I call the gentle visions up
 That time had nearly faded.
 The evening light comes from the west,
 In streams of golden glory:
 So fold your head, love, on my breast,
 And hear my olden story.

'Tis five-and-twenty years, my dear,
 Since, hearts and hands together,
 We launched our bark,—the ocean clear
 And all serene the weather.
 With simple trust in Providence,
 We set the sails upon her:
 My fortune, hope and common sense;
 Your dowry, love and honor.

For five-and-twenty years, my dear,
 The billows lightly skimming,—
 One day the skies grew murk and drear,
 Our eyes and spirits dimming.
 How dark that night frowned overhead,
 When hope foresaw no morrow,
 And we beside our firstling dead
 Drank our first cup of sorrow.

'Tis five-and-twenty years, my dear,
 Yet music's in our dwelling,
 The children's prattle that we hear
 About our hearthstone swelling;
 God bless them all, the loving band
 So glad to call you mother;
 With heart to heart, and hand to hand,
 Clinging to one another.

Through five-and-twenty years, my dear,
 Whene'er my arm was weary,
 And scarce I knew the way to steer,
 Your words were ever cheery.
 When mid the tempest and the night,
 With courage sorely shrinking,
 Then on our way God gave us light
 That kept our faith from sinking.

'Tis five-and-twenty years, my dear,
 Slight change in you revealing;
 But o'er my brow—you see them here—
 The silver hairs are stealing.
 Yet let them come, while still thy breast
 Retains the fond emotion
 That nerved my arm when first we pressed
 Our way out on life's ocean.

THE PALMETTO AND THE PINE.—VIRGINIA L. FRENCH.

They planted them together—our gallant sires of old—
 Though one was crowned with crystal snow, and one with
 solar gold.
 They planted them together,—on the world's majestic height;
 At Saratoga's deathless charge; at Eutaw's stubborn fight;
 At midnight on the dark redoubt, 'mid plunging shot and shell;
 At noontide, gasping in the crush of battle's bloody swell.
 With gory hands and reeking brows, amid the mighty fray
 Which surged and swelled around them on that memorable
 day

When they planted Independence as a symbol and a sign,
They struck deep soil, and planted the palmetto and the pine

They planted them together,—by the river of the years,—
Watered with our fathers' hearts' blood, watered with our
mothers' tears;

In the strong, rich soil of freedom, with a bounteous benison
From their prophet, priest, and pioneer—our father, Wash-
ington!

Above them floated echoes of the ruin and the wreck,
Like "drums that beat at Louisburg and thundered at Que-
bec;"

But the old lights sank in darkness as the new stars rose to
shine

O'er those emblems of the sections, the palmetto and the
pine.

And we'll plant them still together—for 'tis yet the self-
same soil

Our fathers' valor won for us by victory and toil;
On Florida's fair everglades, by bold Ontario's flood,—
And through them send electric life, as leaps the kindred
blood!

For thus it is they taught us who for freedom lived and
died,—

The Eternal's law of justice must and shall be justified,
That God has joined together, by a fiat all divine,
The destinies of dwellers 'neath the palm-tree and the pine.

* * * * *

God plant them still together! Let them flourish side by side
In the halls of our Centennial, mailed in more than marble
pride!

With kindly deeds and noble names we'll grave them o'er
and o'er

With brave historic legends of the glorious days of yore;
While the clear, exultant chorus, rising from united bands,
The echo of our triumph peals to earth's remotest lands;
While "faith, fraternity, and love" shall joyfully entwine
Around our chosen emblems, the palmetto and the pine.

"Together!" shouts Niagara, his thunder-toned decree;
"Together!" echo back the waves upon the Mexic Sea;
"Together!" sing the sylvan hills where old Atlantic roars;
"Together!" boom the breakers on the wild Pacific shores;
"Together!" cry the people. And "*together*," it shall be,
An everlasting charter-bond forever for the free!
Of liberty the signet-seal, the one eternal sign,
Be those *united emblems*—the palmetto and the pine.

AUNTY DOLEFUL'S VISIT.—MARY KYLE DALLAS.

How do you do, Cornelia? I heard you were sick, and I stepped in to cheer you up a little. My friends often say, "It's such a comfort to see you, Aunty Doleful. You have such a flow of conversation, and are so lively." Besides, I said to myself, as I came up the stairs, "Perhaps it's the last time I'll ever see Cornelia Jane alive."

You don't mean to die yet, eh? Well, now, how do you know? You can't tell. You think you are getting better; but there was poor Mrs. Jones sitting up, and every one saying how smart she was, and all of a sudden she was taken with spasms in the heart, and went off like a flash. But you must be careful, and not get anxious or excited. Keep quite calm, and don't fret about anything. Of course, things can't go on just as if you were down stairs; and I wondered whether you knew your little Billy was sailing about in a tub on the mill-pond, and that your little Sammy was letting your little Jimmy down from the veranda roof in a clothes-basket.

Gracious goodness! what's the matter? I guess Providence 'll take care of 'em. Don't look so. *You thought Bridget was watching them?* Well, no, she isn't. I saw her talking to a man at the gate. He looked to me like a burglar. No doubt she let him take the impression of the door-key in wax, and then he'll get in and murder you all. There was a family at Kobble Hill all killed last week for fifty dollars. Now, don't fidget so; it will be bad for the baby.

Poor little dear! How singular it is, to be sure, that you can't tell whether a child is blind, or deaf and dumb, or a cripple at that age. It might be *all*, and you'd never know it.

Most of them that have their senses make bad use of them though: *that* ought to be your comfort, if it does turn out to have anything dreadful the matter with it. And more don't live a year. I saw a baby's funeral down the street as I came along.

How is Mr. Kobble? *Well, but finds it warm in town, eh?* Well, I should think he would. They are dropping down by hundreds there with sun-stroke. You must prepare your mind to have him brought home any day. Anyhow, a trip

on these railroad trains is just risking your life every time you take one. Back and forth every day as he is, it's just trifling with danger.

Dear! dear! now to think what dreadful things hang over us all the time! Dear! dear!

Scarlet fever has broken out in the village, Cornelia. Little Isaac Potter has it, and I saw your Jimmy playing with him last Saturday.

Well, I must be going now. I've got another sick friend, and I shan't think my duty done unless I cheer her up a little before I sleep. Good-by. How pale you look, Cornelia. I don't believe you have a good doctor. Do send him away and try some one else. You don't look so well as you did when I came in. But if anything happens, send for me at once. If I can't do anything else, I can cheer you up a little.

CUSTER'S LAST CHARGE.—FREDERICK WHITTAKER.

Dead! Is it possible? He, the bold rider,
Custer, our hero, the first in the fight,
Charming the bullets of yore to fly wider,
Shunning our battle-king's ringlets of light!
Dead! our young chieftain, and dead all forsaken!
No one to tell us the way of his fall!
Slain in the desert, and never to waken,
Never, not even to victory's call!

Comrades, he's gone; but ye need not be grieving;
No, may my death be like his when I die!
No regrets wasted on words I am leaving,
Falling with brave men, and face to the sky.
Death's but a journey, the greatest must take it:
Fame is eternal, and better than all;
Gold though the bowl be, 'tis fate that must break it,
Glory can hallow the fragments that fall.

Proud for his fame that last day that he met them!
All the night long he had been on their track,
Scorning their traps and the men that had set them,
Wild for a charge that should never give back.
There on the hill-top he halted and saw them,—
Lodges all loosened and ready to fly;
Hurrying scouts with the tidings to awe them,
Told of his coming before he was nigh.

All the wide valley was full of their forces,
Gathered to cover the lodges' retreat,—
Warriors running in haste to their horses,
Thousands of enemies close to his feet!
Down in the valleys the ages had hollowed,
There lay the Sitting Bull's camp for a prey!
Numbers! What recked he? What recked those who fol-
lowed?

Men who had fought ten to one ere that day?
Out swept the squadrons, the fated three hundred,
Into the battle-line steady and full;
Then down the hill-side exultingly thundered
Into the hordes of the Old Sitting Bull!
Wild Ogalallah, Arapahoe, Cheyenne,
Wild Horse's braves, and the rest of their crew,
Shrank from that charge like a herd from a lion,
Then closed around the great hell of wild Sioux.

Right to their centre he charged, and then, facing—
Hark to those yells? and around them, oh, see!
Over the hill-tops the devils come racing,
Coming as fast as the waves of the sea!
Red was the circle of fire about them:
No hope of victory, no ray of light,
Shot through that terrible black cloud without them,
Brooding in death over Custer's last fight.

THEN, DID HE BLENCH? Did he die like a craven,
Begging those torturing fiends for his life?
Was there a soldier who carried the Seven
Flinched like a coward or fled from the strife?
No, by the blood of our Custer, no quailing!
There in the midst of the devils they close,
Hemmed in by thousands, but ever assailing,
Fighting like tigers, all bayed amid foes!

Thicker and thicker the bullets came singing;
Down go the horses and riders and all;
Swiftly the warriors round them were ringing,
Circling like buzzards awaiting their fall.
See the wild steeds of the mountain and prairie,
Savage eyes gleaming from forests of mane;
Quivering lances with pennons so airy;
War-painted warriors charging amain.

Backward again and again they were driven,
Shrinking to close with the lost little band;
Never a cap that had worn the bright Seven
Bowed till its wearer was dead on the strand.
Closer and closer the death-circle growing,
Even the leader's voice, clarion clear,

Rang out his words of encouragement glowing,
 "We can but die once, boys, but SELL YOUR LIVES DEAR!"

Dearly they sold them, like Berserkers raging,
 Facing the death that encircled them round;
 Death's bitter pangs by their vengeance assuaging,
 Marking their tracks by their dead on the ground.
 Comrades, our children shall yet tell their story,—
 Custer's last charge on the Old Sitting Bull;
 And ages shall swear that the cup of his glory
 Needed but that death to render it full.

THE NEWSBOY.—E. T. CORBETT.

Want any papers, Mister?
 Wish you'd buy 'em of me—
 Ten year old, an' a fam'ly,
 An' bizness dull, you see.
 Fact, Boss! There's Tom, an' Tibby,
 An' Dad, an' Mam, an' Mam's cat,
 None on 'em earning money—
 What do you think of that?

Couldn't Dad work? Why yes, Boss,
 He's workin' for Gov'ment now—
 They give him his board for nothin',
 All along of a drunken row.
An' Mam? well, she's in the poorhouse,
 Been there a year or so;
 So I'm taking care of the others,
 Doing as well as I know.

Tibby my sister? Not much, Boss,
 She's a kitten, a real Maltee;
 I picked her up last summer—
 Some boys was a drownin' of she;
 Throw'd her inter a hogshead;
 But a p'liceman came along,
 So I jest grabbed up the kitten
 And put for home, right strong.

And Tom's my dog; he an' Tibby
 Hain't never quarreled yet—
 They sleeps in my bed in winter
 An' keeps me warm—you bet!
 Mam's cat sleeps in the corner,
 With a piller made of her paw—
 Can't she growl like a tiger
 If any one comes to our straw!

Oughtn't to live so? Why, Mister,
 What's a feller to do?
 Some nights, when I'm tired an' hungry,
 Seems as if each on 'em knew—
 They'll all three cuddle around me,
 Till I get cheery, and say:
 Well, p'raps I'll have sisters an' brothers,
 An' money an' clothes, too, some day.

But if I do git rich, Boss,
 (An' a lecturin' chap one night
 Said newsboys could be Presidents
 If only they acted right);
 So, if I was President, Mister,
 The very first thing I'd do,
 I'd buy poor Tom an' Tibby
 A dinner—an' Mam's cat, too!

None o' your scraps an' leavin's,
 But a good square meal for all three;
 If you think I'd skimp my friends, Boss,
 That shows you don't know *me*.
 So 'ere's your papers—come take one,
 Gimme a lift if you can—
 For now you've heard my story,
 You see I'm a fam'ly man!

CONFESSION OF A DRUNKARD.

I had position high and holy. The demon tore from around me the robes of my sacred office, and sent me forth churchless and godless, a very hissing and byword among men. Afterward my voice was heard in the courts. But the dust gathered on my open books, and no footfall crossed the threshold of the drunkard's office. I had money ample for all necessities, but it went to feed the coffers of the devils which possessed me. I had a home adorned with all that wealth and the most exquisite taste could suggest. The devil crossed its threshold and the light faded from its chambers. And thus I stand, a clergyman without a church, a barrister without a brief, a man with scarcely a friend, a soul without hope—all swallowed up in the maelstrom of drink.

SPELLING DOWN.--WILL GIFFORD.

Well, Jane, I stayed in town last night,
(I know I hadn't oughter),
And went to see the spellin' match,
With cousin Philip's daughter.
I told her I was most too old ;
She said I wasn't nuther—
A likely gal is Susan Jane ;
The image of her mother.

I begged and plead with might and main,
And tried my best to shake her,
But blame the gal, she stuck and hung,
Until I had to take her.
I ain't much used to city ways,
Or city men and women,
And what I see, and what I heard,
Just sot my head a swimmin'.

The hall was filled with stylish folks,
In broadcloth, silks, and laces,
Who, when the time had come to spell,
Stood up and took their places ;
And Mayor Jones, in thunder tones,
And waistcoat bright and yellor,
Gave out the words to one and all,
From a new-fangled speller.

The people looked so bright and smart,
Thinks I it's no use foolin'
They've got the spellin'-book by heart,
With all their city schoolin' ;
Fill Orvil Kent, the Circuit Judge,
Got stuck on Pennsylvania,
And Simon Swift, the merchant clerk,
Went down on Kleptomania.

Then Caleb Dun, the broker's son,
He put two n's in money,
And Susan Jane, she smirked and smiled,
And left one out in funny.
And Leonard Rand, the Harvard chap,
With features like a lady,
Spelled lots o' French and Latin words,
And caved on rutabaga.

And as I sot there quiet like,
A winkin' and a blinkin',

The gaslight glarin' in my eyes,
I couldn't help a thinkin'
How things were changed since you and I,
In other winter weather,
Drove o'er the snow-bound Eaton pikes
To spellin' school together.

Again the bleak New England hills
Re-echoed to the singing
Of Yankee girls, with hair in curls,
Who set the welkin ringing;
They wan't afraid to sing when asked,
And never would refuse to;
Somehow the singing now-days, Jane,
Don't sound much as it used to.

Twelve couple then a sleigh load made,
Packed close to keep from freezin';
Lor' bless the black eyed, rosy girls,
They didn't mind the squeezin';
Your sweetheart never would complain
Because you chanced to crowd her,
They'd more of flesh and blood them days,
And less of paint and powder.

Down past the Quaker meetin' house,
And through the tamarack holler,
'Mid mirth and song we sped along
With other loads to foller,
Until (the gaslight dimmer grew,—
I surely wa'n't a dreamin',)
Upon the distant hill I see
The school-house lights a gleamin'.

The pedagogue gave out the words,
His steel-bowed specs adjustin',
To linsey girls, with hair in curls,
And boys in jeans and fustian;
The letters rang out sharp and clear,
Each syllable pronouncin',
For he who broke the master's rule
Was certain of a trouncin'.

Brave hearts went down amid the strife;
The words came thicker, faster,
Like body-guard of veterans scared,
The boys closed round the master—
All down but two! Fair Lucy's locks
Swept over Rufus' shoulder,
The room is still, the air grows chill,
The winds blow fiercer, colder.

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"P-h-t-h-y-s-i-c,"
 Lisped Lucy in a flurry;
 "P-h-t-h-i-s-i-c."
 Cried Rufus in a hurry.
 No laurel wreath adorned his brow,
 Twined by a blood-stained Nero;
 Yet in his homespun suit of blue,
 Young Rufus stood a hero.

The master sleeps beneath the hill,
 The voice of Rufus Bennet,
 Who snapped the word from Lucy Bird,
 Was heard within the Senate.
 And countless millions bless the name
 Of him who set in motion
 The tidal wave which freed the slave
 From ocean unto ocean.

The girls who charmed us with their songs
 'Mid heavenly choirs are singin';
 Their feet have pressed the shining street,
 Where golden harps are ringin'.
 We've both grown old and feeble, Jane,
 Our views may not be true ones;
 Yet somehow all the old ways seem
 Much better than the new ones.

THOUGH LOST TO SIGHT, TO MEMORY DEAR.

RUTHVEN JENKINS.

First published in the Greenwich Magazine for Mariners in 1701 & 1702.

Sweet heart, good-bye! that flutt'ring sail
 Is spread to waft me far from thee,
 And soon before the favoring gale
 My ship shall bound upon the sea.
 Perchance, all desolate and forlorn,
 These eyes shall miss thee many a year;
 But unforgotten every charm—
 Though lost to sight, to memory dear.

Sweet heart, good-bye! one last embrace;
 O, cruel fate, two souls to sever!
 Yet in this heart's most sacred place
 Thou, thou alone, shalt dwell forever;
 And still shall recollections trace
 In fancy's mirror, ever near,
 Each smile, each tear,—that form, that face—
 Though lost to sight, to memory dear.

IS IT NOTHING TO YOU?*

Is it nothing to you, O Christians,
As ye sit around the board,
Where the feast is spread before you,
And the rich-hued wine is poured,
That a mighty spirit of evil
Dwells in that bright wine's flow,
That pleasure floats on the surface,
But danger is hiding below?

Is it nothing to you, though that spirit
Walks to and fro through the land,
Scattering the seeds of mischief
Broadcast on every hand?
Those seeds are yielding a harvest
Of poverty, death, and woe,
Of ignorance, crime, and madness,
And you are helping to sow!

Yes; still does the wily tempter
Whisper his oft-told lie
Into the ears of his victims,
"Ye shall not certainly die!
Ye may drink; for look at the righteous,
Do they not drink of it too?"
And the listeners fall as they listen—
And is this nothing to you?

Ye have the gift of knowledge,
Ye are standing fast in your strength;
But that which is now your servant
May be your tyrant at length.
For art has lost its cunning,
And learning ceased to shine,
And the light of religion been darkened,
Before that spirit of wine.

Will you teach your children's voices
To utter the Saviour's prayer,
"Lead us not into temptation,"
And then, lead, and leave them there?
The path is slippery and treacherous,
Which they see you safely pursue;
But they may follow, and perish—
And is this nothing to you?

There are thousands struggling before you
In the dark and fearful wave

* This poem is printed on tinted paper and circulated as a tract of appeal among the sturdy Scotch. We are indebted to MARGARET E. PARKER, of Dundee, Scotland, for forwarding it.

Which hurries them on to destruction—
Will you stretch out no hand to save?
Will you turn from the wife's wild anguish,
From the cry of the children, too,
And say from your place of safety,
That this is nothing to you?

But if, with a generous effort,
A rope to their aid you send,
That help will be unavailing,
If you hold not the other end.
Would you draw the perishing drunkard
Back to the shore of hope,
Yourselves must give him courage,
And yourselves must hold the rope.

Ye are called with a holy calling,
The lights of the world to be,
To lift up the lamp of the gospel,
That others the path may see;
But if you bear it onwards,
Leading the feeble astray
Till they sink in hidden pitfalls,
What will your Master say?

Is it nothing to you, O Christians,
By the blood of Christ redeemed,
That through you the name of Jesus
Is by the heathen blasphemed;
Because along with the gospel,
Your poison-draught ye bring,
And ruin them, soul and body,
With that accursed thing?

Arise in your Master's honor,
And cleanse your hands from the stain,
And let not the shadow of darkness
On that name of light remain.
Away with each false pleasure,
Which makes your lamps burn dim!
He gave His life for your ransom;
Will you give up nothing for Him?

Up, Christians, up and be doing!
Rise from your base repose:
If you take not the part of your Saviour,
You take the part of His foes.
Fling the bondage of evil custom,
And the fetters of self aside,
Nor destroy, with your strength and knowledge,
The souls for whom Jesus died.

ART THOU LIVING YET?—JAMES G. CLARK.

Is there no grand, immortal sphere
Beyond this realm of broken ties,
To fill the wants that mock us here,
And dry the tears from weeping eyes;
Where winter melts in endless spring,
And June stands near with deathless flowers;
Where we may hear the dear ones sing
Who loved us in this world of ours?
I ask, and lo! my cheeks are wet
With tears for one I cannot see;
Oh, mother, art thou living yet,
And dost thou still remember me?

I feel thy kisses o'er me thrill,
Thou unseen angel of my life;
I hear thy hymns around me trill
An undertone to care and strife;
Thy tender eyes upon me shine,
As from a being glorified,
Till I am thine and thou art mine,
And I forget that thou hast died;
I almost lose each vain regret
In visions of a life to be;
But, mother, art thou living yet,
And dost thou still remember me?

The springtimes bloom, the summers fade,
The winters blow along my way;
But over every light or shade
Thy memory lives by night and day;
It soothes to sleep my wildest pain,
Like some sweet song that cannot die,
And, like the murmur of the main,
Grows deeper when the storm is nigh.
I know the brightest stars that set
Return to bless the yearning sea;
But, mother, art thou living yet,
And dost thou still remember me?

I sometimes think thy soul comes back
From o'er the dark and silent stream,
Where last we watched thy shining track,
To those green hills of which we dream;
Thy loving arms around me twine,
My cheeks bloom younger in thy breath,
Till thou art mine and I am thine,
Without a thought of pain or death;

And yet, at times, my eyes are wet
With tears for her I cannot see—
Oh! mother, art thou living yet,
And dost thou still remember me?

JOSIAH AND FAMILY AT THE CENTENNIAL.

EMMA M. JOHNSTON.

While going the rounds of the great Exhibition, lately, we found the passage-way suddenly blocked by a family cavalcade. There was the father, bald and beaming, and averaging two hundred and eighty in weight. He wore a blue coat, gray pants, and a green neck-tie. He carried the family umbrella under his arm, and frequently removed his white hat to mop his forehead with a bright bandanna. His partner was equal to him in size, and similar in style of dress. In regular family order six children followed them; and were supplied from time to time with ginger-bread by the mother, who carried it in straw paper in her right hand.

"Well, mother," puffed the head of the family, "this is astonishin', now, ain't it? I never saw nuthin' like it before. Most played out, mother, eh? John Henry, take the basket from mother. What's this? (stopping before the piece of worsted-work entitled "The Battle of Langside.") My grashus! that chap looks delicate, now. That beats your samples all to nuthin' mother. I 'spect Maria Jane 'll do somethin' rale handsome, like that, with her needle, when she's growed up."

Here the youngest child set up a lively howl at being trodden on, and the entire family, with umbrella, baskets, satchels, and ginger-bread stopped to find out who the guilty party was.

"You ought to 'a minded her better, Selina," said the mother. "There, give her an orange to suck, out o' that littlest bag."

We next came across this interesting family in Horticultural Hall, trying to spell out the names of plants, and showing general disgust that such a fuss was made over bits of flowers.

"It's jest throwin' away money to come and see these 'ere things, when we've got jest as good in our own garden

at home. Abe Lincoln, don't you pinch your little sister Sallie agin, or I'll thump you where we stand, as sure as I'm your livin' mother. Josiah," (to her husband) "let's go an' see somethin' better than this."

Josiah agreed, but just at that moment they met their friends, the Browns, and there were general exclamations and salutations.

"Well, neighbor Brown," said our fat friend, "this is—*this* is somethin' big now, ain't it?"

Brown agreed that it was.

"Its the first Centennial that me and mother and the children's ever seen," continued Josiah. "They had one over to Squabtown, last year, but none on us got to it, owin' to our little Abe Lincoln there havin' the scarlet fever so amazin' smart we thought we was goin' to lose him."

The family, their numbers swelled by the addition of the Brown tribe, moved on to the Art Gallery, whither we followed, intent on fun. "The Banquet Scene," from Macbeth, caused a panic among our fat friend's six children, and Brown's six children, owing to the ghost. Twelve young voices were raised in unearthly cries at the sight of it.

"Maria Jane, you hush up! You know it ain't a rale, livin' ghost. What's the use o' settin' the young un's to whoopin' like that?" exclaimed her father; while the head of the Brown family administered a smart rap on the skull of each of his offsprings.

"Josiah, come right away from that picture and fetch the children with you. There's a woman in it that ain't got any frock on. It's a shame!" Josiah meekly obeyed his wife.

The great American eagle, which had served in the late war, was an object of enthusiastic interest to the entire party. And the way that bird looked at them and listened to their comments, was something rich. In particular he fixed his eyes upon a fat, flaxen-haired child of our friend Josiah's as though imagining what the taste of such a creature would be.

"We ain't seen the Japanese, yet," said Josiah. And forthwith they marched to the department occupied by Japan.

Josiah seemed possessed with a feeling that the Japanese in attendance on their goods were capable of understanding

him, and under this delusion he conversed with them freely.

The Japanese were very polite to him, they bowed and uttered a great many words in their own tongue ; but though Josiah could not understand a syllable, he kept plying them with questions about their goods, their country, and their modes of living.

"Well, you're a kind o' smart people, too. Kinder yaller in the complexion, like, but maybe ye ain't none the worse for that."

The Log Cabin was Josiah's idea of a residence. While he was examining it, the bell rang, and the police ordered his party to move out.

"But we ain't through yet. We ain't got the worth of our money," remonstrated Josiah.

"Can't help it. Time's up."

We next found our friends making frantic efforts to get into a car.

"Mother have you got all the children?"

"All but one, Josiah. Bless me, where is that Abe Lincoln? Maria Jane where's your brother? There, the car's going off, and we'll be left! Josiah, ask the police to look after our Abe Lincoln. I'll die if anything happens to him."

But the police officer refuses to search for Abe Lincoln, being otherwise engaged, and the family feeling is at panic height, when the boy appears, having been trying to smuggle himself in to see the learned pig.

"Abe Lincoln, where was you brought up, to go after pigs in that way?" said his mother, administering a cuff; but at the same time adding, "Josiah, that must be a curious critter! I wish to gracious you had took us to see it."

"All aboard!" was shouted.

Josiah and two of the children got into one car; his wife, four of the children, and the Brown family got into another. When the separation was discovered a loud wail was raised. "Josiah don't leave your little family!" shrieked his wife.

An officer helped Josiah back to his spouse, and the car was about moving off when another shriek attested a fresh catastrophe: the ginger-bread had fallen on the road, and the younger children were wild at the loss.

Josiah mildly asked the conductor to stop while he went back for it; but we regret to say that that depraved conduct-

or looked wickedly at the poor man, and said some words in answer that sounded very strong, to say the least of it.

The last words we heard were from Josiah, who was saying to a fellow-passenger: "Yes sir, big affair! I never saw a Centennial before, to my knowledge; but I mean to attend 'em regular at every place after this."

MARGERY MILLER.

Old Margery Miller sat alone,
One Christmas eve, by her poor hearthstone,
Where dimly the faded firelight shone.
Her brow was furrowed with signs of care,
Her lips moved gently, as if in prayer;
For oh! life's burden was hard to bear.

Poor old Margery Miller!

Sitting alone,

Unsought, unknown,

Her friends, like the birds of summer, had flown.

Full eighty summers had swiftly sped,
Full eighty winters their snows had shed,
With silver sheen, on her aged head.
One by one had her loved ones died;
One by one had they left her side,
Fading like flowers in their summer pride.

Poor old Margery Miller!

Sitting alone,

Unsought, unknown,

Had God forgotten *she* was His own?

No castle was hers, with a spacious lawn:
Her poor old hut was the proud man's scorn;
Yet Margery Miller was nobly born;—
A brother she had, who once wore a crown,
Whose deeds of greatness and high renown
From age to age had been handed down.

Poor old Margery Miller!

Sitting alone,

Unsought, unknown,

Where was her kingdom, her crown, her throne?

Margery Miller, a child of God,
Meekly and bravely life's path had trod,
Nor deemed affliction a "chastening rod."
Her brother, Jesus, who went before,
A crown of thorns in his meekness wore,
And what, poor soul! could *she* hope for more?

Poor old Margery Miller!
Sitting alone,
Unsought, unknown,
Strange that her heart had not turned to stone!
Aye, there she sat on that Christmas eve,
Seeking some dream of the past to weave,
Patiently striving not to grieve.
Oh! for those long, long eighty years,
How had she struggled with doubts and fears,
Shedding in secret unnumbered tears!
Poor old Margery Miller!
Sitting alone,
Unsought, unknown,
How *could* she stifle her sad heart's moan?
Soft on her ear fell the Christmas chimes,
Bringing the thought of the dear old times,
Like birds that sing of far distant climes;
Then swelled the flood of her pent-up grief,
Swayed like a reed in the tempest brief,
Her bowed form shook like an aspen leaf.
Poor old Margery Miller!
Sitting alone,
Unsought, unknown,
How heavy the burden of life had grown!
"Oh, God!" she cried, "I am lonely here,
Bereft of all that my heart holds dear;
Yet Thou dost never refuse to hear.
Oh! if the dead were allowed to speak!
Could I only look on their faces meek,
How it would strengthen my heart so weak!"
Poor old Margery Miller!
Sitting alone,
Unsought, unknown,
What was that light which around her shone?
Dim on the hearth burned the embers red,
Yet soft and clear, on her silvered head,
A light like the sunset glow was shed;
Bright blossoms fell on the cottage floor,
"Mother" was whispered, as oft before,
And long-lost faces gleamed forth once more.
Poor old Margery Miller!
No longer alone,
Unsought, unknown,
How light the burden of life had grown!
She lifted her withered hands on high,
And uttered the eager, earnest cry,
"God of all mercy! now let me die."

Beautiful angels, fair and bright,
Holding the *hem* of your garments white,
Let me go forth to the world of light."

Poor old Margery Miller!

So earnest grown,
Was she left alone?

His humble child did the Lord disown?

Oh! sweet was the sound of the Christmas bell,
As its musical changes rose and fell,
With a low refrain or a solemn swell;
But sweeter by far was the blessed strain
That soothed old Margery Miller's pain,
And gave her comfort and peace again.

Poor old Margery Miller!

In silence, alone,
Her faith had grown;

And now the blossom had brightly blown.

Out of the glory, that burned like flame,
Calmly a great white angel came;
Softly he whispered her humble name.
"Child of the Highest," he gently said,
"Thy toils are ended, thy tears are shed,
And life immortal now crowns thy head."

Poor old Margery Miller!

No longer alone,
Unsought, unknown,

God *had not* forgotten she was His own.

A change o'er her pallid features passed;
She felt that her feet were nearing fast
The land of safety and peace, at last.
She faintly murmured, "God's name be blest!"
And, folding her hands on her dying breast,
She calmly sank to her dreamless rest.

Faithful Margery Miller!

Sitting alone,
Without one moan,

Her patient spirit at length had flown.

Next morning a stranger found her there,
Her pale hands folded as if in prayer,
Sitting so still in her old arm-chair.
He spoke—but she answered not again,
For, far away from all earthly pain,
Her voice was singing a joyful strain.

Happy Margery Miller!

Her spirit had flown
To the world unknown,

Where true hearts *never* can be alone.

MOSAICS.—JOTHAM WINROW.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day—
 Great day from which all other days were made ;
 Now came still evening on, and twilight gray,
 In nature's simplest charms at first arrayed.

Sweet was the sound when oft at evening's close
 The moping owl does to the moon complain ;
 With louder plaint the mother spoke her woes,
 Driven by the wind and battered by the rain.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise ;
 Westward the star of empire takes its way
 And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

Honor and shame from no condition rise,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight.
 "What were they made for, then, you dog?" he cries ;
 One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right.

Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh ;
 On with the dance. Let joy be unconfined ;
 Let earth, unbalanced, from her orbit fly.

A little learning is a dangerous thing ;
 Oh, give relief, and heaven will bless your store,
 See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing—
 Arm! Arm! It is the cannon's opening roar.

"Live while you live," the epicure would say,
 And catch the manners living as they rise.
 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
 If ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.

You see mankind the same in every age,
 And as they first are fashioned always grow ;
 He struts and frets his hour upon the stage—
 Virtue alone is happiness below.

"Turn, gentle hermit of the dale,
 And guide my lonely way ;"
 If I am wrong, oh, teach my heart
 To find the better way !

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 An' never bro't to min' ?
 Oh, no, my friends, for is it not
 Poured out by hands divine ?

This world is all a fleeting show
From many an ancient river ;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

On Linden when the sun was low,
With eyelids heavy and red,
Man wants but little here below,
As hath been sung or said.

"Forbear, my son," the hermit cries,
To be, or not to be ;
In this the art of living lies,
Come to the sunset tree.

Mary had a little lamb,
With fingers weary and worn,
And everywhere that Mary went
Shows man was made to mourn.

John Gilpin was a citizen
In poverty, hunger and dirt,
And so the teacher turned him out,
And sang the song of the shirt.

A nightingale that all day long
Made fields and forests bare,
As if he said, "I'm not afraid,"
And hoary was his hair.

And what is friendship but a name,
The eager children cry—
A charm that follows wealth or fame
Comin' through the rye.

And love is still an emptier sound
Where the scattered waters rave.
A chieftain to the Highlands bound
Cries, "A life on the ocean wave."

Oh, swiftly glides the bonnie boat
With fainting steps, and slow ;
He used to wear an old blue coat,
Its fleece was white as snow.

'Tis the voice of the sluggard ; I heard him complain :
Oh, when shall day dawn on the night of the grave !
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Three fishers went sailing out into the west,
At the close of the day when the hamlet is still ;
Sweet Vale of Avoca, how calm could I rest
In the old oaken bucket that hangs in the well.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep.
You have waked me too soon ; I must slumber again ;
Rock me to sleep, mother ; rock me to sleep.

The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,
With lovely young Jamie, the pride of the Dee ;
His footsteps are feeble—once fearless and bold—
And away he went singing his chick-a-dee-dee.

Will you come to the bower I've shaded for you ?
I would not stay out in the cold and the snow,
Perfumed with fresh fragrance and glittering with dew,
Roderick Vic Alpine Dhu ! ho iero.

SUCCESS.—B. F. TAYLOR.

A human form has many weaknesses. A mere inscription on paper, or on a monument, is nothing, for they involve only questions of material durability ; but when a man's name is heard and loved for a hundred years after he has ceased to use it, we conclude that it may live a thousand, and agree to respect that name forever. This, as men think, is to touch the top round of complete success.

True successes are not the result of accident ; a man may blunder into a triumph, but he is a blunderer still. A world was discovered by one man ; but he was not looking for it. The discovery of the birthplace of a dew-drop, by another man, was a greater piece of work.

And that man in the battle of Chesapeake Bay,—not the admiral, not he who opened his kennels, and unmuzzled his surly dogs, and crashed his way to glory,—but the man who never handled a lanyard in all his life, never heard of fame, who all through that storm of shot and shell, and splintered fire, calmly felt the good ship's way with lead and line, and cried, steady and strong, all through that thunder, "Four fathoms three," "Five fathoms four ;" in that day and hour, that man achieved a grand success.

Sir John Moore fell on the works at Corunna, and they buried him out of sight by the flicker of a lantern. The sods lay heavily on that dead hero's breast, until an obscure

Irishman, one who preached to peasants, lifted the cumbering sods with his

“Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note;”

and to-day Corunna's hero walks the world with the rhythmic march of his burial-song.

But the great successes of this world are not the works of one man. The great quadruple cylinder press is composed of the mingled brains of a thousand men.

Ten years ago they cleft the gray waters of the Atlantic, as the old Red Sea was cleft; and a few Pilgrim words of English speech came and went dry-shod; and the depths were still again. So men put on their hats like extinguishers, and the excitement died out like the briefest of candles. But the letter “A” of every great success is a failure; and repeated failures have made the alphabet that has spelled out the grandest pieces of orthography that the world ever saw.

On the 28th of July, a few years after, another English voice came up out of the waters. Of a truth, great things have been done in the month of July. Wallace had a day in it at Falkirk; Marston Moor claims one; Thermopylæ another; Prague, a third; Liberty, a fourth; Lundy's Lane and Gettysburg have filled it with thunder; but this one triumph over land and sea, over time and space, has filled it with glory, and crowned them all. The lingering angel has set one foot on the sea, at last; and on the morning of the 28th, as the little breath of human greeting flitted westward, and left the sun behind, he proclaimed, “There shall be time no longer.”

These are kingly successes, that it takes half the world to crown. These are they to whom the broad age turns, as wax to the seal, and bears an image and superscription greater than Cæsar's. These are they who maintain the right of the human race, despite all wrongs and weaknesses, to stand firmly upon that round of the ladder of being where God placed them at the first, “a little lower than the angels,” and within speaking distance of His throne.

LEEDLE YAWCOB STRAUSS.

CHARLES F. ADAMS.

I haf von funny leedle poy
 Vot gomes schust to my knee,—
 Der queerest schap, der createst rogue
 As efer you dit see.
 He runs, und schumps, and schmashes dings
 In all barts off der house.
 But vot off dot? He vas mine son,
 Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He get der measels und der mumbs,
 Und eferyding dot's oudt;
 He sbills mine glass off lager bier,
 Poots schnuff indo mine kraut;
 He fills mine pipe mit Limburg cheese—
 Dot vas der roughest chouse;
 I'd dake dot vrom no oder poy
 But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes der milk-ban for a dhrum,
 Und cuts mine cane in dwo
 To make der schticks to beat it mit—
 Mine cracious, dot vas drue!
 I dinks mine hed vas schplit abart
 He kicks oup sooch a touse;
 But nefer mind, der poys vas few
 Like dot young Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions sooch as dese:
 Who baints mine nose so red?
 Who vos it cuts dot schmoodth blace oudt
 Vrom der hair ubon mine hed?
 Und vhere der plaze goes vrom der lamp
 Vene'er der glim I douse?
 How gan I all dese dings eggsblain
 To dot schmall Yawcob Strauss.

I somedimes dink I schall go vild
 Mit sooch a grazzy poy,
 Und vish vonce more I Gould haf rest
 Und beaceful dimes enshoy.
 But ven he vas ashleep in ped,
 So quiet as a mouse,
 I prays der Lord, "Dake anydings,
 But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."

INTRA, MINTRA, CUTRA, CORN.

Ten small hands upon the spread,
Five forms kneeling beside the bed,
Blue-eyes, Black-eyes, Curly-head ;

Blonde, Brunette—in a glee and glow,
Waiting the magic word. Such a row!
Seven years, six years, five, four, two!

Fifty fingers, all in a line,
Yours are thirty, and twenty are mine ;
Ten sweet eyes that sparkle and shine.

Motherly Mary, age of ten,
Even the finger-tips again,
Glance along the line, and then—

“Intra, mintra, cutra, corn,
Apple seed and briar-thorn,
Wire, brier, limber lock,
Three geese in a flock,
Ruble, roble, rabble and rout,
Y. O. U. T.
Out!”

Sentence falls on Curly-head ;
One wee digit is “gone and dead,”
Nine and forty left on the spread.

“Intra, mintra,” the fiat goes,
Who’ll be taken nobody knows ;
Only God may the lot dispose.

Is it more than a childish play?
Still you sigh and turn away.
Why? What pain in the sight, I pray?

Ah, too true! As the fingers fall,
One by one at the magic call,
Till, at the last, chance reaches all,

So in the fateful days to come,
The lot shall fall in many a home
That breaks a heart and fills a tomb;—

Shall fall, and fall, and fall again,
Like a law that counts our love all vain;—
Like a fate, unheeding our woe and pain.

One by one—and who shall say
Whether the lot may fall this day,
That calleth of these dear babes away?

True, too true. Yet hold, dear friend;
 Evermore doth the lot depend
 On Him who loved, and loved to the end:

Blind to our eyes, the fiat goes,—
 Who'll be taken, no mortal knows,
 But only love will the lot dispose.

Only love, with his wiser sight;
 Love alone, in his infinite might;
 Love, who dwells in eternal light.

Now are the fifty fingers gone
 To play some new play under the sun—
 The childish fancy is past and gone.

So let our boding prophecies go
 As childish, for do we not surely know
 The dear God holdeth our lot below?

GODIVA.—ALFRED TENNYSON.

Not only we the latest seed of time,
 New men, that in the flying of a wheel
 Cry down the past; not only we, that prate
 Of rights and wrongs, have loved the people well
 And loathed to see them overtaxed; but she
 Did more, and underwent, and overcame,
 The woman of a thousand summers back,
 Godiva, wife to that grim Earl who ruled
 In Coventry: for when he laid a tax
 Upon his town, and all the mothers brought
 Their children, clamoring, "If we pay, we starve!"
 She sought her lord, and found him, where he strode
 About the hall, among his dogs, alone,
 His beard a foot before him, and his hair
 A yard behind. She told him of their tears,
 And prayed him, "If they pay this tax, they starve."
 Whereat he stared, replying, half amazed,
 "You would not let your little finger ache
 For such as *these*?"—"But I would die," said she.
 He laughed, and swore by Peter and by Paul:
 Then filliped at the diamond in her ear;
 "O, ay, ay, ay, you talk!"—"Alas!" she said,
 "But prove me what it is I would not do."
 And from a heart as rough as Esau's hand,
 He answered, "Ride you naked through the town,
 And I repeal it;" and nodding as in scorn,
 He parted, with great strides among his dogs.

So left alone, the passions of her mind,
As winds from all the compass shift and blow,
Made war upon each other for an hour,
Till pity won. She sent a herald forth,
And bade him cry, with sound of trumpet, all
The hard condition; but that she would loose
The people: therefore, as they loved her well,
From then till noon no foot should pace the street,
No eye look down, she passing; but that all
Should keep within, door shut and window barred.

Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there
Unclasped the wedded eagles of her belt,
The grim Earl's gift; but ever at a breath
She lingered, looking like a summer moon
Half dipt in cloud: anon she shook her head,
And showered the rippled ringlets to her knee;
Unclad herself in haste; adown the stair
Stole on; and, like a creeping sunbeam, slid
From pillar unto pillar, until she reached
The gateway; there she found her palfrey trapt
In purple blazoned with armorial gold.

Then she rode forth, clothed on with chastity:
The deep air listened round her as she rode,
And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear.
The little wide-mouthed heads upon the spout
Had cunning eyes to see: the barking cur
Made her cheek flame: her palfrey's footfall shot
Light horrors through her pulses: the blind walls
Were full of chinks and holes; and overhead
Fantastic gables, crowding, stared: but she
Not less through all bore up, till, last, she saw
The white-flowered elder-thicket from the field
Gleam through the Gothic archways in the wall.

Then she rode back, clothed on with chastity:
And one low churl, compact of thankless earth,
The fatal by-word of all years to come,
Boring a little auger-hole in fear,
Peeped—but his eyes, before they had their will,
Were shriveled into darkness in his head,
And dropt before him. So the powers, who wait
On noble deeds, canceled a sense misused;
And she, that knew not, passed: and all at once,
With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless noon
Was clashed and hammered from a hundred towers,
One after one: but even then she gained
Her bower; whence re-issuing, robed and crowned,
To meet her lord, she took the tax away,
And built herself an everlasting name.

DADDY WORTHLESS.—LIZZIE W. CHAMPNEY.

“Dar’s bressing in baptizing drops :
Dey dribes de debble out.
De rain dat falls upon de fields,
It makes de taters sprout.
Den sprinkle, sprinkle, sprinkle,
While de bells go tinkle, tinkle.
Swing low, ole chariot,
We’ll drike ole Satan out !”

The long, steep streets of Nashville glowed
With white dust, parched and dry ;
The wind, as a sirocco scorched,
Like copper glared the sky.
A ghastly form strode through the town,
And at each fireside stood ;
It paused at door of rich and poor,
To trace its sign of blood.
Nashville held many heroes brave,
And ladies fair and gay ;
But each man’s lip was blanched with fear,
And mirth all fled away.
Grim cholera reaped her harvest down,
And faster toiled each day ;
While none could turn her sickle back
And none her march could stay.

Young Doctor Starr worked day and night—
Martyr of science he—
To trace the sources of the blight
And what its cause might be.
One night he started from his desk,
Pushed back his microscope,
And from his laboratory strode
All fresh inspired with hope.
“The seeds of death are in the air,
And we must beat them down.
Oh, for refreshing showers of rain !
E’en now they’d save the town.
I’ll lay my plans before the Board
Of Health at break of day.”

The morrow came, and Doctor Starr
The choleras victim lay.
Only a negro, gray and old,
Bent o’er his master’s bed,
And listened carefully to all
He in delirium said.

"Dey calls me Daddy Wufless," thought
The negro to himself.

"Dey'll take back dat ar name befo'
I'se laid upon de shelf.

I'd like to spite ole Satan once—
He tinks to him I'll go;
But I has got some money saved
In an ole stockin'-toe.

I tought dat ar money might
My freedom-papers buy;
But when a man sees duty clar,
And, sneakin', lets it lie,
It had been better for dat man,
As Judas Scarrot said,
If he'd been frown into de sea,
A meal-sack roun' his head."

And so the old man's money bought
A horse and water-cart,
And every day he drove about
The city streets and mart.
And sick men tossing on their beds
Of fever and of pain,
Said, as they feebly raised their heads,
"I hear the sound of rain,
As when in nights of childhood passed,
Upon the roof and pane.
The air is fresher than it was,
And I can breathe again."
The last in every funeral train
His water-cart passed by;
And, as he went, he often sang,
With thin voice, cracked and high,—

"Dar's bressing in baptizing drops:
Dey dribes de debble out.
De rain dat falls upon de fields,
It makes de taters sprout.
Den sprinkle, sprinkle, sprinkle,
While de bells go tinkle, tinkle,
Swing low, ole chariot,
We'll drike ole Satan out!"

The scourge is lifted from the town;
But he who died for it
Lies buried, like a faithful hound,
Beside his master's feet.
And when I tread that burial-ground,
The tears unbidden start
To honor "Daddy Wufless" and
The old man's sprinkling-cart.

THAT HIRED GIRL

THE CLERGYMAN'S RECEPTION ON HIS INITIAL CALL IN HIS NEW PARISH.

When she came to work for the family on Congress street, the lady of the house sat down and told her that agents, book-peddlers, hat-rack men, picture sellers, ash-buyers, rag-men, and all that class of people must be met at the front door and coldly repulsed, and Sarah said she'd repulse them if she had to break every broomstick in Detroit.

And she did. She threw the door open wide, bluffed right up at 'em, and when she got through talking, the cheekiest agent was only too glad to leave. It got so after awhile that peddlers marked that house, and the door-bell never rang except for company.

The other day, as the girl of the house was wiping off the spoons, the bell rang. She hastened to the door, expecting to see a lady, but her eyes encountered a slim man, dressed in black and wearing a white necktie. He was the new minister, and was going around to get acquainted with the members of his flock, but Sarah wasn't expected to know this.

"Ah—um—is—Mrs.—ah!"

"Git!" exclaimed Sarah, pointing to the gate.

"Beg pardon, but I would like to see—see—"

"Meander!" she shouted, looking around for a weapon; "we don't want any flour-sifters here!"

"You're mistaken," he replied, smiling blandly. "I called to—"

"Don't want anything to keep moths away—fly!" she exclaimed, getting red in the face.

"Is the lady in?" he inquired, trying to look over Sarah's head.

"Yes, the lady is in, and I'm in, and you are out!" she snapped; "and now I don't want to stand here talking to a fly-trap agent any longer! Come, lift your boots!"

"I'm not an agent," he said, trying to smile. "I'm the new—"

"Yes, I know you—you are the new man with the patent flat-iron, but we don't want any, and you'd better go before I call the dog!"

"Will you give the lady my card, and say that I called?"

"No, I won't; we are bored to death with cards and hand-bills and circulars. Come, I can't stand here all day."

"Didn't you know that I was a minister?" he asked as he backed off.

"No, nor I don't know it now; you look like the man who sold the woman next door a dollar chromo for eighteen shillings."

"But here is my card."

"I don't care for cards, I tell you! If you leave that gate open I will have to fling a flower-pot at you!"

"I will call again," he said, as he went through the gate.

"It won't do any good!" she shouted after him; "we don't want no prepared food for infants—no piano music—no stuffed birds! I know the policeman on this beat, and if you come around here again, he'll soon find out whether you are a confidence man or a vagrant!"

And she took unusual care to lock the door.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

FAITH AND REASON.—LIZZIE YORE CASE.

Two travelers started on a tour,
 With trust and knowledge laden;
 One was a man with mighty brain,
 And one a gentle maiden.
 They joined their hands and vowed to be
 Companions for a season;
 The gentle maiden's name was *Faith*,
 The mighty man's was *Reason*.

He sought all knowledge from the world,
 And every world anear it;
 All *matter* and all *mind* were his,
 But her's was only spirit.
 If any stars were missed from heaven,
 His telescope could find them;
 But while he only found the stars,
 She found the God behind them.

He sought for truth above, below,
 All hidden things revealing;
 She only sought it woman-wise,
 And found it in her feeling.

He said, "This earth's a rolling ball,
And so doth science prove it ;"
He but discovered that it moves,
She found the springs that move it.

He reads with geologic eye
The record of the ages ;
Unfolding strata, he translates
Earth's wonder-written pages.
He digs around a mountain base,
And measures it with plummet ;
She leaps it with a single bound,
And stands upon the summit.

He brings to light the hidden force
In Nature's labyrinths lurking,
And binds it to his onward car
To do his mighty working.
He sends his message 'cross the earth,
And down where sea gems glisten ;
She sendeth hers to God himself,
Who bends his ear to listen.

All things in beauty, science, art,
In common they inherit ;
But *he* has only clasped the form,
While *she* has clasped the spirit.
God's wall infinite now looms up
Before Faith and her lover ;
But while *he* tries to scale its heights,
She has gone safely over.

He tries, from earth, to forge a key
To ope the gate of heaven ;
That key is in the maiden's heart,
And back its bolts are driven.
They part. Without her all is dark,
His knowledge vain and hollow ;
For Faith has entered in with God,
Where Reason may not follow.

THE DUMB CHILD.

She is my only girl,
I asked for her as some most precious thing ;
For all unfinished was love's jeweled ring,
Till set with this soft pearl.
The shadow that time brought forth I could not see,
How pure, how perfect seemed the gift to me !

Oh! many a soft old tune
 I used to sing unto that deafened ear,
 And suffered not the slightest footstep near,
 Lest she might wake too soon;
 And hushed her brothers' laughter while she lay.
 Ah, needless care! I might have let them play.

'Twas long ere I believed
 That this one daughter might not speak to me;
 Waited and watched—God knows how patiently!
 How willingly deceived!
 Vain love was long the untiring nurse of faith,
 And tended hope until it starved to death.

Oh! if she could but hear
 For one short hour, till I her tongue might teach
 To call me mother, in the broken speech
 That thrills the mother's ear!
 Alas! those sealed lips never may be stirred
 To the deep music of that holy word.

My heart it sorely tries,
 To see her kneel with such a reverent air
 Beside her brothers at their evening prayer;
 Or lift those earnest eyes
 To watch our lips as though our words she knew,
 Then move her own, as she were speaking, too.

I've watched her looking up
 To the bright wonder of a sunset sky,
 With such a depth of meaning in her eye,
 That I could almost hope
 The struggling soul would burst its binding cords,
 And the long-pent-up thoughts flow forth in words.

The song of bird and bee,
 The chorus of the breezes, streams and groves,
 All the grand music to which Nature moves,
 Are wasted melody
 To her; the world of sound a tuneless void;
 While even silence hath its charm destroyed.

Her face is very fair;
 Her blue eye beautiful; of finest mold
 The soft white brow, o'er which, in waves of gold
 Ripples her shining hair.
 Alas! this lovely temple closed must be,
 For He who made it keeps the master key.

Wills He the mind within
 Should from earth's Babel-clamor be kept free,
 E'en that His still, small voice and step might be

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Heard, at its inner shrine,
Through that deep hush of soul, with clearer thrill?
Then should I grieve? O murmuring heart, be still!

She seems to have a sense
Of quiet gladness in her noiseless play;
She hath a pleasant smile, a gentle way,
Whose voiceless eloquence
Touches all hearts, though I had once the fear
That even her father would not care for her.

Thank God it is not so!
And when his sons are playing merrily,
She comes and leans her head upon his knee.
Oh, at such times, I know,
By his full eye, and tones subdued and mild,
How his heart yearns over his silent child.

Not of all gifts bereft,
Even now. How could I say she did not speak?
What real language lights her eye and cheek
And renders thanks to Him who left
Into her soul yet open avenues
For joy to enter, and for love to use!

And God in love doth give
To her defect a beauty of its own;
And we a deeper tenderness have known
Through that for which we grieve.
Yet shall the seal be melted from her ear,
Yea, and my voice shall fill it—but not here.

When that new sense is given
What rapture will its first experience be—
That never woke to meaner melody
Than the rich songs of heaven,—
To *hear* the full-toned anthem swelling round,
While angels teach the ecstasies of sound!

EXECUTION OF MADAME ROLAND.—LAMARTINE.

The examination and trial of Madame Roland were but a repetition of those charges against the Gironde, with which every harangue of the Jacobin party was filled. She was reproached with being the wife of Roland, and the friend of his accomplices. With a proud look of triumph, Madame Roland admitted her guilt in both instances; spoke with tenderness of her husband, with respect of her friends, and with

dignified modesty of herself; but, borne down by the clamors of the court whenever she gave vent to her indignation against her persecutors, she ceased speaking amid the threats and invectives of her hearers. The people were at that period permitted to take a fearful and leading part in the dialogue between the judges and accused; they even permitted persons on trial to address the court, or compelled their silence; the very verdict rested with them.

Madame Roland heard herself sentenced to death with the air of one who saw in her condemnation merely her title to immortality. She rose, and slightly bowing to her judges, said, with a bitter and ironical smile, "I thank you for considering me worthy to share the fate of the good and great men you have murdered!" She flew down the steps of the Conciergerie with the rapid swiftness of a child about to obtain some long-desired object: the end and aim of her desires was death. As she passed along the corridor, where all the prisoners had assembled to greet her return, she looked at them smilingly, and, drawing her right hand across her throat, made a sign expressive of cutting off a head. This was her only farewell; it was tragic as her destiny, joyous as her deliverance; and well was it understood by those who saw it. Many who were incapable of weeping for their own fate shed tears of unfeigned sorrow for hers.

On that day (November 10, 1793,) a greater number than usual of carts laden with victims rolled onward toward the scaffold. Madame Roland was placed in the last, beside an infirm old man, named Lamarche. She wore a white robe, as a symbol of her innocence, of which she was anxious to convince the people; her magnificent hair, black and glossy as a raven's wing, fell in thick masses almost to her knees: her complexion, purified by her long captivity, and now glowing under the influence of a sharp, frosty November day, bloomed with all the freshness of early youth. Her eyes were full of expression; her whole countenance seemed radiant with glory, while a movement between pity and contempt agitated her lips. A crowd followed them, uttering the coarsest threats and most revolting expressions. "To the guillotine! to the guillotine!" exclaimed the female part of the rabble.

"I am going to the guillotine," replied Madame Roland; "a few moments and I shall be there; but those who send me thither will follow me ere long. I go innocent, but they will come stained with blood, and you who applaud our execution will then applaud theirs with equal zeal." Sometimes she would turn away her head that she might not appear to hear the insults with which she was assailed, and would lean with almost filial tenderness over the aged partner of her execution. The poor old man wept bitterly, and she kindly and cheerfully encouraged him to bear up with firmness, and to suffer with resignation. She even tried to enliven the dreary journey they were performing together by little attempts at cheerfulness, and at length succeeded in winning a smile from her fellow-sufferer.

A colossal statue of Liberty, composed of clay, like the liberty of the time, then stood in the middle of the Place de la Concorde, on the spot now occupied by the Obelisk; the scaffold was erected beside this statue. Upon arriving there, Madame Roland descended from the cart in which she had been conveyed. Just as the executioner had seized her arm to enable her to be the first to mount to the guillotine, she displayed an instance of that noble and tender consideration for others, which only a woman's heart could conceive, or put into practice at such a moment. "Stay!" said she, momentarily resisting the man's grasp. "I have only one favor to ask, and that is not for myself; I beseech you grant it me." Then, turning to the old man, she said, "Do you precede me to the scaffold; to see my blood flow would be making you suffer the bitterness of death twice over. I must spare you the pain of witnessing my punishment. The executioner allowed this arrangement to be made.

With what sensibility and firmness must the mind have been imbued which could, at such a time, forget its own sufferings, to think only of saving one pang to an unknown old man! and how clearly does this one little trait attest the heroic calmness with which this celebrated woman met her death! After the execution of Lamarche, which she witnessed without changing color, Madame Roland stepped lightly up to the scaffold, and, bowing before the statue of Liberty as though to do homage to a power for whom she

was about to die, exclaimed, "O Liberty! Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name!" She then resigned herself to the hands of the executioner, and in a few seconds her head fell into the basket placed to receive it.

WIDDER GREEN'S LAST WORDS.

"I'm goin' to die!" says the Widder Green.
"I'm goin' to quit this airthly scene:
It ain't no place for me to stay
In such a world as 'tis to-day.
Such works and ways is too much for me;
Nobody can't let nobody be.
The girls is flounced from top to toe,
An' that's the hull o' what they know.
The men is mad on bonds an' stocks,—
Swearin' an' shootin', an' pickin' locks.
I'm real afraid I'll be hanged myself
Ef I ain't laid on my final shelf.
There ain't a cretur but knows to-day
I never was lunatic in any way;
But since crazy folks all go free,
I'm dreadful afraid they'll hang up me.
There's another matter that's pesky hard,—
I can't go into a neighbor's yard
To say 'How be you?' or borry a pin
But what the paper'll have it in.
'We're pleased to say the Widder Green
Took dinner a Tuesday with Mrs. Keene,'
Or 'Our worthy friend Miss Green has gone
Down to Barkhamsted to see her son.'
Great Jerusalem! can't I stir
Without a-raisin' some feller's fur?
There ain't no privacy—so to say—
No more than if this was the Judgment Day.
And as for meetin',—I want to swear
Whenever I put my head in there,—
Why, even 'Old Hundred's' spiled and done
Like everything else under the sun.
It used to be so solemn and slow,—
Praise to the Lord from men below:
Now it goes like a gallopin' steer,
High diddle diddle, there and here!
No respect to the Lord above,
No more'u ef he was hand and glove

With all the creturs he ever made,
 And all the jigs that ever was played.
 Preachin', too—but here I'm dumb;
 But I tell you what! I'd like it some
 Ef good old Parson Nathan Strong,
 Out o' his grave would come along,
 An' give us a stirrin' taste o' fire—
 Judgment an' justice is my desire.
 'Taint all love an' sickish sweet
 That makes this world or t'other complete.
 But law! I'm old. I'd better be dead
 When the world's a-turnin' over my head,
 Sperit's talkin' like tarnal fools,
 Bibles kicked out o' deestric schools,
 Crazy creturs a-murderin' round,—
 Honest folks better be under ground.
 So fare-ye-well! this airthly scene
 Won't no more be pestered by Widder Green.*

THE LITTLE HERO.

Now, lads, a short yarn I'll just spin you,
 As happened on our very last run,—
 'Bout a boy as a man's soul had in him,
 Or else I'm a son of a gun.
 From Liverpool port out three days, lads;
 The good ship floating over the deep;
 The skies bright with sunshine above us;
 The waters beneath us asleep.
 Not a bad-tempered lubber among us;
 A jollier crew never sailed,
 'Cept the first mate, a bit of a savage,
 But good seaman as ever was hailed.
 Regulation, good order, his motto;
 Strong as iron, an' steady as quick;
 With a couple of bushy black eyebrows,
 And eyes fierce as those of Old Nick.
 One day he comes up from below,
 A-graspin' a lad by the arm,—
 A poor little ragged young urchin
 As had ought to bin home to his marm.
 An' the mate asks the boy, pretty roughly,
 How he dared for to be stowed away,
 A-cheatin' the owners and captain,
 Sailin', eatin', and all without pay.

The lad had a face bright and sunny,
An' a pair of blue eyes like a girl's,
An' looks up at the scowlin' first mate, lads,
An' shakes back his long shining curls;

An' says he in a voice dear and pretty,
"My step-father brought me aboard,
And hid me away down the stairs there;
For to keep me he couldn't afford.

"And he told me the big ship would take me
To Halifax town,—oh, so far!
And he said, 'Now the Lord is your father,
Who lives where the good angels are.'"

"It's a lie," says the mate: "not your father,
But some of these big skulkers near,
Some milk-hearted, soft-headed sailor.
Speak up, tell the truth, d'ye hear?"

"'Twarn't us," growled the tars as stood round 'em.
"What's your age?" says one of the brine.
"And your name?" says another old salt fish.
Says the small chap, "I'm Frank, just turned nine."

"Oh, my eyes!" says another bronzed seaman
To the mate, who seemed staggered hisself,
"Let him go free to old Novy Scoshy,
And I'll work out his passage myself."

"Belay!" says the mate: "shut your mouth, man!
I'll sail this ere craft, bet your life,
An' I'll fit the lie on to you somehow,
As square as a fork fits a knife."

Then a-knitting his black brows with anger,
He tumbled the poor slip below:
An', says he, "P'raps to-morrow'll change you—
If it don't, back to England you go."

I took him some dinner, be sure, mates,—
Just think, only nine years of age!
An' next day, just as six bells tolled,
The mate brings him up from his cage.

An' he plants him before us amidships,
His eyes like two coals all a-light;
An' he says, through his teeth, mad with passion,
An' his hand lifted ready to smite,

"Tell the truth, lad, and then I'll forgive you;
But the truth I will have. Speak it out.
It wasn't your father as brought you,
But some of these men here about."

Then that pair o' blue eyes, bright and winning,
Clear and shining with innocent youth,
Looks up at the mate's bushy eyebrows;
An', says he, "Sir, I've told you the truth."

'Twarn't no use; the mate didn't believe him,
Though every man else did, aboard.
With rough hand by the collar he seized him,
And cried, "You shall hang, by the Lord!"

An' he snatched his watch out of his pocket,
Just as if he'd been drawin' a knife.
"If in ten minutes more you don't speak, lad,
There's the rope, and good-by to your life."

There! you never see such a sight, mates,
As that boy with his bright pretty face,—
Proud though, and steady with courage,
Never thinking of asking for grace.

Eight minutes went by all in silence.
Says the mate then, "Speak, lad: say your say."
His eyes slowly filling with tear-drops,
He faltering says, "May I pray?"

I'm a rough and hard old tarpa'lin
As any "blue-jacket" afloat;
But the salt water sprung to my eyes, lads,
And I felt my heart rise in my throat.

The mate kind o' trembled an' shivered,
And nodded his head in reply;
And his cheek went all white of a sudden,
And the hot light was quenched in his eye,

Though he stood like a figure of marble,
With his watch tightly grasped in his hand,
An' the passengers all still around him:
Ne'er the like was on sea or on land.

An' the little chap kneels on the deck there,
An' his hands he clasps over his breast,
As he must ha' done often at home, lads,
At night-time, when going to rest.

And soft come the first words, "Our Father,"
Low and soft from the dear baby-lip;
But, low as they were, heard like trumpet
By each true man aboard of that ship.

Every bit of that prayer, mates, he goes through,
To, "Forever and ever. Amen."
And for all the bright gold of the Indies,
I wouldn't ha' heard it again.

And, says he, when he finished, uprising
 An' lifting his blue eyes above,
 "Dear Lord Jesus, oh, take me to heaven,
 Back again to my own mother's love!"

For a minute or two, like a magic,
 We stood every man like the dead;
 Then back to the mate's face comes running
 The life-blood again, warm and red.

Off his feet was that lad sudden lifted,
 And clasped to the mate's rugged breast;
 And his husky voice muttered "God bless you!"
 As his lips to his forehead he pressed.

If the ship hadn't been a good sailer,
 And gone by herself right along,
 All had gone to Old Davy; for all, lads,
 Was gathered 'round in that throng.

Like a man, says the mate, "God forgive me,
 That ever I used you so hard.
 It's myself as had ought to be strung up,
 Taut and sure, to that ugly old yard."

"You believe me then?" said the youngster.
 "Believe you!" He kissed him once more.
 "You'd have laid down your life for the truth, lad
 Believe you! From now, evermore!"

An' p'raps, mates, he wasn't thought much on
 All that day and the rest of the trip;
 P'raps he paid after all for his passage;
 P'raps he wasn't the pet of the ship.

An' if that little chap ain't a model,
 For all, young or old, short or tall,
 And if that ain't the stuff to make men of,
 Old Ben, he knows naught after all.

OUR OWN.—MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

If I had known in the morning
 How wearily all the day
 The words unkind
 Would trouble my mind
 I said when you went away,
 I had been more careful, darling,
 Nor given you needless pain;
 But we vex "our own"
 With look and tone
 We might never take back again.

DDDD*

For though in the quiet evening
 You may give me the kiss of peace,
 Yet it might be
 That never for me
 The pain of the heart should cease.
 How many go forth in the morning
 That never come home at night!
 And hearts have broken
 For harsh words spoken,
 That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thoughts for the stranger,
 And smiles for the sometime guest,
 But oft for "our own"
 The bitter tone,
 Though we *love* "our own" the best.
 Ah, lips with the curve impatient!
 Ah, brow with that look of scorn!
 'Twere a cruel fate,
 Were the night too late
 To undo the work of morn.

PASSING UNDER THE ROD.—MARY S. B. DANA.

"Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth."

I saw a young bride, in her beauty and pride,
 Bedeck'd in her snowy array;
 And the bright flush of joy mantled high on her cheek,
 And the future looked blooming and gay:
 And with woman's devotion she laid her fond heart
 At the shrine of idolatrous love,
 And she anchor'd her hopes to this perishing earth,
 By the chain which her tenderness wove.
 But I saw when those heartstrings were bleeding and torn,
 And the chain had been sever'd in two,
 She had changed her white robes for the sables of grief,
 And her bloom for the paleness of woe!
 But the Healer was there, pouring balm on her heart,
 And wiping the tears from her eyes,
 And he strengthen'd the chain he had broken in twain,
 And fasten'd it firm to the skies!
 There had whisper'd a voice—'twas the voice of her God,
 "I love thee—I love thee—*pass under the rod!*"

I saw a young mother in tenderness bend
 O'er the couch of her slumbering boy,
 And she kiss'd the soft lips as they murmur'd her name,
 While the dreamer lay smiling in joy.
 Oh, sweet as the rose-bud encircled with dew,
 When its fragrance is flung on the air,

So fresh and so bright to that mother he seem'd,
As he lay in his innocence there.
But I saw when she gazed on the same lovely form,
Pale as marble, and silent, and cold,
But paler and colder her beautiful boy,
And the tale of her sorrow was told!
But the Healer was there who had stricken her heart
And taken her treasure away,
To allure her to heaven he has placed it on high,
And the mourner will sweetly obey:
There had whisper'd a voice—'twas the voice of her God,
"I love thee—I love thee—*pass under the rod!*"

I saw a fond brother, with glances of love,
Gazing down on a gentle young girl,
And she hung on his arm, and breathed soft in his ear,
As he played with each graceful curl.
Oh, he loved the sweet tones of her silvery voice,
Let her use it in sadness or glee;
And he twined his arms round her delicate form,
As she sat in the eve on his knee.
But I saw when he gazed on her death-stricken face,
And she breathed not a word in his ear,
And he clasped his arms round an icy-cold form,
And he moistened her cheek with a tear.
But the Healer was there, and he said to him thus,
"Grieve not for thy sister's short life,"
And he gave to his arms still another fair girl,
And he made her his own cherished wife!
There had whisper'd a voice—'twas the voice of his God,
"I love thee—I love thee—*pass under the rod!*"

I saw too a father and mother who lean'd
On the arms of a dear gifted son,
And the star in the future grew bright to their gaze,
As they saw the proud place he had won:
And the fast-coming evening of life promised fair,
And its pathway grew smooth to their feet,
And the starlight of love glimmered bright at the end,
And the whispers of fancy were sweet.
And I saw them again, bending low o'er the grave,
Where their hearts' dearest hopes had been laid,
And the star had gone down in the darkness of night,
And the joy from their bosoms had fled.
But the Healer was there, and his arms were around,
And he led them with tenderest care:
And he showed them a star in the bright upper world,
'Twas *their star* shining brilliantly there!
They had each heard a voice—'twas the voice of their God,
"I love thee—I love thee—*pass under the rod!*"

ASKING THE GOV'NER.

Smith had just asked Mr. Thompson's daughter if she would give him a lift out of the slough of bachelordom, and she had said "yes."

It therefore became necessary to get the old gentleman's permission, so, as Smith said, arrangements might be made to hop the conjugal twig.

Smith said he'd rather pop the interrogatory to all of old Thompson's daughters, and his sisters, and his lady-cousins, and his aunt Hannah in the country, and the whole of his female relations, than ask old Thompson. But it had to be done, and so he went down and studied out a speech which he was to disgorge at old Thompson the very first time he set eyes on him. So Smith dropped in on him one Sunday evening, when all the family had meandered around to chapel, and found him doing a sum in beer measure.

"How are you, Smith?" said old Thompson, as the former walked in, white as a piece of chalk, and trembling as if he had swallowed a condensed earthquake. Smith was afraid to answer, 'cause he wasn't sure about that speech. He knew he had to keep his grip on it while he had it there, or it would slip from him quicker than an oiled eel through an auger hole. So he blurted out:

"Mr. Thompson, sir; perhaps it may not be unknown to you that, during an extended period of some five years, I have been busily engaged in the prosecution of a commercial enterprise—"

"Is that so, and keepin' it a secret all this time, while I thought you were keepin' shop? Well, by George, you're a 'cute soul, ain't you?"

Smith had to begin and think it over again, to get the run of it:

"Mr. Thompson, sir; perhaps it may not be unknown to you that, during the extended period of five years, I have been busily engaged in the prosecution of a commercial enterprise, with the determination to secure a sufficient maintenance—"

"Sit down, Smith, and help yourself to beer. Don't stand there holding your hat like a blind beggar with paralysis.

I never have seen you behave yourself so queer in all my born days."

Smith had been knocked out again, and so he had to wander back to take a fresh start:

"Mr. Thompson, sir; it may not be unknown to you that, during an extended period of five years, I have been engaged in the prosecution of a commercial enterprise, with the determination to procure a sufficient maintenance—"

"Well?" asked old Thompson, but Smith went on:

"In the hope that some day I might enter wedlock, and bestow my earthly possessions upon one whom I could call my own. I have been a lonely man, sir, and have felt that it is not good for a man to be alone; therefore I would—"

"Neither is it; I'm glad you came in. How's your father?"

"Mr. Thompson, sir;" said Smith, in despairing confusion, raising his voice to a yell, "it may not be unknown to you that, during an extended period of a lonely man, I have been engaged to enter wedlock, and bestowed all my enterprise on one whom I could determine to be good for certain possessions—no, I mean, that is—Mr. Thompson, sir; it may not be unknown—"

"And then, again, it may. Look here, Smith; you'd better lay down and take something warm, you ain't well."

Smith's eyes stuck wildly out of his head with embarrassment, but he went on again:

"Mr. Thompson, sir; it may not be lonely to you to prosecute me whom a friend, for a commercial maintenance, but—but—eh—dang it—Mr. Thompson, sir: It—"

"Oh, Smith, you talk like a fool. I never saw a more first-class idiot in the course of my whole life. What's the matter with you, anyhow?"

"Mr. Thompson, sir; said Smith, in an agony of bewilderment, "it may not be unknown that you prosecuted a lonely man who is not good for a commercial period of wedlock for some five years, but—"

"See here, Smith, you're drunk, and if you can't behave better than that, you'd better leave; if you don't, I'll chuck you out, or I'm a Dutchman."

"Mr. Thompson, sir;" said Smith, frantic with despair, "it may not be known to you that my earthly possessions

are engaged to enter wedlock five years with a sufficiently lonely man, who is not good for a commercial maintenance—”

“The very deuce he isn’t. Now you jist git up and git out, or I’ll knock what little brains out you’ve got left.”

With that, old Thompson took Smith and shot him into the street as if he’d run him against a locomotive train at the rate of sixty miles an hour. Before old Thompson had time to shut the front door, Smith collected his legs, and one thing and another that were lying around on the pavement, arranged himself in a vertical position, and yelled out:

“Mr. Thompson, sir; it may not be known to you—” which made the old fellow so pink with rage, that he went out and set a bull terrier on Smith, before he had a chance to lift a brogan, and there was a scientific dog fight, with odds in favor of the dog, for he had an awful hold for such a small animal.

Smith afterwards married the girl, and lived happily about two months. At the end of that time he told a confidential friend that he would willingly take more trouble, and undergo a million more dog bites—to get rid of her.

WHAT I SAW.—J. MILTON AKERS.

I saw a pretty cottage stand
In grounds that were both trim and neat,
Where graveled walks and charming flowers,
Solicited the wandering feet.
A very Paradise it seemed,
With virgin joys and glories crowned;
A spot upon this sin-cursed earth
Which yet the serpent had not found.

I saw a woman, pure and good,
Upon whose cheek the roses bloomed;
Who deep inhaled the atmosphere
Her dearest husband’s love perfumed.
A calm and happy life was hers,
No grief upon her spirits pressed;
And hope, the darling angel bright,
Sat monarch in her loving breast.

I saw a happy family,
With ruddy cheeks and faces bright,
Whose joyous hearts expression found
In eyes that danced with pure delight.
The maids were modest, chaste, and fair,
The boys were brave and noble, too;
The families as blest as this
The sun shines on, I trow, but few.

I saw a man with form erect,
And with a calm, expressive face,
Upon the lineaments of which
It was not hard for one to trace
The workings of a noble soul;
A sympathetic friend, and kind;
More ardent, constant, firm than whom
'Twas ne'er my privilege to find.

I saw that cottage once again;
But ah! 'twas sinking to decay;
The window lights were broken in,
The shutters had been wrenched away,
The grounds were overgrown with weeds;
No hand had trained the vines of late,
And want dwelt now where wealth had been;
'Twas blighted, cursed, and desolate.

I saw that woman once again;
Her face was thin, her cheek was pale;
And from old Care's deep chiseled lines,
I read, with pain, her sorrow's tale.
Within her heart, where hope had reigned
When all was joyous, bright, and fair,
A monarch crowned with ebon sat,
Whose name I've learned to call Despair.

I saw that family again;
But oh! the change, how very sad.
They wandered forth, to virtue lost,
In filthy, tattered garments clad.
Their eyes no longer danced with joy,
Nor could they longer happy be,
For sin and poverty and shame
Had overwhelmed that family.

I saw that man but once again,
With blood-shot eyes and bloated face,
Upon the lineaments of which
It was not hard for one to trace
The workings of a fallen soul,—
A vicious, prostituted mind,
More wretched and depraved than whom
May God forbid I e'er should find!

A man, a family, a wife,
Once good and happy, young and fair,
Have fallen from the heights of hope
Far down the starless gulf, despair.
The cottage, too, the home of peace,
Has been surrendered up to fate,
And now its many tongues repeat
"Behold, I, too, am desolate."

What agency, or arm so strong,
What evil genius, or spell
Can so bring down the human race,
From heaven's gate, so near to hell?
In one short word of letters three,
Of human ills we find the sum,
The with'ring, blighting, damning scourge,
Which bears the simple name of RUM.

MY NEIGHBOR'S BABY.

Across in my neighbor's window, with its drapings of satin
and lace,
I see, 'neath its flowing ringlets, a baby's innocent face;
His feet, in crimson slippers, are tapping the polished glass;
And the crowd in the street look upward, and nod and smile
as they pass.

Just here in my cottage window, catching flies in the sun,
With a patched and faded apron, stands my own little one;
His face is as pure and handsome as the baby's over the
way,
And he keeps my heart from breaking, at my toiling every
day.

Sometimes when the day is ended, and I sit in the dusk to
rest,
With the face of my sleeping darling hugged close to my
lonely breast,
I pray that my neighbor's baby may not catch heaven's
roses all,
But that some may crown the forehead of my loved one as
they fall.

And when I draw the stockings from his little weary feet,
And kiss the rosy dimples in his limbs so round and sweet,
I think of the dainty garments some little children wear,
And that my God withholds them from mine so pure and
fair.

May God forgive my envy—I know not what I said ;
My heart is crushed and troubled,—my neighbor's boy is
dead !

I saw the little coffin as they carried it out to-day :
A mother's heart is breaking in the mansion over the way.

The light is fair in my window, the flowers bloom at my
door ;

My boy is chasing the sunbeams that dance on the cottage
floor.

The roses of health are blooming on my darling's cheek to-
day,

But the baby is gone from the window of the mansion over
the way.

LIBERTY.—FRANK E. BRUSH.

Among the myriad ideas which bound man's life, are some that have run parallel with him through all the ages, furnishing the motive principle of his action,—a polar star shining far above the tempests of earth, through whose rifted clouds comes to him its cheering beam.

As a typical idea illustrating the power and permanence of the whole class may be mentioned this one thought—liberty. Born with man, it has followed his devious course through the world, never forsaking him. Protean in character, at times occult in its workings, its direct influence may not always have been clearly perceived in the dark hour of political convulsion, or the sharp agony of national conflict ; but to the calm inquirer of the past, on every page of human life, on every leaf of national destiny is disclosed its own handwriting. This idea of liberty is enshrined in the most hallowed chamber of the soul whence the wildest storms of oppression and the fiercest gales of persecution can never eradicate it. Though always present and exercising a potent sway in human affairs, its manifestation has been extremely variable. At first it appeared crude and shapeless, an undefined yearning, a simple innate repugnance to restraint ; but as man has slowly risen from out the infolding gloom, and his knowledge has widened, it has enlarged the circle of its comprehension till it embraces all the attributes of human nature.

The ancient conception of liberty was the liberty of communities and nations as personated by kings, magistrates, aristocracies, or by the ruling classes in whatever form. The freedom of the individual was lost in that of the state. All the energy of the people was exercised to preserve intact their nationality. Men might be deprived of citizenship, chained to the triumphal car of the victor, oppressed with all the atrocities of servitude, and if the government maintained its freedom the cause of liberty was nobly vindicated. The state was paramount—the man only incidental.

This view of liberty, in some degree, tintured all the nations of antiquity; but reached its highest development in Greece and Rome. Men, trained to believe that the state was supreme and its liberty an inestimable treasure, and that human life was valuable only so far as it should conserve the national interest, eagerly fronted horrid tortures and bloody death. So there have descended to us from that shadowy past echoes of chivalrous feats whose mention is an inspiration. What if iconoclastic reviewers, with the mallet of criticism, shatter our cherished idols of exalted heroism, grand endurance, sublime self-sacrifice; what if they pronounce utopian fancies, Leonidas at Thermopylæ, Horatius at the Bridge, Regulus enduring Carthaginian tortures, and the long catalogue of heroes and their peerless exploits which have shed such a lustre about the names of Greece and Rome for two thousand years? Let them fall, the *ideas* immortalized in those conceptions have for ages incited humanity to deeds of dauntless daring and undying fame! This notion of liberty led ancient empires to such an eminence in wealth and magnificence as has not since been witnessed. But amid all the gorgeous splendor of rival monarchies; amid all the sublimated achievements of imperial legions, man's personal freedom was unrecognized. The liberty of the individual had its birth with Jesus Christ. The herald angels, that proclaimed a Saviour to the world, at the same time chanted the glad anthem of man's release from the thrall of ages. The crucified Nazarene, with Divine sanction, declared the complete physical, intellectual, and moral liberty of man. The newness and the tremendous power of this idea waked the slumbering minds of men and

roused their latent energies; shook the scepter from the grasp of diademed monarchs; and rocked to their foundations the proudest empires of time.

Then began the long struggle for human rights, which is waged with no less vigor to-day than ever, whose records constitute our modern history. For eighteen hundred years this new, enlarged impression of liberty has energized the champions of freedom everywhere, and to-day the armies of progress are marshaled under banners emblazoned with the same talismanic word.

Count me over the deadliest battles of history, conflicts on whose issue pivoted the destinies of continents, and there I will show you the manifestation of this thought—liberty. Point out to me that country which has the wisest and most beneficent laws, whose institutions are broad and humane, whose inhabitants are peaceful, prosperous, and happy; where the rights of man are venerated, where religion is untrammelled, and I will exhibit a nation where liberty is most thoroughly understood and fully appreciated. Read to me of those noble martyr-spirits, humanity's guardian angels, whose lives were a ceaseless struggle against tyranny, whose deaths were a divine attestation of their sublime faith, and I will point you to the power of this capital thought. In all the grand advance movements of the ages, I see the genius of its generalship; on the shores of every continent I trace its sacred footprints; clear above the din of conflict, I hear its silvery voice animating and guiding. The winds carol its power; the forest aisles echo the strain; hills and vales reverberate the song; till from mountain and meadow, from lake and river, from city and hamlet, from palace and cot swells the one glad chorus—Liberty, LIBERTY!

THE CHURCH SPIDER.

Two spiders, so the story goes,
Upon a living bent,
Entered the meeting-house one day,
And hopefully were heard to say—
“Here we will have at least fair play,
With nothing to prevent.”

Each chose his place and went to work—

The light web grew apace ;
One on the altar spun his thread,
But shortly came the sexton dread,
And swept him off, and so, half dead,
He sought another place.

"I'll try the pulpit next," said he,
"There surely is a prize ;
The desk appears so neat and clean,
I'm sure no spider there has been—
Besides, how often have I seen
The pastor brushing flies."

He tried the pulpit, but alas !
His hopes proved visionary ;
With dusting brush the sexton came,
And spoiled his geometric game,
Nor gave him time or space to claim
The right of sanctuary.

At length, half starved, and weak and lean,
He sought his former neighbor,
Who now had grown so sleek and round,
He weighed a fraction of a pound,
And looked as if the art he'd found
Of living without labor.

"How is it, friend," he asked, "that I
Endured such thumps and knocks,
While you have grown so very gross ?"
"Tis plain," he answered—"not a loss
I've met, since first I spun across
The contribution box."

MURDER OF KING DUNCAN.—SHAKSPEARE.

Macbeth. Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand ? Come, let me clutch thee.
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight ? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind ; a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat oppress'd brain ?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going ;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fool o' th' other senses,

Or else worth all the rest. I see thee still;
And on thy blade and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.

Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtained sleep: now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and withered murder,
Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, toward his design
Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. While I threat he lives;
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives. [*A bell rings.*
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me;
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. [*Exit.*

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk, hath made
me bold:
What hath quenched them, hath given me fire. Hark! peace!
It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the sternest good-night. He is about it—
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugged their pos-
sets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Macb. [*Within.*] Who's there? what, ho!

Lady M. Alack! I am afraid they have awaked,
And 'tis not done. The attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss them. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had don't. My husband!

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. I've done the deed! Didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream, and the cricket's cry.
Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Aye.

Macb. Hark!

Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight. [*Looking on his hands.*

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried
MURDER!

That they did wake each other; I stood and heard them;
But they did say their prayers, and addressed them
Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodged together.

Macb. One cried, *God bless us!* and *Amen!* the other;
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands
Listening their fear. I could not say, Amen,
When they did say, God bless us.

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce, Amen?
I had most need of blessing, and Amen
Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more!*
MACBETH doth murder sleep—the innocent sleep—
Sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast:—

Lady M. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cried, *Sleep no more*, to all the house;
Glamis hath murdered sleep; and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more—MACBETH shall sleep no more!

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brain-sickly of things. Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie. Go, carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done:
Look on't again, I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt. [*Exit. Knocking within.*]

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noise appalls me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hands? No: this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green—one red.

Lady M. [*Entering.*] My hands are of your color; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knocking.*] I hear a knocking
At the south entry. Retire we to our chamber:

 A little water clears us of this deed;
How easy is it, then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended. [*Knocking.*] Hark! more knocking:
Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers. Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed,—'twere best not know myself.
—Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst.

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.—ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing
Ever made by the Hand above—
A woman's heart and a woman's life,
And a woman's wonderful love?

Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing
As a child might ask for a toy?
Demanding what others have died to win,
With the reckless dash of a boy.

You have written my lesson of duty out,
Man-like you have questioned me—
Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul,
Until I shall question thee.

You require your mutton shall always be hot,
Your socks and your shirts shall be whole;
I require your heart to be true as God's stars,
And pure as heaven your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef;
I require a far better thing:
A seamstress you're wanting for stockings and shirts—
I look for a man and a king.

A king for a beautiful realm called home,
And a man that the maker, God,
Shall look upon as he did the first,
And say, "It is very good."

I am fair and young, but the rose will fade
From my soft, young cheek one day—
Will you love me then, 'mid the falling leaves,
As you did 'mid the bloom of May?

Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep
I may launch my all on its tide?

A loving woman finds heaven or hell
On the day she is made a bride.
I require all things that are grand and true,
All things that a man should be;
If you give this all, I would stake my life
To be all you demand of me.
If you cannot do this—a laundress and cook
You can hire, with little to pay;
But a woman's heart and a woman's life
Are not to be won that way.

REPLY TO "A WOMAN'S QUESTION."—PELHAM.

You say I have asked for the costliest thing
Ever made by the Hand above—
A woman's heart and a woman's life,
And a woman's wonderful love.
That I have written your duty out,
And, man-like, have questioned free,—
You demand that I stand at the bar of your soul,
While you in turn question me.
And when I ask you to be my wife,
The head of my house and home,
Whose path I would scatter with sunshine through life,
Thy shield when sorrow shall come—
You reply with disdain and a curl of the lip,
And point to my coat's missing button,
And haughtily ask if I want a *cook*,
To serve up my *beef* and my *mutton*.
'Tis a *king* that you look for. Well, I am not he,
But only a plain, earnest man,
Whose feet often shun the hard path they should tread,
Often shrink from the gulf they should span.
'Tis hard to believe that the rose will fade
From the cheek so full, so fair
'Twere harder to think that a heart proud and cold
Was ever reflected there.
True, the rose will fade, and the leaves will fall,
And the Autumn of life will come;
But the heart that I give thee will be true as in May,
Should I make it thy shelter, thy home.
'Thou requir'st "all things that are good and true;
All things that a man should be;"
Ah! lady, my *truth*, in return, doubt not,
For the rest, I leave it to thee.

MR. ROOTLE'S ECONOMY.

"My dear Rootle," says my wife to me, one day, "our kitchen needs painting." "Does it, my duck?" I replied, blandly but firmly. "Well, it must *want* it; for I assure you Hester Rootle, that the accruing 'spons' do not warrant the outlay at present." I saw that she was unhappy, and knew that she would not relinquish her point. "William Henry," said she, a few days thereafter, "I have thought of an expedient by which we can have our kitchen painted." Her face lighted up as she spoke. She is a woman for expedients, is Mrs. Rootle. "You can do it yourself!" continued she, touching me with the point of her fore-finger in the region of my fourth vest button. "A pound saved," said she, still further, "is as good as a pound earned, you know." I looked with admiration on that wonderful specimen of her sex as she said this, and "allowed" (as western people say) to myself that, as an economist, she had no peer. And well I might allow it; for at the very moment were her shoulders covered by a sort of monkey-jacket made of one of my worn-out coats, and a pair of galligaskins had assumed the form of a basque, and were worn by a juvenile Rootle. "Your suggestion," says I to my wife, "is a good one; and to-morrow shall develop a new phase in my character. I will turn artist, and give the world evidence of a talent that needed but the Promethean spark of necessity to draw it out. I will procure pots and brushes, and Michael Angelo, Raphael, Salvator Rosa, and Claude Lorraine shall yield the palm to Rootle." Hester was delighted. "Mr. Rootle," said my wife in the night, as I was about settling into my solid nap, "you'd better make it pale green." "Do what?" said I, starting up, forgetting all about the painting. "The paint," replied she. I am afraid that I used some expression of spleen that was unworthy of me. I turned over to try to sleep again. "Mr. Rootle," said my wife, "Don't you think the window-sills would look better some other color?" "Any color you please, my dear," said I; "but let us dismiss the subject from present discussion, as this is no place for a brush." I carried my point, as she had her paint, and I was

allowed to sleep. But I was all night dreaming of my undertaking. No roseate hues mingled with my sleeping fancies, fraught with the odors of celestial bowers; but paint-pots were piled in pyramids about me—brush-handles, like boarding pikes, I encountered everywhere, and a villainous smell of raw paint almost suffocated me. I was up with the lark, and after breakfast went down to Chrome, the painter's, to procure my paint. That eminent professor of art mixed me two pots of the right article, of hues that were of a satisfactory shade, and I went home with anticipations of the most exalted character. "William Henry," said my wife, "you have dreadfully daubed your light trousers with the paint—strange that you should be so careless." Sure enough, on both sides I had bestowed impartial donations of the adhering color. The trousers were new, and I had congratulated myself on their being a wonderful fit. This was a discouragement. "William Henry," said my wife, "you'd better put on an old pair." I have always boasted of my ability to compete with anybody in the particular property known as old clothes. I knew that the decayed fashion of many years hung by their allotted pegs in the closet which had been facetiously denominated "the wardrobe," and hastened to procure the garment desired. In the name of all the tribes of Israel, where were the bifurcated teguments that for years had met my view? The pegs were bare; and my first impression was, that they had taken to their own legs and walked away. "Hester," said I to my wife, on the top of the stairs, and at the top of my lungs, "where are the—the—garments?" I heard her say something about "sold," and concluded that she was trying some little trick upon me, as wives sometimes will, and was adopting the formula so much in vogue for expressing it. She came up stairs. "William Henry," said she, "I declare I sold all of your old clothes only yesterday, for a beautiful pair of vases and some tin ware." I looked at her earnestly; but the evident calmness that prevailed in her own breast softened and subdued the violence in mine. "You'd better put on this," said she, holding up an article of female apparel, the name of which I disremember, but which, when secured to my waist, as I recollect, fell to my feet. She smiled as she placed it in my

hand, and I put it on. "Hester," said I to my wife, "why am I thus accoutred, liable to be more extravagant than ever?" She said she didn't know. "Because," said I triumphantly, "I am bound to waist!" She pretended not to see the reason; and I did not explain, but went to work. "Now shall you see, wife of my soul," said I, "such work as you can find alone in the Vatican at Rome, or the Louvre at Paris, should you feel inclined to seek it. Here before this door I take my stand, and here I commence. You shall see." "William Henry," said my wife, "don't drip it over the floor." "Never fear," said I, dipping in the brush, and sopping it up against the side in the most approved form. My first aim was at the upper part of the door—a paneled door—and I applied the brush vigorously. "Hester," said I to my wife, "as the morning is rather cold, shouldn't you think it well to put on two coats?" She took the pleasantry as an unkind reflection on the disposition made of the old clothes, and didn't say anything. I worked away on that door severely, but I found, before I had half done it, a weariness in the wrist; and a cold sensation up my sleeve attracting my attention, revealed the fact that a stream of paint was stealing along the handle of the brush, up my arm. I laid down the implement, and went to procure something with which to wipe the paint off. "Mr. Rootle," screamed my wife, "look at the baby." I looked, as she held that young prodigy up to view, and was much shocked. The baby had crawled to the paint-pot, and had immersed his two hands to the elbows. Not content with this, he had laid his hands on the brush, and, when Hester saw him, he was engaged in an insane effort to get it into his mouth. The precocity of that child is most wonderful. The paint was washed off, and I commenced again. "Now," said my wife, when I had been working about two hours, with my hands cramped, my wrists and back aching, my eyes full of paint, and my face tattooed by the same like a New Zealander, "are you 'most done?" The "No" that I returned, I fear was not pleasant. All that forenoon I worked at that terrible task, and at about dinner time I saw it accomplished. "Hester," said I, "the work is completed; come and look, and admire." She came at my request, and I noticed a mis-

chievous twinkle in her eye as she looked. "Why, William Henry," said she, you've put more paint on the paper and carpet than you have anywhere else." Her criticism seemed unkind; but I looked where she had directed, and round the doors and window-frames were rays of paint like the surroundings of islands on a map, and below were large blotches of paint upon the carpet, that had assumed geometrical forms enough to have puzzled the judgment of a professor. "I confess, my dear, that in this particular I have been a little slovenly; but look at that work." "Mr. Rootle," said my wife, "if there's no better painting in what's-its-name at Rome, I don't care about seeing it." The door-bell here rang, and "accoutred as I was," without thinking of it, I rushed to see who had come, and met a whole bevy of ladies, and suffered the severe mortification of a sensitive nature under such circumstances. I here sum up the whole:

W. HENRY ROOTLE, IN ACCOUNT WITH DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

1858.	Dr.		1858.	Cr.	
To painting one room . . .		£1 0 0	Time and labor spent in painting . . .		£0 12 0
			Trousers spoilt in ditto . . .		1 12 0
			Paint		0 8 0
			Spoiling carpet		0 18 0
			Daubing walls		1 0 0
To balance		5 10 0	Mortification		2 0 0
		£6 10 0			£6 10 0

I throw in the dangerous experiment of the baby and the injury to health, both of which, could they be estimated by numbers, would swell the amount to an alarming figure. I came solemnly to the conclusion that it would have been better to have paid a proper person to have done the work in a proper manner. Don't you think so yourself?

A FAREWELL.—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you,
 No lark could pipe to skies so dull and grey,
 Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
 For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
 Do noble things, not dream them all day long;
 And so make life, death, and that vast forever,
 One grand, sweet song.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.—THEODORE O'HARA.

The Legislature of Kentucky caused the dead of that State who fell at Buena Vista to be brought home and interred at Frankfort, under a splendid monument. Theodore O'Hara, a gifted Irish-Kentuckian soldier and scholar, was selected the orator and poet of the occasion, whence this beautiful eulogy which has the same application to-day.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn nor screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumed heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud.
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are past;
Nor war's wild note nor glory's peal
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Came down the serried foe.
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was "Victory or death."

Long had the doubtful conflict raged
 O'er all that stricken plain—
 For never fiercer fight had waged
 The vengeful blood of Spain—
 And still the storm of battle blew,
 Still swelled the gory tide;
 Not long, our stout old chieftain* knew,
 Such odds his strength could bide.

'Twas in that hour his stern command
 Called to a martyr's grave
 The flower of his beloved land,†
 The nation's flag to save.
 By rivers of their father's gore
 His first-born laurels grew,
 And well he deemed the sons would pour
 Their lives for glory, too.

Full many a norther's breath had swept
 O'er Angostura's‡ plain—
 And long the pitying sky has wept
 Above the moldering slain.
 The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,
 Or shepherd's pensive lay,
 Alone awakes each sullen height
 That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground,§
 Ye must not slumber there,
 Where stranger steps and tongues resound
 Along the heedless air;
 Your own proud land's heroic soil
 Shall be your fitter grave—
 She claims from war his richest spoil—
 The ashes of her brave.

So, 'neath their parent turf they rest,
 Far from the gory field,
 Borne to a Spartan mother's breast,
 On many a bloody shield;
 The sunshine of their native sky
 Smiles sadly on them here,
 And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
 The heroes' sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,
 Dear as the blood ye gave;

* Zachary Taylor.

† Gen. Taylor was a native of Kentucky, and the Kentucky troops are here alluded to.

‡ Mexicans knew the battle of Buena Vista by the name of Angostura—which means "Narrow Pass."

§ The Indian name for Kentucky.

No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave ;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While fame her record keeps,
Or honor points the hallowed spot
Where valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone,
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell ;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of glory's light
That gilds your deathless tomb.

A PHYSICIAN'S STORY.

Dr. Munro, of Hull, gives this incident in his life as a practicing physician. It is a story with an unmistakable moral.

A hard-working, industrious, God-fearing man, a teetotaler of some years' standing, suffering from an abscess in the hand, which had reduced him very much, applied to me for advice. I told him the only medicine he required was rest : and to remedy the waste going on in his system, and to repair the damage done to his hand, he was to support himself with a bottle of stout daily. He replied :

"I cannot take it, for I have been a teetotaler for some years."

"Well, I said, "if you know better than the doctor, it is of no use applying to me."

He looked anxiously in my face, evidently weighing the matter over in his mind, and sorrowfully replied :

"Doctor, I was a drunken man once, and should not like to be one again."

He was, much against his will, prevailed upon to take the stout, and in time he recovered from his sickness. When he got well, I, of course, praised up the virtues of stout as a means of saving his life, for which he ought ever to be thankful. I rather lectured him on being such a fanatic (that's the word,) as to refuse taking a bottle of stout daily to restore him to his former health.

I lost sight of my patient for some months ; but I am sorry to say that on one fine summer's day, when driving through one of the public thoroughfares, I saw a poor, miserable, ragged-looking man leaning against the door of a common public house, drunk, and incapable of keeping an erect position. Even in his poverty, drunkenness, and misery, I discovered it was my teetotal patient, whom I had not so long ago persuaded to break his pledge. I could not be mistaken. I had reason to know him well, for he had been a member of a Wesleyan Church, an indefatigable Sunday-school teacher, a prayer leader,—whose earnest appeals for the salvation of others I had often listened to with pleasure and edification. I immediately went to the man, and was astonished to find the change which drink, in so short a time, had made in his appearance. With manifest surprise, and looking earnestly at the poor wretch, I said :

“S., is that you?”

“Yes, it's me. Look at me again ; don't you know me?” he answered, with a staggering reel and clipping his words.

“Yes, I know you,” I said, “and I am grieved to see you in this drunken condition. I thought you were a teetotaler?”

“I was before I took your medicine,” he answered, with a peculiar grin upon his countenance.

“I am sorry to see you disgracing yourself by such conduct. I am ashamed of you.”

Rousing himself, as drunken people will at times, to extraordinary effort, he scoffingly replied :

“Didn't you send me here for my medicine?”

And with a delirious kind of a chuckle he hiccoughed out words I shall never forget :

“Doctor, your medicine cured my body, but it damned my soul !”

Two or three of his boozing companions, hearing our conversation, took him under their protection, and I left. As I drove away my heart was full of bitter reflections, that I had been the cause of ruining this man's prospects, not only for this world, but for that which is to come. You may rest assured I did not sleep much that night. The drunken aspect of that man haunted me, and I found myself weeping over the injury I had done him. I rose up early the next

morning and returned to his cottage, with his little garden in front, on the outskirts of the town, where I had often seen him with his wife and happy children playing about, but found to my sorrow, that he had moved some time before. At last, with some difficulty, I found him located in a low neighborhood, not far distant from the public house he had patronized the day before. Here, in such a home as none but a drunkard could inhabit, I found him laid upon a bed of straw, feverish and prostrate from the effects of the previous day's debauch, abusing his wife because she could not get him some more drink ; she standing aloof, with tears in her eyes, broken down with care and grief, her children dirty and clothed in rags,—all friendless and steeped in poverty !

What a wreck was there !

Turned out of the church of which he was once an ornament, his religion sacrificed, his usefulness marred, his hopes of eternity blasted,—a poor, dejected slave to his passion for drink, without mercy and without hope !

I talked to him kindly, reasoned with him, succored him until he was well, and never lost sight of him or let him have any peace until he had signed the pledge again.

It took him some time to recover his place in the church, but I have had the pleasure of seeing him restored. He is now, more than ever, a devoted worker in the church, and the cause of temperance is pleaded on all occasions. Can you wonder, then, that I never order strong drink for a patient now ?

THE OLD DEACON'S LAMENT.—E. T. CORBETT.

Yes, I've been deacon of our church
 Nigh on to fifty year,—
 Walked in the way of dooty, too,
 And kep' my conscience clear.
 I've watched the children growin' up,
 Seen brown locks turnin' gray,
 But never saw such doins yet
 As those I've seen to-day.

This church was built by godly men
 To glorify the Lord,

In seventeen hundred and eighty-eight:
 Folks couldn't then afford
 Carpets and cushings and sech like—
 The seats were just plain wood,
 Too narrer for the sleepy ones;
 In prayer we allus stood.

And when the hymns were given out,
 I tell you it was grand
 To hear our leader start the tunes,
 With tunin'-fork in hand!
 Then good old "China," "Mear," and all,
 Were heard on Sabbath days,
 And men and women, boys and girls,
 J'ined in the song of praise.

But that old pulpit was *my* pride—
 Just eight feet from the ground
 They'd reared it up—on either side
 A narrer stairs went down;
 The front and ends were fitly carved
 With Scriptor stories all—
 Findin' of Moses, Jacob's dream,
 And sinful Adam's fall.

Jest room inside to put a cheer,
 The Bible on the ledge
 (I'll own I *did* get narvous when
 He shoved it to the edge).
 There, week by week, the parson stood,
 The Scriptor to expound;
 There, man and boy, I've sot below,
 And not a fault was found.

Of course I've seen great changes made,
 And fought agenst 'em, too;
 But first a choir was interdooced,
 Then cushings in each pew;
 Next, boughten carpet for the floor;
 And then, that very year,
 We got our big melodeon,
 And the big shandyleer.

Well, well! I tried to keep things straight—
 I went to every meetin',
 And voted "No" to all they said,
 But found my influ'nce fleetin'.
 At last the worst misfortune fell—
 I *must* blame Deacon Brown:
 He helped the young folks when they said
 The pulpit should come down.

They laughed at all those pious scenes
 I'd found so edifyin':
 Said, "When the parson rose to preach,
 He looked a'most like flyin';"
 Said that "Elijah's chariot
 Jest half way up had tarried;"
 And Deacon Brown sot by and laughed,
 And so the pi'nt was carried.

This was last week. The carpenters
 Have nearly made an end—
 Excoose my feelin's. Seems to me
 As ef I'd lost a friend.
 "It made their necks ache, lookin' up,"
 Was what the folks did say:
 More lookin' up would help us all
 In this degin'rate day.

The church won't never seem the same
 (I'm half afeard) to *me*,
 Under the preachin' of the truth
 I've been so used to be.
 And now—to see our parson stand
 Like any common man,
 With jest a railin' round his desk—
 I don't believe I can!

—*Harper's Magazine.*

TOO LATE.—FITZHUGH LUDLOW.

There sat an old man on a rock,
 And unceasing bewailed him of fate,
 That concern where we all must take stock,
 'Tnough our vote has no bearing or weight;
 And the old man sang him an old, old song—
 Never sang voice so clear and strong
 That it could drown the old man's song—
 For he sang the song, "Too late! too late!"

"When we want, we have for our pains
 The promise that if we but wait
 Till the want has burned out our brains,
 Every means shall be present to sate;
 While we send for the napkin the soup gets cold,
 While the bonnet is trimming the face grows old,
 When we've matched our buttons the pattern is sold,
 And everything comes too late—too late!

"When strawberries seemed like red heavens,
 Terrapin stew a wild dream—
 When my brain was at sixes and sevens,
 If my mother had 'folks' and ice cream;
 Then I gazed with a lickerish hunger,
 At the restaurant-man and fruit-monger—
 But oh! how I wished I were younger,
 When the goodies all came in a stream—in a stream

"I've a splendid blood-horse, and—a liver
 That it jars into torture to trot;
 My rowboat's the gem of the river—
 Gout makes every muscle a knot.
 I can buy boundless credit on Paris and Rome,
 But no palate for *menus*—no eyes for a dome;
 Those belonged to the youth who must tarry at home,
 When no home but an attic he'd got—he'd got!

"How I longed, in that lonest of garrets
 Where the tiles baked my brains all July,
 For the ground to grow two pecks of carrots—
 Two pigs of my own in a sty—
 A rose-bush—a little thatched cottage—
 Two spoons—love—a basin of pottage—
 Now in freestone I sit—and my dotage—
 With a woman's chair empty close by—close by!

"Ah! now, though I sit on a rock,
 I have shared one seat with the great;
 I have sat, knowing naught of the clock,
 On love's high throne of state;
 But the lips that kissed and the arms that caressed,
 To a mouth grown stern with delay were pressed,
 And circled a breast that their clasp had blessed,
 Had they only not come too late—too late!"

GOD BLESS OUR SCHOOL.

About the room the Christmas greens
 In rich profusion hung,
 While sparkling in their gilded dress
 Those graceful vines among,
 Were fitting mottoes wrought with care,
 Each with its wealth of good,
 And *this* of all that decked those walls
 The children's favorite stood—
 "God bless our school."

It glittered in the morning sun
In characters of gold,
As beautiful at noontide hour,
Like truth that ne'er grows old ;
What though the storms were fierce without,
With low-hung clouds of gloom,
A halo crowned those sacred words,
Its radiance filled the room—
"God bless our school."

Once to my side a fair young child
Came with her eyes of blue,
So full of light and innocence,
Pure thoughts were there I knew.
"Teacher," said she, "I wonder so
If it can really be,
That God who lives high up above
Looks down from heaven to see
And bless our school."

Oh, what a fitting time to teach
A sweet and holy truth,
To leave its impress deep engraved
Upon the mind of youth !
I took the little hand in mine,
Gazed in that childish face,
And told how He whose watchful love
Abides in every place,
Could bless our school ;

And how not e'en a sparrow's fall,
Not e'en a raven's cry,
Though small they seem, could e'er escape
The notice of His eye.
The child-face glowed with happy smiles,
"Ah! now I know," said she,
"If God loves e'en the little birds,
He surely cares for me,
And all our school."

O ye! unto whose tender care
These little ones are given,
Spurn not the thoughtful questionings,
But turn their hearts to heaven.
And when ye twine about your rooms
The rich festoons of green,
There place among those graceful vines
These golden words to gleam—
"God bless our school."

TO AMERICA IN 1876.—MARTIN F. TUPPER.

Great and understanding nation,
Bear with one whose humble pen
Sends this hearty commendation
Flying through the mouths of men;
Not in vain, presumptuous daring,
But with gratitude sincere,
As your thousand bounties sharing
This Centennial, happy year.

None need doubt my faithful fitness
Thus to judge, and so to speak
As a true and honest witness,
Mindful, though the words be weak,
Since I may not tell out strongly
All the best I feel and see,
Lest suspicion, sneering wrongly,
Find a flatterer in me.

Five and twenty years have vanished
Since I hailed you once before,
And my memory holds unbanished
How you greeted me of yore;
Even now some few surround me—
Though that quarter-century's fled—
And their love has newly crowned me
With old blessings on my head.

Thanks to you, dear old and new friends,
Each and all my praise receive,
Everywhere I know you true friends
And your cordial words believe;
As a brother greets a brother,
Still our generous feelings blend,
And we look on one another
Each with each as on his friend.

Noble people! now returning
Absent thus so many a year,
With what ken, not undiscerning,
Can I judge your great career?
How does Rip Van Winkle find you—
Worse or better than of yore?
Flinging all your faults behind you?
Forcing all your best before?

Yes! as in that old Dutch story,
You have grown both great and good;
Truly, progress is your glory,
Winning all that mortals could;

Truly rising better, wiser,
 For adversities and woes,
 Gathering good from each adviser,
 War and peace, and friends and foes.

Temperance, morals, courteous bearing,
 And the hand to help all round,
 Each another's burden sharing—
 Generous traits like these abound;
 Energetic, self-confiding,
 And religious, and sincere,
 Patient, dutiful, law-abiding,
 Men like these are common here!

God's good will, your country blessing,
 Helps your works of human will,
 Wondrous cities, each possessing
 Every type of art and skill;
 While the wilderness rejoices,
 Showing Edens on the earth,
 With the shout of freemen's voices,
 Woman's song, and childhood's mirth.

Since your pilgrim fathers landed
 (Some of mine sailed with them too),
 Giant-hearted, giant-handed;
 We still fight life's battles through,
 Till the energies, victorious,
 Of our Anglo-Saxon race
 Build us yet more great, more glorious—
 Kings and priests in every place!

THE LITTLE HATCHET STORY:

WITH OCCASIONAL QUESTIONS BY A FIVE-YEAR-OLD HEARER.

And so, smiling, we went on.

"Well, one day, George's father—"

"George who?" asked Clarence.

"George Washington. He was a little boy, then, just like you. One day his father—"

"Whose father?" demanded Clarence, with an encouraging expression of interest.

"George Washington's; this great man we are telling you of. One day George Washington's father gave him a little hatchet for a—"

"Gave who a little hatchet?" the dear child interrupted with a gleam of bewitching intelligence. Most men would have got mad, or betrayed signs of impatience, but we didn't. We know how to talk to children. So we went on:

"George Washington. His—"

"Who gave him the little hatchet?"

"His father. And his father—"

"Whose father?"

"George Washington's."

"Oh!"

"Yes, George Washington. And his father told him—"

"Told who?"

"Told George."

"Oh, yes, George."

And we went on, just as patient and as pleasant as you could imagine. We took up the story right where the boy interrupted, for we could see he was just crazy to hear the end of it. We said:

"And he was told—"

"George told him?" queried Clarence.

"No, his father told George—"

"Oh!"

"Yes; told him he must be careful with the hatchet—"

"Who must be careful?"

"George must."

"Oh!"

"Yes; must be careful with his hatchet—"

"What hatchet?"

"Why, George's."

"Oh!"

"With the hatchet, and not cut himself with it, or drop it in the cistern, or leave it out in the grass all night. So George went round cutting everything he could reach with his hatchet. And at last he came to a splendid apple-tree, his father's favorite, and cut it down and—"

"Who cut it down?"

"George did."

"Oh!"

"But his father came home and saw it the first thing, and—"

"Saw the hatchet?"

"No, saw the apple-tree. And he said, 'Who has cut down my favorite apple-tree?'"

"What apple-tree?"

"George's father's. And everybody said they didn't know anything about it, and—"

"Anything about what?"

"The apple-tree."

"Oh!"

"And George came up and heard them talking about it—"

"Heard who talking about it?"

"Heard his father and the men."

"What were they talking about?"

"About this apple-tree."

"What apple-tree?"

"The favorite tree that George cut down."

"George who?"

"George Washington."

"Oh!"

"So George came up and heard them talking about it and he—"

"What did he cut it down for?"

"Just to try his little hatchet."

"Whose little hatchet?"

"Why, his own, the one his father gave him."

"Gave who?"

"Why, George Washington."

"Oh!"

"So George came up and he said, 'Father, I cannot tell a lie, I—'"

"Who couldn't tell a lie?"

"Why, George Washington. He said, 'Father, I cannot tell a lie. It was—'"

"His father couldn't?"

"Why, no; George couldn't."

"Oh! George? oh, yes!"

"'It was I cut down your apple-tree; I did—'"

"His father did?"

"No, no; it was George said this."

"Said he cut his father?"

"No, no, no; said he cut down his apple-tree."

"George's apple-tree?"

"No, no; his father's."

"Oh!"

"He said—"

"His father said?"

"No, no, no; George said. 'Father, I cannot tell a lie, I did it with my little hatchet.' And his father said: 'Noble boy, I would rather lose a thousand trees than have you tell a lie.'"

"George did?"

"No, his father said that."

"Said he'd rather have a thousand apple-trees?"

"No no, no; said he'd rather lose a thousand apple-trees than—"

"Said he'd rather George would?"

"No, said he'd rather he would than have him lie."

"Oh! George would rather have his father lie?"

We are patient and we love children, but if Mrs. Caruthers hadn't come and got her prodigy at that critical juncture, we don't believe all Burlington could have pulled us out of the snarl. And as Clarence Alencon de Marchemont Caruthers pattered down the stairs we heard him telling his ma about a boy who had a father named George, and he told him to cut down an apple-tree, and he said he'd rather tell a thousand lies than cut down one apple-tree.

—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

THE FACES WE MEET.—ALLIE WELLINGTON.

Oh, the faces we meet, the faces we meet,
At home or abroad, on the hurrying street!
Each has its history, dark or bright,
Traced so clearly in legible light;

As with pen of gold
Of the finest mold,
Diamond pointed
And lightly scrolled,—

Some, telling that fortune hath graciously planned
Their sketch, and wrote with her soft, white hand.

Others, where harrowing grief and care
Have left in *steel* their traces there,—

Steel that cuts like the sharpened sword,
 Slowly carving each written word,
 Through anxious fears,
 And sorrowing tears,—
 Each furrowed line
 Its import wears;
 And we read that "Life is a stern warfare,
 To battle and do, to suffer and bear."

While others, the *iron* hand of sin
 Branding each line and sentence in,
 Leaving forever its harrowing trace,
 Where once was purity, beauty, and grace;
 The soul's deep scars
 Like iron bars
 O'er windows bright,
 The visage mars;
 And we read, "Life's a wild bacchanalian song,
 The province of selfishness, ruin, and wrong."

Faces so old, yet so young in their years,
 Where pinching penury blights and sears,
 And the bony finger of poverty writes
 What merciless misery e'er indites;
 Where pain and want
 And hunger gaunt,
 Bid joy and beauty
 And hope avaunt;—
 "Life is to wander,—starving and cold,
 Shunned, and forsaken,—toil, and grow old."

Oh, the faces we meet, the faces we meet,
 At home, or abroad, on the hurrying street!
 Beautiful faces with soul-beaming eyes,
 Visions of angels that walk in disguise!

 Faces glad and as gay
 As the blue skies of May,
 With no more of care
 Than the rose on the spray!

Others, sad, yet more sweet with submission's soft tone,—
 By treading the wine-press of sorrow alone.

Pitiful faces upturned so to mine,
 Wistful and eager, as if to divine
 If human charity, pity, or love
 Could be found 'neath the dome of the heavens above.

 Little faces so old,
 Thin with hunger and cold;
 Faces furrowed by toil
 After perishing gold!

Ah, the heart is oft burdened with sorrow replete,
 By the tales that are read in the faces we meet!

IF.

If, sitting with this little worn-out shoe
And scarlet stocking lying on my knee,
I knew the little feet had pattered through
The pearl-set gates that lie 'twixt heaven and me,
I could be reconciled, and happy too,
And look with glad eyes toward the jasper sea.

If, in the morning, when the song of birds
Reminds us of a music far more sweet,
I listen for his pretty broken words
And for the music of his dimpled feet,
I could be almost happy though I heard
No answer, and but saw his vacant seat.

I could be glad, if, when the day is done,
And all its cares and heart-aches laid away,
I could look westward to the hidden sun,
And with a heart full of sweet yearnings say :
"To-night I'm nearer to my little one
By just the travel of a single day."

If I could know those little feet were shod
In sandals wrought of light in better lands,
And that the foot-prints of a tender God
Ran side by side with his in golden sands,
I could bow cheerfully and kiss the rod,
Since Bennie was in wiser, safer hands.

If he were dead, I would not sit to-day
And stain with tears the wee sock on my knee,
I would not kiss the tiny shoe, and say,
"Bring back again my little boy to me!"
I would be patient, knowing 'twas God's way,
And that he'd lead me to him o'er death's silent sea.

But oh, to know the feet once pure and white,
The haunts of vice have boldly ventured in!
The hands that should have battled for the right
Have been wrung crimson in the clasp of sin!
And should he knock at heaven's gate to-night,
I fear my boy could hardly enter in.

PIP'S FIGHT.—CHARLES DICKENS.

"Come and fight," said the pale young gentleman.
What could I do but follow him? I have often asked myself the question since: but, what else could I do? His

manner was so final and I was so astonished, that I followed where he led, as if I had been under a spell.

"Stop a minute, though," he said, wheeling round before we had got many paces. "I ought to give you a reason for fighting, too. There it is!" In a most irritating manner he instantly slapped his hands against one another, daintily flung one of his legs up behind him, pulled my hair, slapped his hands again, dipped his head, and butted it into my stomach.

The bull-like proceeding last mentioned, besides that it was unquestionably to be regarded in the light of a liberty, was particularly disagreeable just after bread and meat. I therefore hit out at him, and was going to hit out again, when he said, "Aha! Would you?" and began dancing backward and forward in a manner quite unparalleled within my limited experience.

"Laws of the game!" said he. Here he skipped from his left leg on to his right. "Regular rules!" Here he skipped from his right leg on to his left. "Come to the ground, and go through the preliminaries!" Here he dodged backward and forward, and did all sorts of things, while I looked helplessly at him.

I was secretly afraid of him when I saw him so dexterous; but I felt morally and physically convinced that his light head of hair could have had no business in the pit of my stomach, and that I had a right to consider it irrelevant when so obtruded on my attention. Therefore, I followed him without a word to a retired nook of the garden, formed by the junction of two walls and screened by some rubbish. On his asking me if I was satisfied with the ground, and on my replying Yes, he begged my leave to absent himself for a moment, and quickly returned with a bottle of water and a sponge dipped in vinegar. "Available for both," he said, placing these against the wall. And then fell to pulling off, not only his jacket and waistcoat, but his shirt too, in a manner at once light-hearted, business-like and blood-thirsty.

Although he did not look very healthy—having pimples on his face, and a breaking-out at his mouth—these dreadful preparations quite appalled me. I judged him to be about my own age, but he was much taller, and he had a way of

spinning himself about that was full of appearance. For the rest, he was a young gentleman in a gray suit (when not denuded for battle), with his elbows, knees, wrists, and heels considerably in advance of the rest of him as to development.

My heart failed me when I saw him squaring at me with every demonstration of mechanical nicety, and eying my anatomy as if he were minutely choosing his bone. I never have been so surprised in my life as I was when I let out the first blow, and saw him lying on his back, looking up at me with a bloody nose and his face exceedingly fore-shortened.

But he was on his feet directly, and after sponging himself with a great show of dexterity began squaring again. The second greatest surprise I have ever had in my life was seeing him on his back again, looking up at me out of a black eye.

His spirit inspired me with great respect. He seemed to have no strength, and he never once hit me hard, and he was always knocked down; but he would be up again in a moment, sponging himself or drinking out of the water-bottle, with the greatest satisfaction in seconding himself according to form, and then came at me with an air and a show that made me believe he really was going to do for me at last. He got heavily bruised, for I am sorry to record that the more I hit him, the harder I hit him; but he came up again and again and again, until at last he got a bad fall with the back of his head against the wall. Even after that crisis in our affairs, he got up and turned round and round confusedly a few times, not knowing where I was; but finally went on his knees to his sponge and threw it up: at the same time panting out, "That means you have won."

He seemed so brave and innocent, that although I had not proposed the contest I felt but a gloomy satisfaction in my victory. Indeed, I go so far as to hope that I regarded myself, while dressing, as a species of savage young wolf, or other wild beast. However I got dressed, darkly wiping my sanguinary face at intervals, and I said, "Can I help you?" and he said, "No, thankee," and I said, "Good afternoon," and he said, "Same to you."

—*Great Expectations.*

A QUESTION.

As Annie was carrying the baby one day,
 Tossing aloft the lump of inanity,—
 Dear to its father and mother no doubt,
 To the rest of the world a mere lump of humanity,—
 Sam came along, and was thinking then, maybe,
 Full as much of Annie as she of the baby.

"Just look at the baby!" cried Ann, in a flutter,
 Giving its locks round her fingers a twirl:
 "If I was a man I know that I couldn't
 Be keeping my hands off a dear little girl."
 And Sam gave a wink, as if to say "Maybe,
 Of the girls, I'd rather hug you than the baby!"

"Now kiss it!" she cried, still hugging it closer,
 "Its mouth's like the roses the honey-bee sips!"
 Sam stooped to obey; and, as heads came together,
 There chanced to arise a confusion of lips!
 And, as it occurred, it might have been, maybe,
 That each got a kiss,—Sam, Ann, and the baby!

It's hard to tell what just then was the matter,
 For the baby was the only one innocent there:
 And Annie flushed up like a full-blown peony,
 And Samuel turned red to the roots of his hair.
 So the question is this,—you can answer it, maybe,—
 Did Annie kiss Sam, or did *both* kiss the baby?

THE OLD SOLDIER'S STORY.—E. A. DUNCAN.

Without 'twas cold and cheerless, and glooming into night,
 Within 'twas warm and cheery, the "yule" log burning bright.
 Beside a cosy table o'erspread with tempting lunch,
 Mid appetizing odors from steaming jugs of punch,
 Were seated two old veterans who'd served throughout the
 wars,
 And had their soldiers' record engraved in livid scars
 Deep in their furrowed faces. The night was Christmas Eve.
 Three legs the party counted, beside one empty sleeve.
 They smoked their pipes and chatted in a dreamy sort of way
 Of times agone, and present, as two old comrades may.
 'Twas "Bob" and "Joe" in private who forgot the rank they
 bore,
 Nor "recked" they of the symbols which their broad should-
 ers wore.

Old tales they told and gossipped of strange things they had
 seen,
 How each had won his laurels in fights he'd helped to win.
 "Now tell me, Joe," said Bob at last, "the best thing you
 have done ;
 The proudest recollection of all your life that's gone ?"
 "'Tis not as you may think, Bob, an easy thing to tell,
 What we have done that's best, we've done so few things
 well ;
 For memory will not linger on tragic things to brood,
 Nor does she like her pictures bedabbled o'er with blood.
 When alone we sit reviewing the pages of our life,
 We quickly drop the curtain on scenes o'ercast with strife,
 Such as the world, applauding, calls our fields of glory,
 But fill your glass, and listen, Bob, and I'll tell you a story.

"In sixty-six, in Autumn, one wild, tempestuous night,
 I sat alone in quarters and watched the flickering light
 Cast its trembling shadows upon the walls about,
 As if in mirth defying the howling winds without.
 I'd cast aside my harness and piled it in a chair,
 And tipped back in my rocker with feet high in the air,
 And smoked my pipe sedately. 'Twas the meerschaum poor

Jack Moore

Gave me. Poor Jack! you knew him. He fell at 'Grand
 Ecore.'

Impatiently I waited for my slow coming meal,
 While old Aunt Dinah, blustering with Ethiopic zeal,
 Was railing at the darkies, who, in her sable view,
 Were 'de no countest niggahs dat she done ebber knew.'
 So goaded into action by her reproofing blast,
 The loit'ring rogues awakened and brought my meal at last.
 I started for my mess-room, and, as I crossed the floor,
 I heard a gentle rapping upon the outer door.
 'Who's that!' I cried, impatient, in a surly voice I own,
 Not in what you would call, Bob, a 'hospitable tone!'
 'Come in! I say there, can't you? come in! when you are
 told!'

'Twas a timid voice that answered, 'My fingers are so cold.'
 I turned the knob, and looking out in the night and storm
 I saw there standing shivering, the dripping, scant-clad form
 Of a sad-faced little girl; a face that grief, not years,
 Had made look wan and sunken; while from her eyes the
 tears

All mixed with big, cold rain-drops, were trickling down her
 cheek;—

I stood a moment silent, waiting for her to speak.
 She stood upon the threshold perhaps say half a minute,
 Down looking in her basket, which had nothing in it;

And still she seemed to linger as if of chiding fearful
Like one unused to kindness; and then her eyes, still tearful,
Sought mine with look so anxious, so imploring, and so sad,
I could not have denied her the last hard-tack I had.
'Come in, my child,' said I; 'come in from out the rain;'
And something chill came o'er me that felt, Bob, like a pain.
She came up to the hearth side, and took the proffered
seat,
And held up to the fire her poor, half-frozen feet;
For they were bare and shoeless, and blue with pinching
cold,
And like her dress all spattered with yellow, clayey mold;
Her gown was old and tattered, and vainly lengthened out;
With odds and ends all different, and patched and darned
about;
An old and faded kerchief covered her unkempt hair,
Which would have glowed with beauty if smoothed and
dressed with care;
Her eye was of that gentle blue which artists love to paint,
In ideal picture showing some sorrow-stricken saint.
In fact, her gentle manners and timid modest ways
All seemed to tell that she had known more bright and bet-
ter days.
When by the blazing fire she'd warmed her scant-clad form,
I asked her what had brought her forth in such a driving
storm;
'I came,' she answered, blushing and hanging down her head,
'I came to see if I, sir, could get a little bread;
And oh! I can not tell you how much I hate to beg,
But poor mamma is starving and Tom has lost his leg;
He lost his leg at Dallas—he was a soldier then;
They took our boys to battle, as well as all the men.
We all did what we could, sir, and tried to win the fight,
Gave all we had to country; we thought 'twas doing right.
My father died a soldier, a rebel soldier, too;
And that is why I feared, sir, to ask for bread of you;
But we are all so hungry, we've neither bread nor meat;
For two long days we've fasted, with not a thing to eat;
We used to have a plenty, sir, with horses, too, to ride,
A happy home with servants and all we wished beside;
But now we've nothing left, sir, they all went one by one;
Our dear old home we lost it, and now all else has gone.
We had to sell our dresses for anything they'd bring,
Last week we had to sell dear mamma's wedding ring.'
'Tis long since you've seen tears, Bob, on my tough, hard-
ened cheek;
But then my eyes ran over, nor did I think it weak.
Could you have heard her story, so sadly told, I know
You'd weakened on your manhood,—grown womanish 'like
Joe.'

Ere she came I was hungry; I could have gnawed a bone;
But that was now all over, my appetite was gone.
Just then my sable Dinah began to fret and scold,
And wondered 'why de massa done leave dat supper cold.'
So out I led the little one to the supper table where
There lay in loose profusion the usual army fare;
I sat her down beside it, tucked in the warmest seat,
And, Bob, it did my heart good to see the poor child eat.
The coffee, ham, and corn cakes all vanished past recall;
I wondered where a child so small found room to stow it all.
Of this the child seemed conscious, and said: 'Sir, if I could
I'd eat less; but I'm so hungry and this is all so *good*!'
So when her meal was finished, she drew back in her chair,
And held up to the fire her little feet so bare,
A sort of drowsy mantle over her senses crept;
She soon forgot her sorrows and, tired out, she slept!
And as I watched her sleeping, and heard that sobbing sigh,
I felt a sort o' choking, a mist came in my eye;
She brought to mind a little one who was just about her size,
With just such nut-brown ringlets and tender, loving eyes.
I shuddered as I thought, what if some day my own,
Now blessed with home and plenty, should wander sad and
lone

Like this poor child, to seek this cold world's colder dole.
The picture, Bob, was frightful; it chilled my very soul;
I felt that I but paid a debt to this poor child of sorrow,
Which might be due my own in some far-off to-morrow.
When her short rest was over, and time to go had come,
It brought the sad remembrance of hungry ones at home;
And so I filled her basket with dainty bits of food
Such as the surgeon tells us for invalids are good;
And I sent Ben, my darkey, with 'hard-bread,' meal and
meat,

And other things we reckoned the healthy ones could eat;
Besides I gave her something to shield her ill-clad form
And shoeless little feet from winter's cold and storm.
It wasn't much I gave her, not much in the amount;
Perhaps it will be credited upon my loose account,
Help through my final papers which, much I fear, without
Some lift like that, won't pass when I'm last mustered out.
I wrapped my '*capote*' round her; I kissed her then 'good
bye.'

'May God bless you!' she whispered, the bright tear in her
eye.

Now though I wear the 'color, the good old 'federal blue,'
Had fought against her father the weary war all through,
Yet still, the proudest memory of all my life that's fled
Is of my little kindness to that child of the dead.
On stormy nights in winter, when winds are howling wild,
I hear the sweet 'God bless you,' of that dead rebel's child."

THE THREE LITTLE CHAIRS.

They sat alone by the bright wood fire,
The gray-haired dame and the aged sire,
Dreaming of days gone by ;
The tear-drops fell on each wrinkled cheek,
They both had thoughts that they could not speak,
And each heart uttered a sigh.

For their sad and tearful eyes descried
Three little chairs placed side by side,
Against the sitting-room wall ;
Old fashioned enough as there they stood,
Their seats of flag and their frames of wood,
With their backs so straight and tall.

Then the sire shook his silvery head,
And with trembling voice he gently said,—
“Mother, those empty chairs !
They bring us such sad, sad thoughts to-night,
We'll put them forever out of sight,
In the small dark room up stairs.”

But she answered, “Father, no, not yet,
For I look at them and I forget
That the children are away :
The boys come back, and our Mary, too,
With her apron on, of checkered blue,
And sit here every day.

“Johnny still whittles a ship's tall masts,
And Willie his leaden bullets casts,
While Mary her patch-work sews ;
At evening time three childish prayers
Go up to God from those little chairs,
So softly that no one knows.

“Johnny comes back from the billow deep,
Willie wakes from his battle-field sleep,
To say good-night to me ;
Mary's a wife and a mother no more,
But a tired child whose play-time is o'er,
And comes to rest on my knee.

“So let them stand there, though empty now,
And every time when alone we bow,
At the Father's throne to pray,
We'll ask to meet the children above,
In our Saviour's home of rest and love,
Where no child goeth away.”

THE OLD SAMPLER.—M. E. SANGSTER.

In the New England kitchen at the Centennial there was a sampler one hundred years old, wrought, as the faded words upon it stated, by "Elizabeth, aged eight." Studying the quaint embroidery, we could but wonder if it was not the subject of the following beautiful poem.

Out of the way, in a corner
Of the dear old attic room,
Where bunches of herbs from the hillside
Shed ever a sweet perfume,
An oaken chest is standing,
With hasp, and padlock, and key,
Strong as the hands that made it,
On the other side of the sea.

When the Winter days are dreary,
And we're out of heart with life,—
Of its crowding cares aweary,
And sick of its restless strife,—
We take a lesson in patience
From the attic corner dim,
Where the chest still holds its treasures—
A warder faithful and grim.

Robes of an antique fashion,
Linen, and lace, and silk,
That time has tinted with saffron,
Though once they were white as milk;
Wonderful baby garments,
Brodered with loving care
By fingers that felt the pleasure
As they wrought the ruffles fair.

A sword, with the red rust on it,
That flashed in the battle tide
When from Lexington to Yorktown,
Sorely men's souls were tried;
A plumed chapeau, and a buckle,
And many a relic fine;
And all by itself, the sampler
Framed in by berry and vine.

Faded the square of canvas,
And dim is the silken thread,
But I think of white hands dimpled
And a childish, sunny head;
For here in cross and tent stitch,
In a wreath of berry and vine,
She wrought it a hundred years ago,
"Elizabeth, aged nine."

In and out in the sunshine
The little needle flashed,
In and out on the rainy day
When the merry drops down plashed,
As close she sat by her mother,
The little Puritan maid,
And did her piece on the sampler
While the other children played. .

You are safe in the beautiful heaven,
"Elizabeth, aged nine,"
But before you went, you had troubles
Greater than any of mine!
Oh, the gold hair turned with sorrow,
White as the drifted snow;
And your tears fell here where I'm standing,
On this very plumed chapeau!

When you put it away, the wearer
Would need it nevermore,
By a sword thrust, learning the secrets,
God keeps on yonder shore.
But you wore your grief like a glory,
You could not yield supine,
Who wrought in your patient childhood,
"Elizabeth, aged nine."

For love is of the immortal,
And patience is sublime;
And trouble's a thing of every day
And touching every time.
And childhood, sweet and sunny,
And womanly truth and grace,
Ever can light life's darkness,
And fill earth's lowliest place.

THE DARKEY BOOTBLACK.

The bootblack at the corner-stand on C street was looking for a customer. He was as black as the ace of spades, and as he carelessly dusted off his stand with the stump of a corn-brush, he occasionally paused and rolled his eyes hungrily up and down the street.

Presently a tall, raw-boned, middle-aged man, with a considerable length of goatee and not a little breadth of hat rim, stopped and glanced at the stand with some show of interest.

"Have a shine, boss?" said the owner of the stand, giving his chair a parting slap with his brush. "Shine 'em up in half a minit, sah. You'll jist have time to glance over de morning papers."

Without deigning an answer the lank chap climbed into the seat before him.

"Whar yer a-rollin' them pants to?" was his first remark after the proprietor of the stand began to operate.

"All right now, boss. We musn't muss 'em, you see. It's all feasible now, sah."

"Wall, perceed to business."

"I'se a-movin', boss; I'se a-movin', sah."

"Wall, see that you keep a-movin'."

"De people of de Souf," said the bootblack, cocking a cunning eye upon his customer, "de people of de *Souf* (another look of the eye) most allus gives us pore culled boys any little feasible jobs dey's got."

"You think I'm from the South?"

"I's from de Souf myself, sah."

"Likely."

"I's from de Souf, sah—from ole Kaintuck, sah."

"Indeed?"

"Sartin, boss. I's from Lex'nton, Kaintuck, sah," scraping away with an old case-knife at the mud on the soles of his customer's boots.

"I'm from Kentucky myself, and from Lexington," said the man, beginning to look interested. "So you're from Lexington, eh?"

"Jess so, boss. Practically, I was born dar, sah."

"Like you, I was born thar."

"Nice old town, boss?"

"Very."

"I golly, boss, ef I didn't think from de fust dat I saw in you de rale old Kaintucky gentleman. You've got a good deal of de cut of some o' dem law and med'cine students dat used to be about de ole Transylvany 'Varsity; but you's aged a little, boss—aged a le-etle grain more dan was de boys in dem days."

"I've often seen the old university."

"It was a fine ole town, too. De main street was more

dan a mile long ; dar war beautiful trees 'long de streets, and de orphan 'sylum, an' de baggin facterys, de wire-works, an' de—"

"The lunatic asylum."

"Yes, boss ; shore 'nuff, dar was de lunatic 'sylum."

"And the river."

"An' de ribber ; I golly, dat fust big bend in Town Fork of de Elkhorn, up 'bove de city—practically, dat was a mighty feasible proposition for cat-fish."

"Amazin'."

"I say, boss, practically, you never happened to know a cullud boy named Columbus Parsons, as lived out on de road to'ards whar ole Harry Clay was borned—out to'ards Ashland—did yer, sah ?"

"I knowed a colored boy named Columbus Parsons, that rode ole Woodpecker against Ploughboy, down at the Blue Grass course, and won the purse."

"De Lord love us ! Was you dar ? De great hokey ! Practically, I am dat same Columbus Parsons what rode ole Woodpecker, an' won de puss down dar to Blue Grass !"

"The Columbus Parsons I knowed used to be a great fiddler ; played for all the balls and parties for miles around."

"Dat was me, sah. I was de boy. Now you's a beginnin' to know me !"

"The Columbus Parsons I used to know was a great singer—was lightnin' at all the nigger camp-meetin's."

"Dat was me, boss. I'm identically and practically dat same Columbus Parsons ! You's got de most feasible mem'ry dat I ever saw, sah."

"The Columbus Parsons that I knowed went down to Frankfort, and ran on the river as steward of the Bell Wagner."

"Yah, yah ; you knows me—you knows me, boss ! You knows me like a brudder, sah ! In dem days didn't I put on de apparel ? Wasn't I attired ? Practically, sah, you's got de most feasible mem'ry dat I ever saw !"

"The Columbus Parsons that I knowed, the Columbus Parsons that rode old Woodpecker, the Columbus Parsons that used to sing at camp-meetin's, the Columbus Parsons that was steward on the Bell Wagner, *that* Columbus Parsons

busted open the trunk of a passenger, stole a thousand dollars, and was sent to the State Prison of Frankfort for five years."

"Practically, boss, you's got a powerful feasible mem'ry, but dar was anoder Columbus Parsons down dare 'bout Lexington and Frankfort—partic'larly South Frankfort, 'cross de chain bridge—dat was a hoss-rider, a fiddler, a singer, an' a steam-boater, an' he was a low-flung, harum-scarum, no-account feller; I guess he mout a bin de Columbus Parsons what you knowed, sah."

"You think so?"

"Sartin, sure, boss; but don't say nuffin 'bout de feller heah, sah. You see, practically, it mout injure my good name, sah."

A WORD FOR EACH MONTH.—CLARK JILLSON.

[FROM A NEW ENGLAND STAND-POINT.]

How swift and silent pass the ages,
Adown the solemn march of time!
The days and months and years and cycles,
All make God's works to us sublime.

JANUARY.

'Neath stormy skies the wintry blast
Sweeps o'er the hill and down the vale,
While children 'round the farmer's hearth
Repeat the merry fire-side tale.

FEBRUARY.

The forests with their icy plumes
Are radiant with the rising sun,
Or sparkle like an armed host
Before the closing day is done.

MARCH.

Now falls the snow, the sleet, the rain,
And raging tempests fill the sky—
A moment—and the sun peers through
Where clouds with golden edges lie.

APRIL.

Now comes the warm and genial rain,
The green earth charms once more the eye.

The tender bud, the early flower,
Look up to greet the mild blue sky.

MAY.

All nature springs to life once more,
The earth is set with many a gem;
And while the stars at eve look down,
The modest flower looks up to them.

JUNE.

The vine creeps forth, the daisy blooms,
The very air is filled with song;
The tall grass bends with graceful curve
When sweeps the summer breeze along.

JULY.

The sky grows dark, and chains of fire
Run through the clouds with dazzling sheen;
The thirsty earth drinks up the storm,
The bow of promise now is seen.

AUGUST.

Now man and beast alike repair
To cooling shade and running stream,
And on the meadow—in the field—
The polished scythe and sickle gleam.

SEPTEMBER.

The golden grain glows in the sun
Whose rays are scarcely felt at noon;
The maid and swain at eve enjoy
The harvest and the hunter's moon.

OCTOBER.

The maple leaf is touched with age,
And fades and shivers in the breeze
Whose mournful whispering now is heard
Among the naked forest trees.

NOVEMBER.

The mountain tops are clad with snow,
The hills and vales look bare and gray;
The moon shines on the gleaming lake,
And sparkles down the frozen bay.

DECEMBER.

The north winds howl with dismal wail,
And earth and sky seem cold and drear;
The loud storm swells the grand refrain—
The anthem of the dying year.

FFFF

OUR SHIPS AT SEA.—GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

Whether of high or low degree,
All men and women have ships at sea;
Some are speeding over the main,
And will never return again;
Some that have sailed the world around,
With precious freight are homeward bound;
Some are tossed where the breakers free
Leap over the wrecks down in the sea.

There is a ship with canvas white
As the moon which sails the sea of night;
Her braces are taut, her bowlines strain
In her struggle with the surging main.
Strong are the hands which hold the wheel,
Straight is the wake behind the keel,
That is the ship LABOR, and she
Will outride the wildest storm at sea.

Light as a sea fowl on the deep,
Idly rocking where waters sleep,
Is a ship on the ocean vast,
The shadow of her tapering mast
Pencils an epitaph—for lo!
She must go down in the coming blow.
That is the IDLE ship, and she
Cannot survive a squall at sea.

Sailing in the eye of the wind,
Leaving the cautious craft behind,
With rattling blocks and creaking cleats,
And bending booms and shivering sheets,
Is a ship which seeks a freight of gold
In climates hot and climates cold—
The SPECULATOR—and swift is she;
She leaks in the hold, and may sink at sea.

Where flags of stars in free winds blow,
Where sails are white as stainless snow;
Where the captain cries that "all is well,"
Where honest hearts chime with the bell,
Though winds should churn the waters white,
And tempests quench the stars at night,
The ship of HONOR floats, and she
Is safe upon the roughest sea.

Tossed in the storms of war and strife,
Fighting to save the nation's life;
Leaping over the harbor bars,
Flinging out the stripes and stars;

Arming all her gallant sons,
 Thundering with her flaming guns,
 Is the BATTLE ship—and she
 Is our defence upon the sea.

In a broad wake of sparkling light,
 A path of glowing stars at night,
 Is a noble ship whose swelling sails
 Float like the clouds in summer gales.
 Over the knight-heads flies the spray;
 To helm and give her the right of way!
 It is the TEMPERANCE ship—and she
 Will never spring a leak at sea.

There is a ship no storm can whelm,
 Truth is the pilot at the helm;
 Its sails are filled with the breath of praise,
 Its master is the "Ancient of days;"
 Its flag is the snow-white flag of peace,
 It will wave when wars and strife shall cease:
 It is the GOSPEL ship, and will be
 Safe when others founder at sea.

THE FATAL FALSEHOOD.

Mrs. Opie, in her "Illustrations of Lying," gives, as an instance of what she terms "the lie of benevolence," the melancholy tale of which the following is the conclusion. Vernon is a clergyman in Westmoreland, whose youngest son, at a distance from home, had in a moment of passion committed murder. The youth had been condemned and executed for his crime. But his brothers had kept the cause and form of his death concealed from their father, and had informed him that their brother had been taken suddenly ill, and died on his road homeward. The father hears the awful truth, under the following circumstances, when on a journey.

The coach stopped at an inn outside the city of York; and, as Vernon was not disposed to eat any dinner, he strolled along the road, till he came to a small church, pleasantly situated, and entered the church-yard to read, as was his custom, the inscriptions on the tombstones. While thus engaged, he saw a man filling up a new-made grave, and entered into conversation with him. He found it was the sex-

ton himself; and he drew from him several anecdotes of the persons interred around them.

During their conversation they had walked over the whole of the ground, when, just as they were going to leave the spot, the sexton stopped to pluck some weeds from a grave near the corner of it, and Vernon stopped also,—taking hold, as he did so, of a small willow sapling, planted near the corner by itself.

As the man rose from his occupation, and saw where Vernon stood, he smiled significantly, and said, “I planted that willow; and it is on a grave, though the grave is not marked out.”

“Indeed!”

“Yes; it is the grave of a murderer.”

“Of a murderer!” echoed Vernon, instinctively shuddering, and moving away from it.

“Yes,” resumed he, “of a murderer who was hanged at York. Poor lad!—it was very right that he should be hanged; but he was not a hardened villain! and he died so penitent! and as I knew him when he used to visit where I was groom, I could not help planting this tree for old acquaintance’ sake.” Here he drew his hand across his eyes.

“Then he was not a low-born man?”

“Oh! no; his father was a clergyman, I think.”

“Indeed! poor man: was he living at the time?” said Vernon, deeply sighing.

“Oh! yes; for his poor son did fret so, lest his father should ever know what he had done; he said he was an angel upon earth; and he could not bear to think how he would grieve; for, poor lad, he loved his father and his mother too, though he did so badly.”

“Is his mother living?”

“No; if she had, he would have been alive; but his evil courses broke her heart; and it was because the man he killed reproached him for having murdered his mother, that he was provoked to murder him.”

“Poor, rash, mistaken youth! then he had provocation?”

“Oh! yes; the greatest: but he was very sorry for what he had done; and it would have done your heart good to hear him talk of his poor father.”

“I am glad I did not hear him,” said Vernon hastily, and in a faltering voice (for he thought of Edgar).

"And yet, sir, it would have done your heart good, too."

"Then he had virtuous feelings, and loved his father, amidst all his errors?"

"Aye."

"And I dare say his father loved him, in spite of his faults?"

"I dare say he did," replied the man; "for one's children are our own flesh and blood, you know, sir, after all that is said and done; and may be this young fellow was spoiled in the bringing up."

"Perhaps so," said Vernon, sighing deeply.

"However, this poor lad made a very good end."

"I am glad of that! and he lies here," continued Vernon, gazing on the spot with deeper interest, and moving nearer to it as he spoke. "Peace be to his soul! but was he not dissected?"

"Yes; but his brothers got leave to have the body after dissection. They came to me, and we buried it privately at night."

"His brothers came! and who were his brothers?"

"Merchants, in London; and it was a sad cut on them; but they took care that their father should not know it."

"No!" cried Vernon, turning sick at heart.

"Oh! no; they wrote *him* word that his son was ill; then went to Westmoreland, and—"

"Tell me," interrupted Vernon, gasping for breath, and laying his hand on his arm, "tell me the name of this poor youth!"

"Why, he was tried under a false name, for the sake of his family; but his real name was Edgar Vernon."

The agonized parent drew back, shuddered violently and repeatedly, casting up his eyes to heaven, at the same time, with a look of mingled appeal and resignation. He then rushed to the obscure spot which covered the bones of his son, threw himself upon it, and stretched his arms over it, as if embracing the unconscious deposit beneath, while his head rested on the grass, and he neither spoke nor moved. But he uttered one groan;—then all was stillness!

His terrified and astonished companion remained motionless for a few moments,—then stooped to raise him; but the FLAT OF MERCY had gone forth, and the paternal heart, broken by the sudden shock, had suffered, and breathed its last.

THE DIFFICULTY OF RHYMING.

We parted by the gate in June,
That soft and balmy month,
Beneath the sweetly-beaming moon,
And (wunth—hunth—sunth—bunth—I can't find
a rhyme to month).

Years were to pass ere we should meet;
A wide and yawning gulf
Divides me from my love so sweet,
While (ulf—sulf—dulf—mulf—stuck again; I can't
get any rhyme to gulf. I'm in a gulf myself).

Oh, how I dreaded in my soul
To part from my sweet nymph,
While years should their long seasons roll
Before (hymph—dymph—symph—I guess I'll
have to let it go at that).

Beneath my fortune's stern decree
My lonely spirits sunk,
For I a weary soul should be,
And a (hunk—dunk—runk—sk—that will never
do in the world).

She buried her dear lovely face
Within her azure scarf,
She knew I'd take the wretchedness,
As well as (parf—sarf—darf—harf-and-harf—that
won't answer either).

Oh, I had loved her many years,
I loved her for herself;
I loved her for her tender fears,
And also for her (welf—nelf—helf—pelf—no, no;
not for her pelf).

I took between my hands her head,
How sweet her lips did pouch!
I kissed her lovingly and said—
(Bouch—mouch—louch—ouch—not a bit of it did
I say ouch!).

I sorrowfully wrung her hand,
My tears they did escape,
My sorrow I could not command,
And I was but a (sape—dape—fape—ape; well,
perhaps I did feel like an ape).

I gave to her a fond adieu,
Sweet pupil of love's school,
I told her I would e'er be true,
And always be a (dool—sool—mool—fool; since
I come to think of it, I was a fool, for she fell in love with
another fellow before I was gone a month).

THE BARTENDER'S STORY.—PELEG ARKWRIGHT.

When I knowed him at first there was suthin',
A sort of a general air,
That was wery particular pleasin',
And what you might call—debonair.
I'm aware that expression is Frenchy,
And highfalutin, perhaps,
Which accounts that I have the acquaintance
Of several quality chaps,

And such is the way they converses.
But speakin' of this here young man,
Apparently nature had shaped him
On a sort of a liberal plan.
Had giv him good looks and good language,
And manners expressin' with vim
His belief in hisself, and that others
Was just as good fellers as him.

Well, this chap wasn't stuck up, by no means,
Nor inclined to be easy put down;
And was thought to be jolly agreeable
Wherever he went around town.
He used to come in for his beverage
Quite regular, every night;
And I took a consid'able interest
In mixin' the thing about right.

A judicious indulgence in liquids
It is natural for me to admire;
But I hev to admit that for some folks
They is pison complete and entire;
For rum, though a cheerful companion,
As a boss is the devil's own chum;
And this chap, I am sorry to state it,
Was floored in a wrastle with rum.

For he got to increasin' his doses,
And took 'em more often, he did;
And it growed on him faster and faster,
Till inter a bummer he slid.
I was grieved to observe this here feller
A-lettin' hisself down the grade,
And I lectured him onto it sometimes,
At the risk of its injurin' trade.

At last he got awfully seedy,
And lost his respect for hisself;

And all his high notions of honor
Was bundled away on the shelf.
But at times he was dreadful remorseful,
Whenever he'd stop for to think,
And he'd swear to reform hisself frequent,
And end it—by takin' a drink.

What saved that young feller? A woman.
She done it the sing'lerest way!
He come in the bar-room one evenin'
(He hadn't been drinkin' that day),
And sot hisself down to the table
With a terrible sorrowful face,
And sot there a-groanin' repeated,
A-callin' hisself a gone case.

He was thinkin' and thinkin' and thinkin',
And cursin' hisself and his fate,
And ended his thinkin', as usual,
By orderin' a "bourbon straight."
He was holdin' the glass in his fingers,
When into the place from the street
There come a young gal like a spirit,
With a face that was wonderful sweet.

And she glided right up to the table,
And took the glass gently away;
And she says to him, "George, it is over,
I am only a woman to-day.
I rejected you once in my anger,
But I come to you lowly and meek,
For I can't live without you, my darling,
I thought I was strong, but I'm weak.

"You are bound in a terrible bondage,
And I come, love, to share it with you;
Is there shame in the deed? I can bear it,
For at last to love I am true.
I have turned from the home of my childhood,
And I come to you, lover and friend,
Leaving comfort, contentment, and honor,
And I'll stay to the terrible end.

"Is there hunger and want in the future?
I will share them with you and not shrink;
And together we'll join in the pleasures,
The woes and the dangers of drink."
Then she raised up the glass firm and steady
(But her face was as pale as the dead)—
"Here's to wine and the joy of carousals,
The songs and the laughter," she said.

Then he riz up, his face like a tempest,
And took the glass out of her hand,
And slung it away stern and savage,
And I tell you his manner was grand.
And he says, "I have done with it, Nelly!
And I'll turn from the ways I have trod;
And I'll live to be worthy of you, dear,
So help me a merciful God!"

What more was remarked it is needless
For me to attempt to relate;
It was some time ago since it happened,
But the sequel is easy to state:
I seen that same feller last Mcnday,
Lookin' nobby and handsome and game;
He was wheelin' a vehicle, gen'lemen,
And a baby was into the same.

THE WINE-CUP.

Lycius, the Cretan prince, of race divine,
Like many a royal youth, was fond of wine;
So, when his father died and left him king,
He spent his days and nights in reveling.
Show him a wine-cup, he would soon lay down
His sceptre, and for roses change his crown,
Neglectful of his people and his state,
The noble cares that make a monarch great.
One day in summer—so the story goes—
Among his seeming friends, but secret foes,
He sat, and drained the wine-cup, when there came
A gray-haired man, and called him by his name,
"Lycius!" It was his tutor, Philocles,
Who held him when a child upon his knees.
"Lycius," the old man said, "it suits not you
To waste your life among this drunken crew.
Bethink you of your sire, and how he died
For that bright sceptre lying by your side,
And of the blood your loving people shed
To keep that golden circlet on your head.
Ah! how have you repaid them?" "Philocles,"
The prince replied, "what idle words are these?
I loved my father, and I mourned his fate;
But death must come to all men, soon or late.
Could we recall our dear ones from their urn,
Just as they lived and loved, 'twere well to mourn;
But since we cannot, let us smile instead:
I hold the living better than the dead.

My father reigned and died, I live and reign.
As for my people why should they complain?
Have I not ended all their deadly wars,
Bound up their wounds, and honored their old scars?
They bleed no more; enough for me, and mine,
The blood o' th' grape,—the ripe, the royal wine!
Slaves, fill my cup again!" They filled, and crowned
His brow with roses, but the old man frowned.
"Lycius," he said once more, "the State demands
Something besides the wine-cup in your hands;
Resume your crown and sceptre, be not blind:
Kings live not for themselves, but for mankind."
"Good Philocles," the shamed prince replied,
His soft eye lighting with a flash of pride,
"Your wisdom has forgotten one small thing—
I am no more your pupil, but your king.
Kings are in place of gods; remember, then,
They answer to the gods, and not to men."
"Hear, then, the gods, who speak to-day through me,
The sad but certain words of prophecy:
'Touch not the cup; small sins in kings are great;
Be wise in time, nor further tempt your fate.'"
"Old man! there is no fate, save that which lies
In our own hands, that shapes our destinies:
It is a dream. If I should will and do
A deed of ill, no good could thence ensue;
And willing goodness, shall not goodness be
Sovereign, like ill, to save herself, and me?
I laugh at fate." The wise man shook his head:
"Remember what the oracles have said;
'What most he loves, who rules this Cretan land,
Shall perish by the wine-cup in his hand.'"
"Prophet of ill! no more, or you shall die!
See how my deeds shall give your words the lie,
And baffle fate, and all who hate me—so!"
Sheer through the casement, in the court below,
He dashed the half-drained goblet in disdain,
That scattered as it flew a bloody rain;
His courtiers laughed. But now a woman's shriek
Rose terrible without, and blanched his cheek:
He hurried to the casement in a fright,
And lo! his eyes were blasted with a sight
Too pitiful to think of—death was there,
And wringing hands, and madness, and despair!
There stood a nurse, and on her bosom lay
A dying child, whose life-blood streamed away,
Reddening its robe like wine! It was his own,
His son, the prince that should have filled the throne
When he was dead, and ruled the Cretan land,—
Slain by the wine-cup from his father's hand!

THE MINSTREL'S CURSE.—ROBERT TILNEY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LUDWIG UHLAND.

In olden times a castle stood, so high and stately, too—
 Far over all the land it gleamed, and e'en to ocean blue,
 Around it ran a blooming wreath of fragrant gardens rare
 And, decked in rainbow splendor, sprang fresh fountains in
 the air.

There sat a proud and haughty king, in lands and conquests
 great—
 All pale and gloomy on his throne he sat in fearful state;—
 For what he thought was terrible; of rage, each glance a
 flood;
 And what he spoke was bitter scourge, and what he wrote
 was blood.

Once journeyed to that castle high a noble minstrel pair:
 The one bright golden tresses wore, but gray the other's
 hair;
 And with his harp a handsome horse the elder minstrel
 rode,
 While by his side, with nimble steps, his younger comrade
 strode.

The old man to the younger said: "Now be prepared, my
 son!
 Remember our most moving songs; break forth in fullest
 tone;
 Now all thy wond'rous power exert, to joy and pain impart,
 For our great aim to-day must be to move the king's hard
 heart."

Within the lofty, columned hall soon stood the minstrel
 pair;
 There sat upon the royal throne the king and consort fair:
 The king in fearful splendor, like the blood-red northern
 light;
 The queen, so sweet and soft and mild, as shines the full
 moon bright.

And soon the old man struck the harp with wondrous skill,
 and clear,
 And richer, ever richer, swelled the sound upon the ear;
 Then did the younger minstrel's voice with heavenly clear-
 ness flow—
 The old man's tones accompanied, like spirit-chorus, low.

They sang of spring, they sang of love, and golden times
 that bless;
 Of freedom and of manly worth, of truth and holiness;

They sang of all the sweet delights that thrilled the human breast ;

They sang of all the higher aims that human hearts impressed.

The courtier throng surrounding them forgot to scoff and jeer ;

The king's defiant warriors bowed themselves to God in fear ;
With feelings deep of joy and grief, the queen, too, sore oppressed,

Threw down before the minstrels' feet the rose from off her breast.

"You have misled my people, would you now allure my wife ?"

Thus raged the king, and while he spoke his body shook with strife.

He drew his sword, which, flashing, the young man's breast pierced through,

From whence, instead of golden songs, a stream of red blood flew.

Then fled the list'ning throng as though 'twere scattered by a storm.

The youthful minstrel breathed his last upon his master's arm ;

He wrapped him in his mantle, and then raised him on his horse,

And, firmly binding him erect, he homeward shaped his course ;

But halting at the lofty gates, the gray-haired minstrel threw

Against a marble column high his matchless harp. It flew
To pieces there, and with a voice that echoed far and wide,
Through castle and through garden, too, the maddened minstrel cried :

"O, woe to you, ye lofty halls ! may no sweet notes resound,
Nor harp nor song your chambers through shall e'er again be found ;

Nay ! nought but sighs and groans, and slaves that tread their timid way,

Till you the avenging fury crush to ruin and decay !

"And woe, ye fragrant gardens, in May-light soft and fair !
I show to you the ghastly face of that dead minstrel there
That you may wither at the sight, your crystal springs grow dry,

That in the future days of gloom all withered may you lie !

"And woe, thou godless murderer, thou curse of minstrelsy !
Thy strifes for wreaths of bloody fame are all in vain to thee !

Thy name shall be forgotten when in endless night 'tis
tossed,
As e'en, forever, dying groans in empty air are lost!"

The old man thus invoked, and lo! the heavens' dread answer falls:

The walls are lying low in dust, demolished are the halls;
Not one high column witness bears of all that vanished
pride—

E'en these, once lying shattered, now in deep oblivion hide.

Instead of fragrant gardens see a desolate, barren land—
No tree dispensing shadow there, no spring bursts through
the sand;

No songs nor books of brave exploits that king's name now
rehearse—

All are vanished and forgotten. Behold the minstrel's
curse!

GOIN' SOMEWHERE.—M. QUAD.

He had been to town-meeting, had once voyaged a hundred miles on a steamboat, and had a brother who had made the overland trip to California.

She had been to quiltings, funerals, and a circus or two; and she knew a woman who thought nothing of setting out on a railroad journey where she had to wait fifteen minutes at a junction, and change cars at a depot.

So I found them,—a cozy-looking old couple, sitting up very straight in their seats, and trying to act like old railroad travelers. A shadow of anxiety suddenly crossed her face: she became uneasy, and directly she asked,—

"Philetus, I act'lly b'leeve we've went and taken the wrong train!"

"It can't be, nohow," he replied, seeming a little startled. "Didn't I ask the conductor, and he said we was right?"

"Yaas, he did; but look out the window, and make sure. He might have been lyin' to us."

The old man looked out of the window at the flitting fences, the galloping telegraph-poles, and the unfamiliar fields, as if expecting to catch sight of some landmark, and forgetting for a moment that he was a thousand miles from home.

"I guess we're all right, Mary," he said, as he drew in his head.

"Ask somebody—ask that man there," she whispered.

"This is the train for Chicago, hain't it?" inquired the old man, of the passenger in the next seat behind.

"This is the train," replied the man.

"There! didn't I say so?" clucked the old gent.

"It may be—it may be!" she replied, dubiously; "but if we are carried wrong, it won't be my fault. I say that we are wrong, and when we've been led into some pirate's cave, and butchered for our money, ye'll wish ye had heeded my words!"

He looked out of the window again, opened his mouth as if to make some inquiry of a boy sitting on the fence, and then leaned back in his seat, and sighed heavily. She shut her teeth together, as if saying that she could stand it if he could, and the train sped along for several miles. He finally said,—

"Looks like rain, over thar in the west. I hope the boys have got them oats in."

"That makes me think of the umbereller!" diving her hands among the parcels at their feet.

She hunted around two or three minutes, growing red in the face, and then straightened up and hoarsely whispered,

"It's gone!"

"W—what?" he gasped.

"That umbereller!"

"No!"

"Gone, hide and hair!" so she went on, "that sky-blue umbereller, which I've had ever since Martha died!"

He searched around, but it was not to be found.

"Waal, that's queer," he mused, as he straightened up.

"Queer! not a bit. I've talked to ye and talked to ye, but it does no good. Ye come from a heedless fam'ly; and ye'd forget to put on yer boots, 'f I didn't tell ye to."

"None of the Harrisons was ever in the poorhouse," he replied, in a cutting tone.

"Philetus! Philetus H. Harrison!" she continued, laying her hand on his arm, "don't you dare twit me of that again! I've lived with ye nigh on to forty years, and waited on ye when ye had biles and the toothache and the colic, and

when ye fell and broke yer leg; but don't push me up to the wall!"

He looked out of the window, feeling that she had the advantage of him, and she wiped her eyes, settled her glasses on her nose, and used up the next fifteen minutes in thinking of the past. Feeling thirsty, she reached down among the bundles, searched around, and her face was as pale as death as she straightened back and whispered,—

"And that's gone, too!"

"What now?" he asked.

"It's been stole!" she exclaimed, looking around the car, as if expecting to see some one with the bottle to his lips.

"Fust the umbereller—then the bottle!" she gasped.

"I couldn't have left it, could I?"

"Don't ask me! That bottle has been in our family twenty years, ever since mother died; and now it's gone! Land only knows what I'll do for a camfire bottle when we git home, if we ever do!"

"I'll buy one."

"Yes, I know ye are always ready to buy; and if it wasn't for me to restrain ye, the money'd fly like feathers in the wind."

"Waal, I didn't have to mortgage my farm," he replied, giving her a knowing look.

"Twitting agin? It isn't enough that you've lost a good umbereller and a camfire bottle; but you must twit me o' this and that."

Her nose grew red and tears came to her eyes; but, as he was looking out of the window, she said nothing further. Ten or fifteen minutes passed; and, growing restless, he called out to a man across the aisle,—

"What's the sile around here?"

"Philetus! Philetus H. Harrison! stop your noise!" she whispered, poking him with her elbow.

"I just asked a question," he replied, resuming his old position.

"What'd your brother Joab tell ye, the last thing afore we left hum?" she asked. "Didn't he say somebody'd swindle ye on the string game, the confidence game, or some other game? Didn't he warn ye agin rascals?"

"I hain't seen no rascals."

"Of course ye havn't, 'cause yer blind! I know that that man is a villun; and if they don't arrest him for murder afore we leave this train, I'll miss my guess. I can read human natur' like a book."

There was another period of silence, broken by her saying, "I wish I knew that this was the train for Chicago."

"'Course it is."

"How do you know?"

"'Cause it is."

"Waal, I know it hain't; but if you are contented to rush along to destruction, I shan't say a word. Only when yer throat is being cut, don't call out that I didn't warn ye!"

The peanut boy came along, and the old man reached down for his wallet.

"Philetus, ye shan't squander that money after peanuts!" she exclaimed, using the one hand to catch his arm, and the other to wave the boy on.

"Didn't I earn it?"

"Yaas, you sold two cows to get money to go on this visit; but it's half gone now, and the land only knows how we'll get home!"

The boy passed on and the flag of truce was hung out for another brief time. She recommenced hostilities by remarking,—

"I wish I hadn't cum."

He looked up, and then out of the window.

"I know what ye want to say," she hissed; "but it's a blessed good thing for you that I did come! If ye'd come alone, ye'd have been murdered and gashed and scalped, and sunk into the river afore now!"

"Pooh!"

"Yes, pooh, 'f ye want to, but I know!"

He leaned back; she settled herself anew; and by and by, He nodded—

She nodded—

And, in sleep, their gray heads touched; and his arm found its way along the back of the seat, and his hand rested on her shoulder.

It was only their way.

—*Hearth and Home.*

SCATTER THE GERMS OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful,
 By the wayside let them fall,
 That the rose may spring by the cottage gate,
 And the vine on the garden wall;
 Cover the rough and the rude of earth
 With a veil of leaves and flowers,
 And mark with the opening bud and cup
 The march of summer hours!

Scatter the germs of the beautiful
 In the holy shrine of home;
 Let the pure, and the fair, and the graceful there
 In the loveliest lustre come;
 Leave not a trace of deformity
 In the temple of the heart,
 But gather about its hearth the gems
 Of nature and of art!

Scatter the germs of the beautiful
 In the temples of our God—
 The God who starred the uplifted sky,
 And flowered the trampled sod!
 When he built a temple for himself,
 And a home for his priestly race,
 He reared each arm in symmetry,
 And covered each line in grace.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful
 In the depths of the human soul!
 They shall bud, and blossom, and bear the fruit,
 While the endless ages roll;
 Plant with the flowers of charity
 The portals of the tomb,
 And the fair and pure about thy path
 In Paradise shall bloom.

 THE BALLAD OF BABIE BELL.—T. B. ALDRICH.

Have you not heard the poets tell
 How came the dainty Babie Bell
 Into this world of ours?
 The gates of heaven were left ajar;
 With folded hands and dreamy eyes,
 Wandering out of Paradise,
 She saw this planet, like a star,
 Hung in the glistening depths of even,—

Its bridges running to and fro,
 O'er which the white-winged angels go,
 Bearing the holy dead to heaven.
 She touched a bridge of flowers,—those feet,
 So light they did not bend the bells
 Of the celestial asphodels!
 They fell like dew upon the flowers,
 Then all the air grew strangely sweet—
 And thus came dainty Babie Bell
 Into this world of ours.
 She came and brought delicious May.
 The swallows built beneath the eaves;
 Like sunlight in and out the leaves,
 The robins went the livelong day;
 The lily swung its noiseless bell,
 And o'er the porch the trembling vine
 Seemed bursting with its veins of wine.
 How sweetly, softly, twilight fell!
 O, earth was full of singing-birds,
 And opening spring-tide flowers,
 When the dainty Babie Bell
 Came to this world of ours!

O Babie, dainty Babie Bell,
 How fair she grew from day to day!
 What woman-nature filled her eyes,
 What poetry within them lay!
 Those deep and tender twilight eyes,
 So full of meaning, pure and bright,
 As if she yet stood in the light
 Of those oped gates of Paradise.
 And so we loved her more and more;
 Ah, never in our hearts before
 Was love so lovely born:
 We felt we had a link between
 This real world and that unseen—
 The land beyond the morn.
 And for the love of those dear eyes,
 For love of her whom God led forth
 (The mother's being ceased on earth
 When Babie came from Paradise),—
 For love of Him who smote our lives,
 And woke the chords of joy and pain,
 We said, *Dear Christ!*—our hearts bent down
 Like violets after rain.

And now the orchards, which were white
 And red with blossoms when she came,
 Were rich in autumn's mellow prime.
 The clustered apples burnt like flame,

The soft-cheeked peaches blushed and fell,
The ivory chestnut burst its shell,
The grapes hung purpling in the grange;
And time wrought just as rich a change
In little Babie Bell.

Her lissome form more perfect grew,
And in her features we could trace,
In softened curves, her mother's face!

Her angel-nature ripened too.
We thought her lovely when she came
But she was holy, saintly now:—
Around her pale, angelic brow
We saw a slender ring of flame.

God's hand had taken away the seal
That held the portals of her speech;
And oft she said a few strange words
Whose meaning lay beyond our reach.
She never was a child to us,
We never held her being's key,
We could not teach her holy things;
She was Christ's self in purity.

It came upon us by degrees:
We saw its shadow ere it fell,
The knowledge that our God had sent
His messenger for Babie Bell.
We shuddered with unlanguage'd pain,
And all our hopes were changed to fears,
And all our thoughts ran into tears
Like sunshine into rain.
We cried aloud in our belief,
"O, smite us gently, gently, God!
Teach us to bend and kiss the rod,
And perfect grow through grief."
Ah, how we loved her, God can tell;
Her heart was folded deep in ours.
Our hearts are broken, Babie Bell!

At last he came, the messenger,
The messenger from unseen lands:
And what did dainty Babie Bell?
She only crossed her little hands,
She only looked more meek and fair!
We parted back her silken hair,
We wove the roses round her brow,—
White buds, the summer's drifted snow,—
Wrapt her from head to foot in flowers;
And then went dainty Babie Bell
Out of this world of ours!

GRANDMOTHER'S SPECTACLES.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

But sometimes these optical instruments get old and dim. Grandmother's pair had done good work in their day. They were large and round, so that when she saw a thing she saw it. There was a crack across the upper part of the glass, for many a baby had made them a plaything, and all the grandchildren had at some time tried them on. They had sometimes been so dimmed with tears that she had to take them off and wipe them on her apron before she could see through them at all. Her "second sight" had now come, and she would often let her glasses slip down, and then look over the top of them while she read. Grandmother was pleased at this return of her vision. Getting along so well without them, she often lost her spectacles. Sometimes they would lie for weeks untouched on the shelf in the red morocco case, the flap unlifted. She could now look off upon the hills, which for thirty years she had not been able to see from the piazza. Those were mistaken who thought she had no poetry in her soul. You could see it in the way she put her hand under the chin of a primrose, or cultured the geranium. Sitting on the piazza one evening, in her rocking-chair, she saw a ladder of cloud set up against the sky, and thought how easy it would be for a spirit to climb it. She saw in the deep glow of the sunset a chariot of fire, drawn by horses of fire, and wondered who rode in it. She saw a vapor floating thinly away, as though it were a wing ascending, and Grandmother muttered in a low tone: "A vapor that appeareth for a little season, and then vanisheth away." She saw a hill higher than any she had ever seen before on the horizon, and on the top of it a king's castle. The motion of the rocking-chair became slighter and slighter, until it stopped. The spectacles fell out of her lap. A child, hearing it, ran to pick them up, and cried: "Grandmother, what is the matter?" She answered not. She never spake again. Second-sight had come! Her vision had grown better and better. What she could not see now was not worth seeing. Not now *through a glass darkly!* Grandmother had no more need of spectacles!

THE COUNTRY DANCE.—JOE JOT, JR.

- "Take your places." Goodness gracious,
Don't go like a flock of geese!
- "Honors all." Keziah Muggins,
Take your hat off, if you please.
- "Forward four and back again."
Jerry, round the other way!
- "Balance all." Jake, how you topple,
Have you lost your balance, say?
- "Lemonade all." Bless me, Hiram,
Don't kick up your heels so high!
- "Swing your partners." John and Sally,
Stop your kissin' on the sly.
- "Right and left all round." Not *that* way,
You are getting mixed up there.
- "Sashay all." Your cornfield gaiters
Make more noise than I can bear.
- "Forward two and back again."
Jim, don't throw yourself away!
- "Dos-a-dos." Don't get excited:
Keep your coats on, boys, I pray.
- "Gentlemen balance to the right."
There, you all are jumping wrong!
- "Half lemonade." Uriah Williams,
Don't you think you're going it strong?
- "Hands all round." Now mind your eye there,—
Jake, you have never danced before.
- "Ladies change." Oh, Polly Simmons,
There you go upon the floor!
- "Forward four and back again,"—
Stop, until I rosin my bow.
- "Ladies balance to the right."
Caleb Short, don't stub your toe.
- "Gentlemen balance to the left."
Snap, there goes my little string.
- "Balance to your partners." So,—
Hez, quit pinching Polly King.
- "Lemonade all." It's getting hot here.
Cale, you dance like climbing up-stairs.
- "Ladies—" There, my E string's busted,—
"Swing your partners to their chairs."

THE PRIDE OF BATTERY B.—F. H. GASSAWAY.

South Mountain towered upon our right, far off the river lay,
And over on the wooded height we held their lines at bay.
At last the muttering guns were still; the day died slow
and wan;

At last the gunners' pipes did fill, the sergeant's yarns began.
When, as the wind a moment blew aside the fragrant flood
Our brierwoods raised, within our view a little maiden stood.
A tiny tot of six or seven, from fireside fresh she seemed.
(Of such a little one in heaven one soldier often dreamed.)
And as we stared, her little hand went to her curly head
In grave salute. "And who are *you?*" at length the ser-
geant said.

"And where's your home?" he growled again. She lisped
out, "Who is me?"

Why, don't you know? I'm little Jane, the Pride of Bat-
tery B.

My home? Why, that was burned away, and pa and ma
are dead;

And so I ride the guns all day along with Sergeant Ned.
And I've a drum that's not a toy, a cap with feathers, too;
And I march beside the drummer boy on Sundays at review.
But now our 'bacca's all give out, the men can't have their
smoke,

And so they're cross—why, even Ned won't play with me
and joke.

And the big colonel said to-day—I hate to hear him swear—
He'd give a leg for a good pipe like the Yank had over there.
And so I thought when beat the drum, and the big guns
were still,

I'd creep beneath the tent and come out here across the hill
And beg, good Mister Yankee men, you'd give me some
'Lone Jack.'

Please do: when we get some again, I'll surely bring it back.
Indeed I will, for Ned—says he,—if I do what I say,
I'll be a general yet, maybe, and ride a prancing bay."

We brimmed her tiny apron o'er; you should have heard her
laugh

As each man from his scanty store shook out a generous half.
To kiss the little mouth stooped down a score of grimy men,
Until the sergeant's husky voice said, "'Tention squad!"
and then

We gave her escort, till good-night the pretty waif we bid,
And watched her toddle out of sight—or else 'twas tears
that hid

Her tiny form—nor turned about a man, nor spoke a word,
Till after awhile a far, hoarse shout upon the wind we heard!

We sent it back, then cast sad eyes upon the scene around;
A baby's hand had touched the ties that brothers once had bound.

That's all—save when the dawn awoke again the work of hell,
And through the sullen clouds of smoke the screaming missiles fell,
Our general often rubbed his glass, and marveled much to see
Not a single shell that whole day fell in the camp of Battery B.

I'M WITH YOU ONCE AGAIN.—GEO. P. MORRIS.

I'm with you once again, my friends,
No more my footsteps roam;
Where it began my journey ends,
Amid the scenes of home.
No other clime has skies so blue,
Or streams so broad and clear,
And where are hearts so warm and true
As those that meet me here?

Since last, with spirits wild and free,
I pressed my native strand,
I've wandered many miles at sea,
And many miles on land:
I've seen fair regions of the earth
With rude commotion torn,
Which taught me how to prize the worth
Of that where I was born.

In other countries when I heard
The language of my own,
How fondly each familiar word
Awoke an answering tone!
But when our woodland songs were sung
Upon a foreign mart
The vows that faltered on the tongue
With rapture thrilled my heart!

My native land! I turn to you,
With blessing and with prayer,
Where man is brave and woman true,
And free as mountain air.
Long may our flag in triumph wave,
Against the world combined,
And friends a welcome—foes a grave,
Within our borders find.

THE TRUE TEMPLE.

Not where high towers rear
Their lofty heads above some costly fane,
Doth God our Heavenly Father only deign
Our humble prayers to hear,—

Not where the lapsing hours
The cankering footprints of the spoiler, time,
Are idly noted with a sounding chime,
From proud cathedral towers;

Not where the chiseled stone,
And shadowy niche, and shaft and architrave,
The dim old chancel, or the solemn nave
Seem vast and chill and lone;

Not 'neath the vaulted dome,
Or fretted roof, magnificently flung,
O'er cushioned seats, or curtained desks o'erhung
With rare work of the loom;

Not where the sunlight falls
From the stained oriel with a chastened shade,
O'er sculptured tombs where mighty ones are laid,
'Till the last trumpet calls;

Not where rich music floats
Through the hushed air until the soul is stirred
As 'twere a chord from that bright land as heard
When angels swell the notes.

Perchance 'tis well to raise
These palace temples, thus rich wrought, to Him
Who 'midst His thousand thousand cherubims
Can stoop to list our praise.

Yet when our spirits bow
And sue for mercy at His sacred shrine,
Can all the trappings of the teeming mine
Light up the darkened brow?

O no!—God *may* be there—
His smile may on such costly altars rest;
Yet are His humbler sanctuaries blest
With equal love and care.

Aye, wheresoe'er on earth
Or on the shore or on the far blue sea
His children, offspring of the *true*, may be,
There hath his spirit birth.

Our sins may be forgiven,
As, weak and few, our prayers go up to God;
E'en though our temple floor be earth's green sod,
Its roof the vault of heaven.

A KER CHEW DUET.

They had been keeping company a year. He told her Friday afternoon that he would be up early Sunday evening, as he had something of great importance to tell her, and a present to give her. With a woman's keen intuition she knew what that something of importance would be, and she looked forward to the hour with sweet expectations.

He was there on time, but hardly in the condition he desired. A heavy cold had tackled him the night before, and his eyes were red and inflamed, and his nose was nearly twice its usual size, and shone with a lustre that would have appeared to much better advantage on a doorplate. Singularly enough, the young lady was similarly conditioned. She ushered him into the parlor, and without any preliminary ceremony they were seated on the same sofa together. He took out his handkerchief and finding a dry section, wiped his nose. This reminded her of a duty she owed herself, and she attended to it at once. He held one of her hands in his, and his handkerchief in the other. Then he spoke:

"Susad, I cub to dide to dalk to you of subthig dearer—ah ah-oo (a prompt application of the handkerchief cut off the sneeze in its bud) dearer to be thad libe—ah ah—thad id—oo-oo-ker chew, ker chew, ker chew." A moment's pause. "I've god ad awful code," he explains, with due solemnity.

"Sobe I," she replies.

A moment is devoted to the silent use of the handkerchiefs, and then he continues:

"Darlig, you bust have seed all the tibe how mudge—oo-oo-ker—(the handkerchief again saves him) how mudge I have thought ob you. Every hour ob the day or dide—ah-ah-oo-oo-ker chew, ker chew."

She wiped her eyes—and then her nose, and made an honest endeavor to look languishingly, but owing to the watery condition of the former, and the fiery glow of the latter, she appeared to an unhappy advantage. But he did not notice it.

"Susad," he began again, grasping her hand with fervor, and clutching his handkerchief with equal earnestness, "what

is libe without love? Dothig. Darlig, do you, cad you love be edough to be by—ah-ah-oooh-chew!”

“You’ll be bide, all bide?” he gasped.

“I will, Hedry, I will,” she hoarsely whispered.

He drew her to him, slipped the ring upon her finger, and there they stood together, their reddened and half closed eyes blinking in sweet, holy ecstasy upon each other.

“My poor darlig has god sudge a bad code,” he sympathizingly murmured.

“So id my Hedry,” she softly whispered back.

“You must take sub bedicid for that code, to dide,” she said.

“So bust you,” he added.

“Yes, ad you’ll soak your feet in hod wader?”

“I will; ad you’ll soak yours?” he eagerly asked.

“I will,” she replied.

“Heaved bless you, by darlig, by precious darlig,” clasping her again to his breast. And then he stole out into the darkness; and she lingered a moment at the door, and heard his dear voice ring out on the night air as he passed away—

“Ker chew, ker chew.”

WET AND DRY.—CLARK JILLSON.

One Sunday morn good parson Jones,
Before the service hour,
While going from his home to church,
Was troubled by a shower.

The lightning crinkled overhead,
While peal on peal revolved;
The parson was a well-soaked man,
And yet was not dissolved.

“I cannot preach,” said parson Jones,
“Without I feel the pain
Of being wet from crown to heel—
Completely drenched with rain.”

“You must go on,” says deacon Smith
With voice a little gruff,
“Though as a *man* you may be wet,
As *preacher*, dry enough.”

THERE'S BUSINESS FOR ALL.—P. S. PENNELL.

There's business for all in this world, my boy,
 Though some folks find nothing to do;
 And misery *will* misery forever enhance
 With him who is satisfied fortune is chance,
 And only may come to a few.

Who waiteth for fortune is waiting for grapes
 In a desert where grapes never grew,—
 A beggar that sitteth where nobody goes,
 An idler for gold where no gold ever flows,—
 There's no business *there*, boy, for you.

Who boreth for water must not expect oil,
 Nor gold if for silver he sue,
 If sleepeth the husbandman, sleepeth the soil,
 And harvest refuses the product of toil;—
 Wake up boy! there's business for you.

The season goes by, the season comes back,
 The strength of the earth to renew;
 The winter is past and spring has come round
 With music and laughter, and shuffle and bound,
 She has business, boy, all the year through.

She has business for us in her stern demands,
 Demands that forever renew
 In industry's calls from the asking lands,
 Whose acres are waiting for toil's clever hands,—
 For more than they're willing to do.

Life's valleys are gleaming with rivers of sin,—
 Temptation's flowers charming to view,—
 The siren walks there, where charming she's been
 Since Eden went out and temptation came in.
 Stand guard boy! she's watching for you.

Who, lured by her wiles, once passes sin's door,
 Goes down to the river of pain,
 Deception walks with him, the charmer before,
 They pass to the river, from death's inky shore
 We call, but he comes not again.

Turn not for her lure, from business my boy,
 You'll find what I tell you is true—
 Life's moments will brighten in steady employ,
 And blossom with comforts too sweet for the joy
 Of those who find nothing to do.

Be true to your manhood, work up to the line,
 To wisdom's line,—close as you can,—

With axe, plow, and harrow, for hillside and plain ;
 And pen, ink, and paper, to plow for the brain,
 Fulfill the grand purpose of man !

This brief of existence is business, my boy,
 For other more lasting in view !
 Life can't be a shadow that struts, frets, and dies,
 Where heaven, great heaven looks down through such eyes.
 Look up, God is smiling on you !

Then work while 'tis day, ere cometh the night
 Be quick, boy, the moments are few ;
 Eschew ye the evil ; defend ye the right ;
 Work out of the darkness up into the light,
 Where heaven has business for you.

TEMPERANCE PEARLS FROM MANY AUTHORS.

Wine turns the good-natured man into an idiot, and the choleric into an assassin. It gives bitterness to resentment, it makes vanity insupportable, and displays every little spot of the soul in its utmost deformity. *Addison.*

O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains ! *Shakspeare.*

While you are in the habit of intemperance, you often drink up the value of an acre of land in a night. *Father Mathew.*

Wise men mingle mirth with their cares, as a help either to forget or overcome them ; but to resort to *intoxication* for the ease of one's mind is to cure melancholy by madness. *Charron.*

In what pagan nation was Moloch ever propitiated by such an unbroken and swift-moving procession of victims as are offered to this Moloch of Christendom, Intemperance ? *Horace Mann.*

Drinking water neither makes a man sick nor in debt nor his wife a widow. *John Neal.*

Greatness of any kind has no greater foe than the habit of drinking. *Walter Scott.*

Temperance, indeed, is a bridle of gold ; and he who uses it rightly is more like a god than a man. *Burton.*

Every moderate drinker *could* abandon the intoxicating cup if he would; every inebriate *would* if he could.

John B. Gough.

Wine invents nothing, it only tattles.

Schiller.

The smaller the drink, the clearer the head, and the cooler the blood; which are great benefits in temper and business.

William Penn.

If it is a *small sacrifice* to discontinue the use of wine—do it for the sake of others; if it is a *great sacrifice*—do it for your own.

Samuel J. May.

Wine has drowned more than the sea.

Publius Syrus.

There is no difference between knowledge and temperance; for he who knows what is *good* and *embraces* it, who knows what is *bad* and *avoids* it,—is learned and temperate.

Socrates.

That is a treacherous friend against whom you must always be on your guard. Such a friend is wine.

Bovee.

The habit of using ardent spirits, by men in office, has occasioned more injury to the public, and more trouble to me than all other causes. And were I to commence my administration again, the first question I would ask, respecting a candidate for office would be, "Does he use ardent spirits?"

Jefferson.

Wine is a turncoat; first a friend, and then an enemy.

Fielding.

Temperance is reason's girdle and passion's bridle, the strength of the soul and the foundation of virtue.

Jeremy Taylor.

If I could be heard to-day by the people of the land, by the patriotic young men of this country, full of life, vigor, and hope, I would say that it is among the first, the highest, and the greatest duties, which the country, God, and the love of humanity impose, to work for the cause of *total abstinence*.

Henry Wilson.

Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright; at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.

The Bible.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.—ROBERT BROWNING.

Hamelin Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city ;
The river Weser deep and wide
Washes its wall on the southern side ;
A pleasanter spot you never spied ;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, was a pity.

Rats!
They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in their cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body
To the Town-hall came flocking :
" 'Tis clear," cried they, " our Mayor's a noddy :
And as for our corporation—shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin !
You hope, because you're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease !
Rouse up, sirs ! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing !"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sat in council,
At length the Mayor broke silence :
" For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell ;
I wish I were a mile hence !
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—
I'm sure my poor head aches again,
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
Oh, for a trap, a trap, a trap !"
Just as he said this what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap ?

"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!

"Come in," the Mayor cried, looking bigger:
And in did come the strangest figure!
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow, and half of red;
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek, nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in.
There was no guessing his kith or kin!
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire:
Quoth one, "It's as if my great-grandsire,
Starting up at the trump of doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tombstone!"

He advanced to the council table:
And, "Please your honors," said he, "I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole, the toad, the newt, the viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper.
Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham
Last June from his huge swarm of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats:
And as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats

Will you give me a thousand guilders?"

"One? fifty thousand!" was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;
Then like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe had uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;

And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
 And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
 And out of the houses the rats came tumbling—
 Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
 Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats.
 Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
 Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
 Cocking tails, and pricking whiskers,
 Families by tens and dozens,
 Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
 Followed the Piper for their lives.
 From street to street he piped, advancing,
 And step for step they followed dancing,
 Until they came to the river Weser
 Wherein all plunged and perished,
 Save one, who stout as Julius Cæsar,
 Swam across, and lived to carry
 (As *he* the manuscript he cherished)
 To Rat-land home his commentary,
 Which was, "At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
 I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
 And putting apples wondrous ripe
 Into a cider press's gripe;
 And a moving away of pickle-tub boards,
 And a leaving ajar of conserve cupboards,
 And a drawing the corks of train-oil flasks,
 And a breaking the hoops of butter casks;
 And it seemed as if a voice
 (Sweeter far than by harp, or by psaltery
 Is breathed) called out, 'O rats, rejoice!
 The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
 So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
 Breakfast, dinner, supper, luncheon!'
 And just as a bulky sugar puncheon,
 All ready staved, like a great sun shone
 Glorious, scarce an inch before me,
 Just as methought it said, 'Come, bore me!'
 I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

You should have heard the Hamelin people
 Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple;
 "Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles!
 Poke out the nests, and block up the holes!
 Consult with carpenters and builders,
 And leave in our town not even a trace
 Of the rats!" When suddenly, up the face
 Of the Piper perched in the market-place,
 With a "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"
 A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue,
 So did the Corporation too.

For council dinners made rare havoc
 With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;
 And half the money would replenish
 Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
 To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
 With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!
 "Beside," quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,
 "Our business was done at the river's brink;
 We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
 And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
 So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
 From the duty of giving you something for drink,
 And a matter of money to put in your poke;
 But, as for the guilders, what we spoke
 Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
 Beside, our losses have made us thrifty:
 A thousand guilders! come, take fifty!"

The Piper's face fell, and he cried,
 "No trifling! I can't wait! beside
 I've promised to visit by dinner-time
 Bagdat, and accept the prime
 Of the head cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
 For having left in the caliph's kitchen,
 Of a nest of scorpions no survivor.
 With him I proved no bargain-driver,
 With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
 And folks who put me in a passion
 May find me pipe to another fashion."

"How?" cried the mayor, "d'ye think I'll brook
 Being worse treated than a cook?
 Insulted by a lazy ribald
 With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
 You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
 Blow your pipe there till you burst."

Once more he stept into the street,
 And to his lips again
 Laid his long pipe of smooth, straight cane;
 And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
 Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
 Never gave the enraptured air),
 There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling,
 Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling,
 Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
 Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,
 And, like fowls in a farmyard when barley is scattering,
 Out came the children running:
 All the little boys and girls,
 With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
 And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,

Tripping and skipping ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by—
And could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
And now the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However he turned from south to west,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.

"He never can cross that mighty top;
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"
When, lo! as they reached the mountain's side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced, and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain side shut fast.
Did I say, all? No! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say,—
"It's dull in our town since my playmates left!
I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me:
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow-deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles' wings;
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped and I stood still,
And found myself outside the hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!"

Alas! alas for Hamelin!

There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says, that Heaven's Gate
Ope to the rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!

The Mayor sent east, west, north, and south
To offer the Piper by word of mouth,

Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,

And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavor,
And Piper and dancers were gone forever,
They made a decree that lawyers never

Should think their records dated duly,
If, after the day of the month and year
These words did not as well appear,

"And so long after what happened here

On the twenty-second day of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six:"

And the better in memory to fix

The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it the Pied Piper's Street—
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor,
Was sure for the future to lose his labor.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern

To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern

They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away;—
And there it stands to this very day.

And I must not omit to say

That in Transylvania there's a tribe

Of alien people, that ascribe

The outlandish ways and dress

On which their neighbors lay such stress,

To their fathers and mothers having risen

Out of some subterraneous prison

Into which they were trepanned

Long time ago in a mighty band,

Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,

But how or why, they don't understand.

So Willy, let you and me be wipers

Of scores out with all men,—especially pipers;

And whether they pipe us free from rats or from mice

If we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise.

THE FLOOD OF YEARS.—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

A mighty hand from an exhaustless urn
Pours forth the never-ending Flood of Years
Among the nations. How the rushing waves
Bear all before them! On their foremost edge,
And there alone, is Life; the Present there
Tosses and foams and fills the air with roar
Of mingled noises. There are they who toil,
And they who strive, and they who feast, and they
Who hurry to and fro. The sturdy hind—
Woodman and delver with the spade—are there.
And busy artisan beside his bench,
And pallid student with his written roll.
A moment on the mounting billow seen—
The flood sweeps over them and they are gone.
There groups of revelers, whose brows are twined
With roses, ride the topmost swell awhile,
And as they raise their flowing cups to touch
The clinking brim to brim, are whirled beneath
The waves and disappear. I hear the jar
Of beaten drums, and thunders that break forth
From cannon, where the advancing billow sends
Up to the sight long files of armed men,
That hurry to the charge through flame and smoke.
The torrent bears them under, whelmed and hid,
Slayer and slain, in heaps of bloody foam.
Down go the steed and rider; the plumed chief
Sinks with his followers; the head that wears
The imperial diadem goes down beside
The felon's with cropped ear and branded cheek.
A funeral train the torrent sweeps away,
Bearers and bier and mourners. By the bed
Of one who dies men gather sorrowing,
And women weep aloud; the floods roll on;
The wail is stifled, and the sobbing group
Borne under. Hark to that shrill, sudden shout—
The cry of an applauding multitude
Swayed by some loud-tongued orator who wields
The living mass as if he were its soul!
The waters choke the shout and all is still.
Lo, next, a kneeling crowd, and one who spreads
The hands in prayer! the engulfing wave o'ertakes
And swallows them and him. A sculptor wields
The chisel, and the stricken marble grows
To beauty; at his easel, eager-eyed,
A painter stands, and sunshine at his touch
Gathers upon the canvas, and life glows;
A poet, as he paces to and fro,
Murmurs his sounding lines. Awhile they ride

The advancing billow, till its tossing crest
Strikes them and flings them under while their tasks
Are yet unfinished. See a mother smile
On her young babe that smiles to her again—
The torrent wrests it from her arms; she shrieks,
And weeps, and midst her tears is carried down.
A beam like that of moonlight turns the spray
To glistening pearls; two lovers, hand in hand,
Rise on the billowy swell and fondly look
Into each other's eyes. The rushing flood
Flings them apart; the youth goes down; the maid
With hands outstretched in vain, and streaming eyes,
Waits for the next high wave to follow him.
An aged man succeeds; his bending form
Sinks slowly; mingling with the sullen stream
Gleam the white locks and then are seen no more.

Lo, wider grows the stream; a sea-like flood
Saps earth's walled cities; massive palaces
Crumble before it; fortresses and towers
Dissolve in the swift waters; populous realms
Swept by the torrent, see their ancient tribes
Engulfed and lost, their very languages
Stifled and never to be uttered more.

I pause and turn my eyes, and, looking back,
Where that tumultuous flood has passed, I see
The silent Ocean of the Past, a waste
Of waters weltering over graves, its shores
Strewn with the wreck of fleets, where mast and hull
Drop away piecemeal; battlemented walls
Frown idly, green with moss, and temples stand
Unroofed, forsaken by the worshipers.
There lie memorial stones, whence time has gnawed
The graven legends, thrones of kings o'erturned,
The broken altars of forgotten gods,
Foundations of old cities and long streets
Where never fall of human foot is heard
Upon the desolate pavement. I behold
Dim glimmerings of lost jewels far within
The sleeping waters, diamond, sardonyx,
Ruby and topaz, pearl and chrysolite,
Once glittering at the banquet on fair brows
That long ago were dust; and all around,
Strewn on the waters of that silent sea,
Are withering bridal wreaths, and glossy locks
Shorn from fair brows by loving hands, and scrolls
O'erwritten—haply with fond words of love
And vows of friendship—and fair pages flung
Fresh from the printer's engine. There they lie
A moment and then sink away from sight.

I look and the quick tears are in my eyes,
For I behold, in every one of these,
A blighted hope, a separate history
Of human sorrow, telling of dear ties
Suddenly broken, dreams of happiness
Dissolved in air, and happy days, too brief,
That sorrowfully ended; and I think
How painfully the poor heart must have beat
In bosoms without number, as the blow
Was struck that slew their hope or broke their peace.

Sadly I turn, and look before, where yet
The flood must pass, and I behold a mist
Where swarm dissolving forms, the brood of Hope,
Divinely fair, that rest on banks of flowers
Or wander among rainbows, fading soon
And reappearing, haply giving place
To shapes of grisly aspect, such as Fear
Molds from the idle air; where serpents lift
The head to strike, and skeletons stretch forth
The bony arm in menace. Further on
A belt of darkness seems to bar the way,
Long, low, and distant, where the life that is
Touches the Life to Come. The Flood of Years
Rolls toward it, near and nearer. It must pass
That dismal barrier. What is there beyond?
Hear what the wise and good have said.

Beyond

That belt of darkness still the years roll on
More gently, but with not less mighty sweep.
They gather up again and softly bear
All the sweet lives that late were overwhelmed
And lost to sight—all that in them was good,
Noble and truly great and worthy of love—
The lives of infants and ingenuous youths,
Sages and saintly women who have made
Their households happy—all are raised and borne
By that great current in its onward sweep,
Wandering and rippling with caressing waves
Around green islands, fragrant with the breath
Of flowers that never wither. So they pass,
From stage to stage, along the shining course
Of that fair river broadening like a sea.
As its smooth eddies curl along their way,
They bring old friends together; hands are clasped
In joy unspeakable; the mother's arms
Again are folded round the child she loved
And lost. Old sorrows are forgotten now,
Or but remembered to make sweet the hour
That overpays them; wounded hearts that bled

Or broke are healed forever. In the room
Of this grief-shadowed Present there shall be
A Present in whose reign no grief shall gnaw
The heart, and never shall a tender tie
Be broken—in whose reign the eternal change
That waits on growth and action shall proceed
With everlasting Concord hand in hand.

FOURTH OF JULY, 1876.—W. F. Fox.

Written for a Centennial Celebration at Davenport, Iowa.

Fling out our banner to the breeze,
Our glorious stripes and stars;
Unfurl our flag o'er land and seas—
Our nation's stars and bars!
The emblem of our birthright wave,
O'er hill, and vale, and plain,
Till over every patriot grave
Our flag shall float again.

All hail the day that gave us birth,
An hundred years ago,
When Freedom's sword of matchless worth
Was drawn to strike the foe.
Awake! awake! in Freedom's cause
Let loudest anthems ring;
Let every freeman shout applause—
Our nation's glories sing.

O'er every sea, to every clime,
Columbia's welcome send,
To join our country's song sublime
And loud hosannas blend.
Let every freeman swell the strain,
The chorus bold prolong,
Till echoing hearts repeat again
Our nation's festal song.

We sing to-day a nation's pride,
Sung through an hundred years,
Yet pause to bless the brave who died,
And mingle smiles with tears;
For 'neath the hill and on the plain
The fallen heroes sleep,
And while we sing our glad refrain
Their mem'ry still we keep.

Wide o'er this broad and favored land
Blooms Freedom in its spring,

And for rich gifts, on every hand,
 Our grateful thanks we bring.
 Yet, dearer than the wealth of earth,
 To every freeman's heart,
 Are freeman's rights—a freeman's birth—
 Unbound by tyrants' art.

Thanks be to Him who rules on high,
 For this, our festal day—
 Who holds the sparrows as they fly
 And guides a nation's way!
 May Freedom e'er maintain her cause,
 Unstained by passion's wars,
 And freemen e'er proclaim her laws
 Beneath the stripes and stars.

HIDE AND SEEK.—JULIA GODDARD.

Hide and seek! Two children at play
 On a sunshiny holiday—
 "Where is the treasure hidden, I pray?
 Say—am I near it or far away?
 Hot or cold?" asks little Nell,
 With her flaxen hair all tangled and wild,
 And her voice as clear as a fairy bell
 That the fairies ring at eventide—
 Scrambling under table and chair,
 Peeping into the cupboards wide,
 Till a joyous shout rings through the air—
 "Oho! a very good place to hide!"
 And little Nell, creeping along the ground,
 Murmurs in triumph, "I've found, I've found!"

Hide and seek! Not children now—
 Life's noontide sun hath kissed each brow,
 Nell's turn to hide the treasure to-day;
 So safely she thinks it hidden away,
 That she fears her lover cannot find it.
 Say, shall she help him? Her eyes, so shy,
 Half tell the secret, and half deny;
 And the green leaves rustle with laughter sweet,
 And the little birds twitter, "Oh, foolish lover,
 Has love bewitched and blinded thine eyes—
 So that the truth thou canst not discover?"
 Then the sun gleams out, all golden and bright,
 And sends through the wood-path a clearer light;
 And the lover raises his eyes from the ground,
 And reads in Nell's face that the treasure is found.

NUMBER THIRTEEN.

What are the angels seeking for
Through the world in the darksome night?
A treasure that earth has stolen away,
And hidden 'midst flowers for many a day,
Hidden through sunshine, through storm, through blight,
Till it wasted and grew to a form so slight
And worn, that scarce in the features white
Could one trace likeness to gladsome Nell.
But the angels knew her, as there she lay,
All quietly sleeping, and bore her away,
Up to the city, jasper-walled—
Up to the city with golden street—
Up to the city, like crystal clear,
Where the pure and sinless meet;
And through costly pearl-gates that opened wide,
They bore the treasure earth tried to hide.
And weeping mortals listened with awe
To the silver echo that smote the skies,
As "Found!" rang forth from Paradise.

MARK TWAIN ON THE WEATHER.—S. L. CLEMENS.

At a New England dinner in New York, Mark Twain delivered the following speech, amidst frequent interruptions—of laughter and applause.

THE OLDEST INHABITANT—THE WEATHER.

Who hath lost and doth forget it?
Who hath it still and doth regret it?
"Interpose betwixt us *Tuain*."

—*Merchant of Venice*.

I reverently believe that the Maker who made us all makes everything in New England but the weather. I don't know who makes that, but I think it must be raw apprentices in the Weather Clerk's factory, who experiment and learn how in New England, for board and clothes, and then are promoted to make weather for countries that require a good article and will take their custom elsewhere if they don't get it.

There is a sumptuous variety about the New England weather that compels the stranger's admiration—and regret. The weather is always doing something there, always attending strictly to business, always getting up new designs and trying them on the people to see how they will go. But it

HHHH

gets through more business in the spring than in any other season. In the spring I have counted 136 different kinds of weather inside of four and twenty hours. It was I that made the fame and fortune of that man that had that marvellous collection of weather on exhibition at the Centennial that so astounded the foreigners. He was going to travel all over the world and get specimens from all climes. I said, "Don't you do it; you come to New England on a favorable spring day." I told him what we could do in the way of style, variety, and quantity. Well, he came, and he made his collection in four days. As to variety; why, he confessed he got hundreds of kinds of weather that he had never heard of before. And as to quantity; well, after he had picked out and discarded all that were blemished in any way, he not only had weather enough, but weather to spare; weather to hire out; weather to sell; weather to deposit; weather to invest; weather to give to the poor.

The people of New England are by nature patient and forbearing; but there are some things that they will not stand. Every year they kill a lot of poets for writing about "Beautiful Spring." These are generally casual visitors, who bring their notions of spring from somewhere else, and cannot, of course, know how the natives feel about spring. And so, the first thing they know, the opportunity to inquire how they feel has permanently gone by.

Old Probabilities has a mighty reputation for accurate prophecy, and thoroughly well deserves it. You take up the papers and observe how crisply and confidently he checks off what to-day's weather is going to be on the Pacific, down South, in the Middle States, in the Wisconsin region, see him sail along in the joy and pride of his power till he gets to New England, and then see his tail drop. He doesn't know what the weather is to be in New England. He can't any more tell than he can tell how many Presidents of the United States there are going to be. Well, he mulls over it, and by and by he gets out something about like this: "Probable northeast to southwest winds, varying to the southward and westward and eastward and points between; high and low barometer, sweeping around from place to place; probable areas of rain, snow, hail, and drought, succeeded or preceded

by earthquakes, with thunder and lightning." Then he jots down this postscript from his wandering mind to cover accidents: "But it is possible that the programme may be wholly changed in the meantime."

Yes, one of the brightest gems in the New England weather is the dazzling uncertainty of it. There is only one thing certain about it, you are certain there is going to be plenty of weather. A perfect grand review; but you never can tell which end of the procession is going to move first. You fix up for the drought; you leave your umbrella in the house and sally out with your sprinkling-pot, and ten to one you get drowned. You make up your mind that the earthquake is due; you stand from under and take hold of something to steady yourself, and the first thing you know you get struck by lightning. These are great disappointments; but they can't be helped. The lightning there is peculiar; it is so convincing when it strikes a thing it doesn't leave enough of that behind for you to tell whether—well, you'd think it was something valuable, and a Congressman had been there.

And the thunder. When the thunder commences merely to tune up, and scrape and saw and key up the instruments for the performance, strangers say, "Why, what awful thunder you have here!" But when the baton is raised and the real concert begins, you'll find that stranger down in the cellar, with his head in the ash barrel.

Now as to the size of the weather in New England—lengthways I mean. It is utterly disproportionate to the size of that little country. Half the time when it is packed as full as it can stick, you will see that New England weather sticking out beyond the edges and projecting around hundreds and hundreds of miles over the neighboring States. She can't hold a tenth part of her weather. You can see cracks all about, where she has strained herself trying to do it.

I could speak volumes about the inhuman perversity of the New England weather, but I will give but a single specimen. I like to hear rain on a tin roof, so I covered part of my roof with tin, with an eye to that luxury. Well, sir, do you think it ever rains on the tin? No, sir; skips it every time.

Mind, in the speech, I have been trying merely to do honor to the New England weather; no language could do it

justice. But after all there are at least one or two things about that weather, (or, if you please, effects produced by it) which we residents would not like to part with. If we had not our bewitching autumn foliage, we should still have to credit the weather with one feature which compensates for all its bullying vagaries—the ice storm—when a leafless tree is clothed with ice from the bottom to the top—ice that is as bright and clear as crystal; every bough and twig is strung with ice-beads, frozen dew-drops, and the whole tree sparkles, cold and white like the Shah of Persia's diamond plume. Then the wind waves the branches and the sun comes out and turns all those myriads of beads and drops to prisms, that glow and hum and flash with all manner of colored fires, which change and change again with inconceivable rapidity, from blue to red, from red to green, and green to gold; the tree becomes a sparkling fountain, a very explosion of dazzling jewels, and it stands there the acme, the climax, the supremest possibility in art or nature of bewildering, intoxicating, intolerable magnificence! One cannot make the words too strong.

Month after month I lay up hate and grudge against the New England weather; but when the ice storm comes at last, I say, "There, I forgive you now; the books are square between us; you don't owe me a cent; go and sin no more; your little faults and foibles count for nothing; you are the most enchanting weather in the world.

BERNARDO'S REVENGE.

What tents gleam on the green hill-side, like snow in the sunny beam?

What gloomy warriors gather there, like a surly mountain stream?

These, for Bernardo's vengeance, have come like a stormy blast,

The rage of their long cherished hate on a cruel king to cast.
"Smilers of tyranny!" cries their chief, "see yonder slavish host,

We shall drench the field with their craven blood, or freedom's hopes are lost;

You know I come for a father's death, my filial vow to pay,
Then let the 'Murdered Saicho!' be your battle cry to-day.

On, on! for the death of the tyrant king!" "Hurrah!" was
 the answering cry;
 "We follow thee to victory, or follow thee to die!"
 The battle-field—the charge—the shock—the quivering
 struggle now—
 The rout—the shout!—while lightnings flash from Bernardo's
 angry brow.
 The chieftain's arm has need of rest, his brand drips red
 with gore,
 But one last sacrifice remains ere his work of toil is o'er.
 The king, who looked for victory, from his large and well-
 trained host,
 Now flies for safety from the field, where all his hopes are
 lost;
 But full in front, with blood-red sword, a warrior appears,
 And the war-cry, "Murdered Sancho!" rings in the tyrant's
 ears.
 "Ha! noble king, have we met at last?" with scornful lip
 he cries;
 "Don Sancho's son would speak with you once more before
 he dies;
 Your kindness to my sainted sire is graven on my heart,
 And I would show my gratitude once more before we part.
 Draw! for the last of Sancho's race is ready for your sword;—
 Bernardo's blood should flow by him by whom his sire's
 was poured!
 What wait you for, vile, craven wretch? it was not thus you
 stood
 When laying out your fiendish plans to spill my father's
 blood.
 Draw! for I will not learn from you the assassin's coward
 trade,
 I scorn the lesson you have taught—unsheathe your murder-
 ous blade!"
 Roused by Bernardo's fiery taunts, the king at length en-
 gaged:
 He fought for life, but all in vain; unequal strife he waged!
 Bernardo's sword has pierced his side—the tyrant's reign is
 o'er—
 "Father I have fulfilled my vow, I thirst for blood no more."

A TRAPPER'S STORY.—CHARLES F. ADAMS.

'Twas a moonlight night, the trapper began,
 As we lay by the bright camp fire,—
 Come, fill up your pipes, and pile on the brands,
 And draw a little nigher,—

'Twas a moonlight night when Bet and I,—
Bet—she's the old mare, you know,—
Started for camp on our lonely route
O'er the dreary waste of snow.

I had been to the "clearing" that afternoon,
For powder and ball, and whiskey, too,
For game was plenty, furs in demand,
And plenty of hunting and trapping to do.

I had no fear of the danger that lurked
In the region through which my journey lay,
Till Bet of a sudden pricked up her ears,
And sniffed the air in a curious way.

I knew at once what the danger was,
As Bet struck out at a 'forty gait;
'Twas life or death for the mare and me,
And all I could do was to trust to fate.

Wolves on our track, ten miles from home!
A pleasant prospect that, eh, boys?
I could see them skulking among the trees,
And the woods re-echoed their hideous noise.

At last, as their number began to swell,
They bolder grew and pressed us close;
So "Old Pill Driver" I brought to bear,
And gave the leader a leaden dose.

Now you must know, if you draw the blood
On one of the sneaking, ravenous crew,
The rest will turn on the double-quick,
And eat him up without more ado.

This gave me time to load my gun,
With just a chance to breathe and rest,
When on they came! a-gaining fast,
Though Bet was doing her level best.

I began to think it was getting hot;
"Pill-Driver" says I "this will never do;
Talk to 'em again!" You bet she did;
And right in his tracks lay number two.

Well boys, to make a long story short,
I picked them off till but one was left;
But he was a whopper, you'd better believe—
A reg'lar mammoth in size and heft.

Yes, he was the last of the savage pack,
For as they had followed the nat'ral law,
They had eaten each other as fast as they fell,
Till all were condensed in his spacious maw.

BROTHER ANDERSON'S SERMON.

THOMAS K. BEECHER.

I was to preach for Brother Anderson. He was a good pastor. Almost the last time I saw him he had just called upon a lamb of his flock to ask after her spiritual welfare and for fifty cents towards his salary.

Punctual to the hour Brother Anderson came rolling across the street, and up to the door, and we went in together. After the usual songs and prayers, I took for my text, Paul's counsel to the Corinthians as to their disorderly meetings and meaningless noises. The sermon was, in the main, a reading of the fourteenth of Paul's first letter with comments and application interspersed.

I spoke half an hour, and while showing consideration for the noisy ways of my audience, exhorted them to cultivate intelligence as well as passion. When you feel the glory of God in you let it out, of course. Shout, Glory! Clap your hands, and all that, but stop now and then and let some wise elder stand up and tell you what it all means. Men and boys hang around your windows and laugh at you and your religion, because they don't understand you. Some men have religion all in the head, clear, sharp, dry, and dead; others all in the heart, they feel it all in their bones. Now I want you to have religion in your heads and hearts too. Let all things be done decently and in order.

I was well satisfied with my effort, at the time it seemed a success. As I sat down Brother Anderson got up and stood on the pulpit step and gave out a hymn—

“Let saints below in concert sing.”

I am not sure that he could read, for he stood book in hand, and seemingly from memory gave the words of the hymn, he repeated the first and second stanzas with a deep growing feeling. Of the third he read three lines:

“One army ob de libbin God
To tly commands we bow;
Part of de hos' hab crossed de flood,
And—”

There he stopped and after swallowing one or two chokes, went on to say:

"I lub Brudder Beecher; I lub to hear him preach dis af'ernoon; he tole us a good many things. He's our good frien', and he sez, sez he, dat some folks goes up to glory noisy 'n shoutin', and some goes still like, 'z if they was ashamed ob what's in 'em, and he sez we better be more like de still kind, an' de white folks 'ill like us more, and den I thinks tain't much 'count no way, wedder we goes up still like, or shoutin', for heben is a mighty big place brudders, an' w'en we all goes marchin' up to see de Lord an' I's so full ob de lub, an' de joy, an' de glory, dat I mus' clap my han's an' shout, de good Lord got some place whar we won't 'sturb nobody, an' we can shout 'Glory! b'ess de Lord!' I tell you, brudders an' sisters, heben 's a mighty big place an' dar's room for Brudder Beecher an' us too. Dat's so! B'ess de Lord.

"Brudder Beecher sez dat tis'n de folks as makes de mos' noise as does de mos' work. He sez de ingines on de railroad only puff, puff, puff, reg'lar breavin like, when dey's at work haulin' de biggest loads, an' de bells an de whistles don't do no work, dey only make a noise. Guess dat's so. I don't know 'bout ingines much, an' I don't know wedder I's a puff, puff ingine, or wedder I's one dat blows de whistles an' rings de bells. I feel like bofe sometimes, an' I tell you what, w'en de fire is a burnin' an' I gits de steam up, don't dribe no cattle on de track, de ingine's a comin. Cl'ar de track.

"An' de boys an' de gals, an' de clarks, an' de young lawyers, dey come up yar watch-nights an' dey peep in de windows, an' stan' 'round de doors an' dey larf an' make fun, an' Brudder Beecher sez, 'Why don't we stop de noise now 'n den an' go out an' tell 'em 'bout it—'splain it to 'em.' An' I 'member w'at de Bible says, 'bout de outer darkness, an' de weepin' an' de wailin', an' de 'nashin' ob teeth. An' if dese boys an' gals stan' dar outside larfin', biemby dey'll come to de weepin' an' de wailin,' fus' dey know. An' den w'en we stan' 'roun' de great white temple ob de Lord, an' see de glory shinin' out, an' de harpers harpin', an' all de music, an' de elders bowin', an' all shoutin' like many waters, an' de saints a singin—"Glory! Glory to de Lam,' 'spose God'll say, 'Stop dat noise dar, Gabriel. You Gabriel, go out an' 'splain.' Yes, I see dem stan' las' winter 'roun' de doors an' under de

windows an' larf; an' dey peep in an' larf. An' I 'member wot I saw las' summer, 'mong de bees. Some ob de hives was nice an' clean an' still, like 'spectable meetin's, an' de oders was bustin' wid honey, an' de bees kep' a comin' an' a goin' in de clover, an' dey jes' kep' on a fillin' up de hive, till de honey was a flowin' like de lan' ob Canaan. An' I saw all 'roun' de hives was de ants, an' worms, an' de great drones, an' de black bugs, an' dey kep' on de outside. Dey wasn't bees. Dey couldn't make de honey for dareselves. Dey couldn't fly to de clover an' de honeysuckle. Dey jus' hang 'roun' de bustin' hive an' live on de drippins. An' de boys an' de gals come up yar an' hang 'roun'. Jes' come in an' we'll show you how de gospel bees do. Come in, an' we'll lead you to de clover. Come in, we'll make your wings grow. Come in, won't ye? Well den, poor things, let 'em stan' 'roun' de outside an' hab de drippins. We's got honey in dis hive.—

“Part ob de hos' has crossed de flood,
An' part are crossin' now.”

THE VILLAGE SEWING-SOCIETY.

“Mis' Jones is late agin to-day:
I'd be ashamed now ef 'twas me.
Don't tell it, but I've heerd folks say
She only comes to git her tea.”

“Law me! she needn't want it *here*,
The deacon's folks ain't much on eatin':
They haven't made a pie this year!
Of course, 'twon't do to be repeatin';

“But old Mis' Jenkins says it's true
(You know she lives just 'cross the way,
And sees most everything they do).
She says she saw 'em t'other day—”

“Hush, here comes Hannah! How d'ye do?
Why, what a pretty dress you've got!”
 (“Her old merino made up new:
I know it by that faded spot.”)

“Jest look! there's Dr. Stebbins' wife”—
“A bran-new dress and hunnit!—well—
They say she leads him *such* a life!
But, there! I promised not to tell.”

HHHH.

"What's that Mis' Brown? '*All friends*,' of course;
And you can see with your own eyes,
That *that* gray mare's the better horse,
Though gossipin' I do despise."

"Poor Mary Allen's lost her beau"—
"It serves her right, conceited thing!
She's flirted awfully, I know.
Say, have you heard she kept his ring?"

"Listen! the clock is striking six.
Thank goodness! then it's time for tea."
"Now ain't that too much! Abby Mix
Has folded up her work! Just see!"

"Why *can't* she wait until she's told?
Yes, thank you, deacon, here we come."
("I hope the biscuits won't be cold,
No coffee? Wish I was to hum!")

"Do tell, Mis' Ellis! *Did* you make
This cheese? the best I ever saw.
Such jumbles too (no jelly cake):
I'm quite ashamed to take one more."

"Good-by: we've had a first-rate time,
And first-rate tea, I must declare.
Mis' Ellis' things are always prime.
(Well, next week's meetin' won't be *there*!)"

PAPA CAN'T FIND ME.

No little step do I hear in the hall;
Only a sweet little laugh, that is all.
No dimpled arms round my neck hold me tight,
I've but a glimpse of two eyes very bright,
Two little hands a wee face try to screen,
Baby is hiding, that's plain to be seen.
"Where is my precious I've missed so all day?"
"Papa can't find me!" the pretty lips say.

"Dear me, I wonder where baby can be!"
Then I go by, and pretend not to see.
"Not in the parlor, and not on the stairs?"
Then I must peep under sofas and chairs."
The dear little rogue is now laughing outright,
Two little arms round my neck clasp me tight.
Home will indeed be sad, weary, and lone,
When papa can't find you, my darling, my own.

GOD SAVE OUR PRESIDENT.

FRANCIS DE HAES JANVIER.

All hail! unfurl the Stripes and Stars,
 The Banner of the Free;
 Ten times ten thousand patriots greet
 The Shrine of Liberty!
 Come, with one heart, one hope, one aim,—
 An undivided band,—
 To elevate, with solemn rites,
 The Ruler of our land!

 Not to invest a potentate
 With robes of majesty;
 Not to confer a kingly crown,
 Nor bend a subject knee:
 We bow beneath no sceptred sway,
 Obey no royal nod;
 Columbia's sons, erect and free,
 Kneel only to their God!

 Our ruler boasts no titled rank,
 No ancient, princely line,
 No regal right to sovereignty,
 Ancestral and divine:—
 A patriot at his country's call,
 Responding to her voice,—
 One of the people, he becomes
 A sovereign by our choice!

 And now, before the mighty pile
 We've reared to Liberty,
 He swears to cherish and defend
 The charter of the Free!
 God of our country! seal his oath
 With Thy supreme assent.
 God save the Union of the States,
 God save our President!

WHAT IS A MINORITY?—JOHN B. GOUGH.

What is a minority? The chosen heroes of this earth have been in a minority. There is not a social, political, or religious privilege that you enjoy to-day that was not bought for you by the blood and tears and patient sufferings of the minority. It is the minority that have vindicated humanity in every struggle. It is a minority that have stood in the

van of every moral conflict, and achieved all that is noble in the history of the world. You will find that each generation has been always busy in gathering up the scattered ashes of the martyred heroes of the past, to deposit them in the golden urn of a nation's history. Look at Scotland, where they are erecting monuments—to whom?—to the Covenanters. Ah, *they* were in a minority. Read their history, if you can, without the blood tingling to the tips of your fingers. These were the minority, that, through blood, and tears, and bootings, and scourgings—dyeing the waters with their blood, and staining the heather with their gore—fought the glorious battle of religious freedom. Minority! if a man stand up for the right, though the right be on the scaffold, while the wrong sits in the seat of government; if he stand for the right, though he eat, with the right and truth, a wretched crust; if he walk with obloquy and scorn in the by-lanes and streets, while the falsehood and wrong ruffle it in silken attire, let him remember that wherever the right and truth are there are always

“Troops of beautiful, tall angels”

gathered round him, and God himself stands within the dim future, and keeps watch over his own! If a man stands for the right and the truth, though every man's finger be pointed at him, though every woman's lip be curled at him in scorn, he stands in a majority; for God and good angels are with him, and greater are they that are for him than all they that be against him.

MAKIN' AN EDITOR OUTEN O' HIM.—WILL CARLETON.

Good mornin', sir, Mr. Printer; how is your body to-day? I'm glad you're to home, for you fellers is al'ays a runnin' away.

Your paper last week wa'n't so spicy nor sharp as the one week before:

But I s'pose when the campaign is opened, you'll be whoop-in' it up to 'em more.

That feller that's printin' *The Smasher* is goin' for you perty smart;

And our folks said this mornin' at breakfast, they thought he was gettin' the start.

But I hushed 'em right up in a minute, and said a good word
for you;
I told 'em I b'lieved you was tryin' to do just as well as you
knew;
And I told 'em that some one was sayin', and whoever 'twas
it is so,
That you can't expect much of no one man, nor blame him
for what he don't know.
But, layin' aside *pleasure* for business, I've brought you my
little boy, Jim;
And I thought I would see if you couldn't make an editor
outen o' him.

"My family stock is increasin', while other folks' seems to run
short.
I've got a right smart of a family—its one of the old-fash-
ioned sort:
There's Ichabod, Isaac, and Israel, a workin' away on the
farm,
They do 'bout as much as one good boy, and make things go
off like a charm.
There's Moses and Aaron are sly ones, and slip like a couple
of eels;
But they're tol'able steady in one thing—they al'ays git
round to their meals.
There's Peter, is busy inventin' (though *what* he invents I
can't see),
And Joseph is studyin' medicine—and both of 'em boardin'
with me.
There's Abram and Albert is married, each workin' my farm
for himself,
And Sam smashed his nose at a shootin', and so he is laid
on the shelf.
The rest of the boys are all growin' 'cept this little runt,
which is Jim,
And I thought that perhaps I'd be makin' an editor outen
o' him.

"He ain't no great shakes for to labor, though I've labored
with him a good deal,
And give him some strappin' good arguments I know he
couldn't help but to feel;
But he's built out of second-growth timber, and nothin' about
him is big,
Exceptin' his appetite only, and there he's as good as a pig.
I keep him a carryin' luncheons, and fillin' and bringin' the
jugs,
And take him among the pertatoes, and set him to pickin'
the bugs;
And then there is things to be doin' a helpin' the women in-
doors;

There's churnin' and washin' of dishes, and other descriptions of chores;
 But he don't take to nothin' but victuals, and he'll never be much, I'm afraid,
 So I thought it would be a good notion to larn him the editor's trade.
 His body's too small for a farmer, his judgment is rather too slim,
 But I thought we perhaps could be makin' an editor outen o' him.

"It ain't much to get up a paper, it wouldn't take him long for to learn;
 He could feed the machine, I'm thinkin', with a good strap-pin' fellow to turn.
 And things that was once hard in doin', is easy enough now to do;
 Just keep your eye on your machinery, and crack your arrangements right through.
 I used for to wonder at readin', and where it was got up, and how;
 But 'tis most of it made by machinery—I can see it all plain enough now.
 And poetry, too, is constructed by machines of different designs,
 Each one with a gauge and a chopper, to see to the length of the lines;
 And I hear a New York clairvoyant is runnin' one sleeker than grease,
 And a-rentin' her heaven-born productions at a couple of dollars apiece;
 An' since the whole trade has growed easy, 'twould be easy enough, I've a whim,
 If you was agreed, to be makin' an editor outen o' Jim."

The editor sat in his sanctum and looked the old man in the eye,
 Then glanced at the grinning young hopeful, and mournfully made his reply:
 "Is your son a small unbound edition of Moses and Solomon both?
 Can he compass his spirit with meekness, and strangle a natural oath?
 Can he leave all his wrongs to the future, and carry his heart in his cheek?
 Can he do an hour's work in a minute, and live on a sixpence a week?
 Can he courteously talk to an equal, and brow-beat an impudent dunce?
 Can he keep things in apple-pie order, and do half-a-dozen at once?"

Can he press all the springs of knowledge, with quick and
reliable touch,
And be sure that he knows how much to know, and knows
how to not know too much?
Does he know how to spur up his virtue, and put a check-
rein on his pride?
Can he carry a gentleman's manners within a rhinoceros'
hide?
Can he know all, and do all, and be all, with cheerfulness,
courage and vim?
If so, we perhaps can be 'makin' an editor outen o' him."
The farmer stood curiously listening, while wonder his vis-
age o'erspread,
And he said: "Jim, I guess we'll be goin' ; he's probably out
of his head."

—*Extract from "The Editor's Guests," in Farm Ballads.*

THE SILENT HARP.

This poem was read at a memorial meeting, held in Detroit, Mich., in behalf of
MR. and MRS. P. P. BLISS.

The harp of Zion's psalmist now is still ;
Ten thousand eyes in bitter grief have wept,
Because the hand that, with a master's skill,
These silver chords so long, so sweetly swept,
Is turned to ashes in the fatal flames !
No more, on earth, that voice redemption sings,
And sounds the name above all other names,
With whose high praises even heaven rings !

The harp is still ! The harper is not here.
No more shall that anointed silver tongue
Arouse the dull and inattentive ear,
And teach us how the gospel may be sung !
How poet's harp and heart, alike devote,
Both words and melodies may consecrate,
Till Christ's own call is heard in every note,
And wins the wanderer to the narrow gate.

The earthly harp is still ; but up on high,
Where everlasting anthems ceaseless roll,
A golden harp, resounding in the sky,
Thrills with the triumph of a ransomed soul !
There, 'mid the host of the celestial choir,
His sorrow buried, and his heart at rest,
He has "more holiness,"—his soul's desire,
Safe in the arms of Jesus, on his breast.

Weep not for him, who now doth fully know
 The depth of mercy, and the grace divine;
 "The precious blood, that makes him white as snow—
 And sings with rapture, "Yes, I know he's mine!"
 He leadeth him; He guides him with His eye,
 Light of the world, He brightly beams on him;
 And, brethren, we shall meet him by and by,
 Where not a tear the ransomed eye shall dim.

Catch up and echo ye his trumpet tone,
 Let whosoever heareth shout the sound!
 We'll tell of Him, who saves and saves alone,
 Till sinners shall receive, the world around.
 Shall shout, " 'Tis done, I, too, believe the Son,"
 Till prodigals come home, and kiss His feet,
 Till hearts, emptied of self, by grace are won,
 Nothing but vessels for his use made meet.

He'd bid us, could he speak from mansions fair,
 "Rescue the perishing," not mourn the dead;
 Bid burdened souls dismiss their load of care,
 And learn that Jesus loves them—for them bled.
 He seems to shout, from over Jordan's wave,
 "Hold ye the fort! by help of grace divine;
 Let lower lights be burning, you may save
 Some struggling seaman, if your light doth shine!"

Let us not weep! When Jesus comes, we'll fly,
 And enter into rest—We're going home.
 He gave His life for us; why should we sigh?
 For then our weary feet no more shall roam.
 Now coming to the cross, anew to be
 With Jesus crucified, we shall, ere long,
 The ransomed saints and our dear Saviour see,
 And join, with harp in hand, in that new song.

CUDDLE DOON.—ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
 Wi' muckle faucht an' din.
 "Oh, try and sleep, ye waukrife rogues:
 Your father's comin' in."
 They never heed a word I speak.
 I try to gie a froon;
 But aye I hap them up, an' cry,
 "Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!"
 Wee Jamie wi' the curly heid—
 He aye sleeps next the wa'—

Bangs up an' cries, "I want a piece"—
 The rascal starts them a'.
 I rin an' fetch them pieces, drinks—
 They stop awee the soun'—
 Then draw the blankets up, and cry,
 "Noo, weanies, cuddle doon!"

But ere five minutes gang, wee Rab
 Cries oot, frae 'neath the claes,
 "Mither, mak' Tam gie ower at ance:
 He's kittlin' wi' his taes."
 The mischief's in that Tam for tricks:
 He'd bother half the toon.
 But aye I hap them up, and cry,
 "Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

At length they hear their father's fit;
 An', as he steeks the door,
 They turn their faces to the wa',
 While Tam pretends to snore.
 "Hae a' the weans been gude?" he asks,
 As he pits aff his shoon.
 "The bairnies, John, are in their beds,
 An' lang since cuddled doon."

An' just afore we bed oorsels,
 We look at oor wee lambs.
 Tam has his airm roun' wee Rab's neck,
 An' Rab his airm roun' Tam's.
 I lift wee Jamie up the bed,
 An' as I straik each croon,
 I whisper, till my heart fills up,
 "Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
 Wi' mirth that's dear to me;
 But soon the big warl's cark an' care
 Will quaten doon their glee.
 Yet, come what will to ilka ane,
 May He who sits aboon
 Aye whisper, though their pows be bauld,
 "Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

LODGE NIGHT.

Hearing a confused noise in front of my house the other night, writes a correspondent, I threw up the window to ascertain the cause. I observed a dark object clinging to the

lamp-post that stands sentinel in front of my door; and listening attentively, I overheard the following soliloquy:

"Mariar's waitin' up for me! I see the light in her win'er. What the deu-deuce does she act so fool-(hic) foolish for on lodge-lodge-nights? 'S'well enough to stay up on o'rrer nights—but's all blame nonsense, ye know, to wait for a fell'r on lodge (hic) nights. She knows 's'well as I do, busin' 'sgot to be 'tended to—committee's got to report, an' var'us o'rrer little matters—she ought'er 'ave more sense. I-I'll catch f-fits, tho', I know I shall. Said she had the head-(hic) headache when I left 'er—told me not to stay out longer'n I could 'elp. Well, I didn't! how could I help it? Besides, I'll have the headache worse'n she will'n the mor-nin'. So b-blamed stupid in her to get the headache when she knew I'd biz-bizness to 'tend to. Ah! these women, these women, they'll never (hic) learn anythin', never:

"'So let the world wag as wide as it will,
I'll be gay and (hic) happy still.'

"Ha, ha, ha! (hic). Wonder what's become of Bulger! Left 'im settin' on a curbstone. Rain'n' like blazes, and the war'rer up to his middle. He thought he was at Niag-(hic) Niagara Falls. Says'e, says'e, 'Spicer, my boy, ain't this glor'us? Don't ye hear the ra-rapids?' I was strik'n' out for home as ra-(hic) rapidly as I could. 'T's pity for Bulger, 'cause I don' think he can swim; and he hates—ha, ha, ha! (hic)—hates war'rer like p-poison. Wish I wa' s'ome and in bed. B-r-r-u-a-h! I'm all of a shiver! Clo's all wet outside, and I'm dry as thund'r inside. Think I'll tell Mariar I ju-jumped overboard to save a feller-screecher from (hic) drowning. Then she—she'd want to know what I did with the fell-(hic) feller-screecher. So *that* won't do. She's got a pretty good swallow, but—egad! she—she can't swallow—ha, ha, ha! (hic)—no drowned man, you know. Tha-that's a leetle *too* much! She's taken some awful heavy doses of *lie* from me, but I'm afraid the drown'd chap would choke her."

At this juncture a guardian of the public peace approached and asked the votary of Bacchus what he was doing there at that time of night, and why he did not go home.

"What'm I doin' here? Why, I'm *holdin' on* like grim death—*that's* what I'm doin'. Howsever, ole fell'r, I'm gl-

(hic) a-ad to see ye. Fact is, I've been out'n the rain, and I've got a leetle so-soaked, d'ye see? Rain war'rer allers did make consirable 'p-pression on me. Say, you! can ye t-tell me why I'm like a pick-(hic) picket-guard? But I know you can't; 's'no use askin' you p'lice fell'rs anything. But's good n-notwithstan'n—he, he, he! (hic)—for me. I—I'll tell ye why I'm like a blackguar'—I mean a p-picket-guard. Because I c-can't leave my p-post until I'm re-(hic) relieved! P'lice fell'r, d'ye see that shutter over the way, the one wi' the green Venetian houses in front, three doors to go up to the step? That's my (hic) house, and therein dwells my sa-sainted Mariar. Did you ever belong to a spout-shop? But I s'pose not. As the charming P-Portia says:

“That light we see is burning in my hall;
How far that little beam throws his c-candles!
So shines a good (hic) deed in a naughty world.”

“Th-then pity the sorrows of a poor young man, whose tangled legs have b-b-brought him to this spot. Oh, relieve and take him home at once, and heaven will ble-bless your store—when you get (hic) one.”

The policeman kindly assisted him to his house and rang the bell. The door partially opened. I got a transient glimpse of a night-capped head, as our hero was hurriedly drawn in by unseen hands; and a shrill voice, that pierced the midnight air, was heard to say: “So! you're tight again, you brute!” The door was rudely slammed in the unoffending policeman's face, while I crept shivering to bed, wondering at the probable fate of “Bulger.”

PARTING WORDS.—E. KENT.

Read at the close of her school, by the author, who has since gone

“to the Father's home,
Where the care-worn and the weary, and the little children dwell,
Where love-tones alone are echoed, where is breathed no sad farewell.”

We are going homeward, homeward, soon must fall the
parting tear,
But unto my saddened spirit, children you are very dear;
Days and weeks in quick succession, pleasantly have flown
away,
And 'mid hours of useful labor, brought us to this parting
day.

Now before we part, dear children ; e'er we breathe the fond
farewell,
Let us turn our vision backwards, and on other moments
dwell ;
You as pupils, I as teacher, have we striven to obtain
Something of God's holier blessings which shall be our fu-
ture gain ?
Ask yourselves the question, children, have you through
these wintry hours,
Toiled to gain some useful knowledge to increase your mental
powers ?
Felt your spirit stronger growing as you gained some whole-
some truth,
Which hath made you wiser, better, in the spring-time of
your youth ?
Now—to-morrow—and forever, shall these words of truth
and love,
As a beacon, guide you onward, unto brighter lands above ;
As ye gather in your childhood, so when riper days shall
dawn,
Shall ye reap the full fruition of the hours that are gone.
Heed ye then, oh ! cherished spirits, lest ye sow the seeds
of woe
That shall bear a fruitful harvest in this changeful world
below,
Cloud old age with care and sorrow that had else been pure
and free,
Crowned with thorns instead of roses—not as it should
ever be.
Life at best hath cares and sorrows which to each and all
must come ;
He who takes them with the sunshine, happier makes his
friends and home,
Strews sweet flowers around his pathway, makes his life a
life of love ;
Makes his home a home of sunshine, as the Father's home
above.
We are going forth to labor, here life's duty must divide,
No more in this pleasant school-room shall we labor side by
side.
I have loved you, dearest children, I have striven to impart
Knowledge gathered by the wayside, that will beautify the
heart.
Not alone on science's hill-side have you gleaned, or falter-
ing trod,
I have *tried* to lead you nearer to the bosom of your God ;
To be kind to one another, pure in action, pure in speech,
Lofty in your thoughts and feelings—this, oh ! this I've tried
to teach.
If I've failed in this great mission, if I've ever seemed unkind,

If you've deemed me harsh and hasty, thought my judgment
weak and blind,
Oh! remember, dearest children, that the teacher has to
bear
With your weakness and your folly, with your troubles and
your care,
Has to study human nature, curb the passions of the child,
Patiently explain the problem, teach you to be true and
mild;
Many duties crowd upon her, in this temple of the mind;
Oh! be lenient in your judgment, think not she is harsh, un-
kind;
For the noblest ones have faltered, moved by passions deep
and wild,
For a moment lost to reason, weak and helpless as a child.
If I've ever wronged you, children, Oh! I trust you will for-
give;
High resolves and true repentance teach us better how to
live.
When the peaceful summer twilight rests upon the scorch-
ing lands,
Often times in thought and feeling, in this temple I shall
stand,
See again your merry faces, live these winter hours o'er,
Feel the presence of the *loved ones*, gliding through the open
door,
Hear your gladsome voices ringing on the peaceful summer
air,
Hear your kindly words of welcome floating 'round me every-
where;
And your thoughtless words and actions all forgotten then
shall be,
While the memory of your good deeds only shall be borne to
me;
And this memory, *Oh! beloved ones*, shall a green oasis be,—
Be a union 'twixt our spirits, golden chain of purity.
Whereso'er your feet shall wander, keep your spirits firm
and strong,
Live to make great men and women, *scorn* to do that which
is wrong;
Though the tempter stands beside you, overcome each wild
desire,
And through great and moral action conquer passion's evil
fire;
Thus you shall go forth to duty, strong to labor and to do;
Pride of *home* and pride of *parents*, and a nation's glory too.
And to those whose words of wisdom o'er our common life
was thrown,
Who, when parted from the loved ones, made for us a lov-
ing home,

Oh! we bless you, cherished spirits, for your great unwearied
love,
For your kindness without measure, sweet as sunshine from
above;
Bless you for the useful lessons patiently you've daily taught,
For the tenderness and *home-love* with which every deed
was fraught.
Oh! we feel our spirits stronger, having shared your love
and home,
And our prayers shall still be with you, wheresoever we may
roam.
We are going homeward, homeward, sad thoughts flit across
the mind,
Mingled with the joy of meeting treasured spirits left be-
hind.
Feeling stronger, wiser, better, having met within these walls,
And o'er all the winter hours, sadly now the curtain falls.
Oh! a thousand thoughts and feelings rush across the weary
mind,—
Little children love each other, be you ever just and kind,
Learn forgiveness, 'tis a lesson you should learn in youth's
spring-time;
To "forget is only human"—to forgive is half divine;
Thus where'er on life's great ocean may our future life be
thrown,
We shall feel that we are nearing, nearing to the Father's
home,
Where the care-worn and the weary, and the little children
dwell,
Where love-tones alone are echoed, where is breathed no
sad farewell.

Part Fourteenth.

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CHOICE SELECTIONS

No. 14.

THE FLOWER OF LIBERTY.—O. W. HOLMES

What flower is this that greets the morn,
Its hues from heaven so freshly born?
With burning star and flaming band
It kindles all the sunset land;—
Oh, tell us what its name may be!
Is this the Flower of Liberty?
 It is the banner of the free,
 The starry Flower of Liberty!

In savage Nature's far abode
Its tender seed our fathers sowed;
The storm-winds rocked its swelling bud,
Its opening leaves were streaked with blood,
Till, lo! earth's tyrants shook to see
The full-blown Flower of Liberty!
 Then hail the banner of the free,
 The starry Flower of Liberty!

Behold its streaming rays unite
One mingling flood of braided light,—
The red that fires the Southern rose,
With spotless white from Northern snows,
And, spangled o'er its azure, see
The sister stars of liberty!
 Then hail the banner of the free,
 The starry Flower of Liberty!

The blades of heroes fence it round ;
 Where'er it springs is holy ground ;
 From tower and dome its glories spread ;
 It waves where lonely sentries tread ;
 It makes the land as ocean free,
 And plants an empire on the sea !
 Then hail the banner of the free,
 The starry Flower of Liberty !

Thy sacred leaves, fair Freedom's flower,
 Shall ever float on dome and tower,
 To all their heavenly colors true,
 In blackening frost or crimson dew,—
 And God love us as we love thee,
 Thrice holy Flower of Liberty !
 Then hail the banner of the free,
 The starry Flower of Liberty !

FATHER ROACH.—SAMUEL LOVER.

This story is founded on fact, and exhibits a trial of patience that one wonders human nature could support. Passive endurance, we know, is more difficult than active, and that which is recorded in the following tale is strictly true.

Father Roach was a good Irish priest,
 Who stood, in his stocking-feet, six feet, at least.
 I don't mean to say he'd six feet in his stockings ;
 He only had two—so leave off with your mockings—
 I know that you think I was making a blunder :
 If Paddy says lightning, you think he means thunder :
 So I'll say, in his boots Father Roach stood to view
 A fine, comely man of six feet two.

Oh, a pattern was he of a true Irish priest,
 To carve the big goose at the big wedding feast,
 To peel the big *pratie*, and take the big can
 (With a very big picture upon it of "Dan"),
 To pour out the punch for the bridegroom and bride,
 Who sat smiling and blushing on either side,
 While their health went around, and the innocent glee
 Rang merrily under the old roof-tree.

Father Roach had a very big parish,
 By the very big name of Knockdundherumdharish,
 With plenty of bog, and with plenty of mountain :
 The miles he'd to travel would trouble you countin'.
 The duties were heavy to go through them all—
 Of the wedding and christ'ning, the mass and sick-call—
 Up early, down late, was the good parish pastor :
 Few ponies than his were obliged to go faster.

He'd a big pair of boots and a purty big pony,
 The boots greased with fat—but the baste was but bony;
 For the pride of the flesh was so far from the pastor,
 That the baste thought it manners to copy his master:
 And, in this imitation, the baste, by degrees,
 Would sometimes attempt to go down on his knees:
 But in this too-great freedom the Father soon stopped him,
 With a dig of the spurs—or, if need be, he whopp'd him.

And Father Roach had a very big stick,
 Which could make very thin any crowd he found thick:
 In a fair he would rush through the heat of the action,
 And scatter, like chaff to the wind, every faction;
 If the *leaders* escaped from the strong holy man,
 He made sure to be down on the *heads* of the clan;
 And the Blackfoot who courted each foeman's approach,
 Faith, 'tis hot-foot he'd fly from the stout Father Roach.

Father Roach had a very big mouth,
 For the brave, broad brogue of the beautiful south;
 In saying the mass sure his fine voice was famous,
 It would do your heart good just to hear his "OREMUS,"
 Which brought down the broad-shouldered boys to their
 knees,

As *aisy* as winter shakes leaves from the trees;
 But the rude blast of winter could never approach
 The power of the sweet voice of good Father Roach.

Father Roach had a very big heart,
 And "a way of his own"—far surpassing all art;
 His joke sometimes carried reproof to a clown;
 He could chide with a smile—as the thistle sheds down.
 He was simple, though sage—he was gentle, yet strong;
 When he gave good advice he ne'er made it too long,
 But just rolled it up like a snowball and pelted
 It into your ear—where, in softness, it melted.

The good Father's heart, in its unworldly blindness,
 Overflowed with the milk of real human kindness;
 And he gave it so freely, the wonder was great
 That it lasted so long—for come early or late,
 The unfortunate had it. Now some people deem
 This milk is so precious, they keep it for cream;
 But that's a mistake—for it spoils by degrees,
 And, though exquisite milk, it makes very bad cheese.

You'll pause to inquire, and with wonder, perchance,
 How so many perfections are placed, at a glance
 In your view, of a poor Irish priest, who was fed
 On potatoes, perhaps, or at most griddle bread;
 Who ne'er rode in a coach, and whose simple abode
 Was a homely thatched cot on a wild mountain road;

To whom dreams of a mitre never yet had occurred;
I will tell you the cause, then—and just in *one word*.

Father Roach had a MOTHER, who shed
Round the innocent days of his infant bed
The influence holy, which early inclined
In heavenward direction the boy's gentle mind,
And stamped there the lessons its softness could take,
Which, strengthened in manhood, no power could shake;—
In vain might the Demon of Darkness approach
The mother-made virtue of good Father Roach!

Father Roach had a brother beside;
His mother's own darling—his brother's fond pride;
Great things were expected from Frank, when the world
Should see his broad banner of talent unfurled.
But fate cut him short—for the murderer's knife
Abridged the young days of Frank's innocent life;
And the mass for *his* soul was the only approach
To comfort now left for the fond Father Roach.

Father Roach had a penitent grim
Coming, of late, to confession to him;
He was rank in vice—he was steeped in crime.
The reverend Father, in all his time,
So dark a confession had never known
As that now made to th' Eternal Throne;
And when he asked was the catalogue o'er,
The sinner replied—"I've a trifle more."

"A trifle?—what mean you, dark sinner, say?
A trifle?—Oh, think of your dying day!
A trifle *more*?—what more dare meet
The terrible eye of the Judgment-seat
Than all I have heard?—The oath broken—the theft
Of a poor maiden's honor—'twas all she had left!
Say what have you done that worse could be?"
He whispered, "Your brother was murdered by me."

"O God!" groaned the priest, "but the trial is deep,
My own brother's murder a secret to keep,
And minister here to the murderer of mine—
But not *my* will, O Father, but *thine*!"
Then the penitent said, "You will not betray?"
"What, I?—thy confessor? Away, away!"
"Of penance, good Father, what cup shall I drink?"
"Drink the dregs of thy life—live on, and *think*!"
The hypocrite penitent cunningly found
This means of suppressing suspicion around.
Would the murderer of Frank e'er confess to his brother?
He, surely was guiltless, it must be some other.

And years rolled on, and the only record
 'Twixt the murderer's hand and the eye of the Lord
 Was that brother—by rule of his church decreed
 To silent knowledge of guilty deed.

Twenty or more of years passed away,
 And locks once raven were growing gray,
 And some, whom the Father once christened, now stood,
 In the ripened bloom of womanhood,
 And held at the font *their* babies' brow
 For the holy sign and the sponsor's vow;
 And grandmothers smiled by their wedded girls;
 But the eyes once diamond, the teeth once pearls,
 The casket of beauty no longer grace;
 Memory, fond memory alone, might trace
 Through the mist of years a dreamy light
 Gleaming afar from the gems once bright.

Oh, Time! how varied is thy sway
 'Twixt beauty's growth and dim decay!
 By fine degrees, beneath thy hand,
 Does latent loveliness expand;

The coral casket richer grows
 With its second pearly dower;
 The brilliant eye still brighter glows
 With the maiden's ripening hour:—
 So gifted are ye of Time, fair girls;
 But Time while his gift he deals,
 From the sunken socket the diamond steals,
 And takes back to his waves the pearls!

* * * * *

It was just at this time that a man, rather sallow,
 Whose cold eye burned dim in his features of tallow,
 Was seen, at a cross-way, to mark the approach
 Of the kind-hearted parish-priest, good Father Roach.
 A deep salutation he rendered the Father,
 Who returned it but coldly, and seemed as he'd rather
 Avoid the same track,—so he struck o'er a hill,
 But the sallow intruder *would* follow him still.

"Father," said he, "as I'm going your way,
 A word on the road to your reverence I'd say.
 Of late so entirely I've altered my plan,
 Indeed, holy sir, I'm a different man;
 I'm thinking of wedding, and bettering my lot—"
 The Father replied, "You had better not."
 "Indeed, reverend sir, my wild oats are all sown."
 "But perhaps," said the priest "they are not yet *groum*:—
 At least they're not *reaped*,"—and his look became keener;
 "And ask not a woman to be your gleaner—"

You have my advice!" The priest strode on,
 And silence ensued, as one by one
 They passed through a deep defile, which wound
 Through the lonely hills—and the solemn profound
 Of the silence was broken alone by the cranch
 Of their hurried tread on some withered branch.
 The sallow man followed the priest so fast,
 That the setting sun their one shadow cast.
 "Why press," said the priest, "so close to me?"
 The follower answered convulsively,
 As, gasping and pale, through the hollow he hurried,
 "'Tis here, close by, poor Frank is buried—"
 "What Frank?" said the priest—"What Frank?" cried the
 other;
 "Why, he whom I slew—your brother—your brother."
 "Great God!" cried the priest—"in thine own good time,
 Thou liftest the veil from the hidden crime.
 Within the confessional, dastard—the seal
 Was set on my lips, which might never reveal
 What *there* was spoken—but now the sun,
 The daylight hears what thine arm hath done,
 And now, under heaven, my arm shall bring
 Thy felon neck to the hempen string!"
 Pale was the murderer, and paler the priest—
 O destiny!--rich indeed was thy feast
 In that awful hour!--The victim stood
 His own accuser;—the pastor good,
 Freed from the chain of silence, spoke;
 No more the confessional's terrible yoke
 Made him run, neck and neck, with a murderer in peace,
 And the villain's life had run out its lease.
 The jail, the trial, conviction came,
 And honor was given to the poor priest's name,
 Who held, for years, the secret dread
 Of a murderer living—a brother dead,
 And still, by the rule of his church compelled,
 The awful mystery in silence held,
 Till the murderer himself did the secret broach—
 A triumph to justice and Father Roach.

AN ANGEL IN A SALOON.

One afternoon in the month of June, 1870, a lady in deep
 mourning, followed by a little child, entered one of the fash-
 ionable saloons in the city of N——. The writer happened
 to be passing at the time, and prompted by curiosity, fol-

lowed her in, to see what would ensue. Stepping up to the bar, and addressing the proprietor, who happened to be present, she said :

"Sir, can you assist me? I have no home, no friends, and am not able to work."

He glanced at her and then at the child, with a mingled look of curiosity and pity. Evidently he was much surprised to see a woman in such a place begging, but without asking any questions gave her some change, and turning to those present, he said :

"Gentlemen, here is a lady in distress. Can't some of you help her a little?"

They cheerfully acceded to the request, and soon a purse of two dollars was made up, and put in her hand.

"Madam," said the gentleman, who gave her the money, "why do you come to a saloon? It isn't a proper place for a lady, and why are you driven to such a step?"

"Sir," said the lady, "I know it isn't a proper place for a lady to be in, and you ask me why I am driven to such a step. I will tell you in one short word," pointing to a bottle behind the counter, labelled whiskey, "that is what brought me here—whiskey !

"I was once happy and surrounded with all the luxuries that wealth could procure, with a fond, indulgent husband. But in an evil hour he was tempted, and not possessing the will to resist the temptation, fell, and in one short year my dream of happiness was over, my home was forever desolate, and the kind husband, and the wealth that some called mine lost ; lost, never to return, and all by the accursed wine cup.

"You see before you only the wreck of my former self, homeless and friendless, with nothing left me in this world but this little child," and weeping bitterly, she affectionately caressed the golden curls that shaded a face of exquisite loveliness. Regaining her composure, and turning to the proprietor of the saloon, she continued :

"Sir, the reason why I occasionally enter a place like this is to implore those who deal in the deadly poison to desist, to stop a business that spreads desolation, ruin, poverty, and starvation. Think one moment of your own loved ones, and then imagine them in the situation I am in. I appeal to

your better nature, I appeal to your heart,—for I know you possess a kind one,—to retire from a business so ruinous to your patrons.

“Did you know the money you take across the bar is the same as taking the bread out of the mouths of the famished wives and children of your customers? That it strips the clothing from their backs, deprives them of all the comforts of this life and throws unhappiness, misery, crime, and desolation in their once happy homes? Oh! sir, I implore, beseech, and pray you to retire from a business you blush to own you are engaged in before your fellow-men, and enter one that will not only be profitable to yourself but your fellow-creatures also. You will excuse me if I have spoken too plainly, but I could not help it when I thought of the misery, the unhappiness, and the suffering it has caused me.”

“Madam, I am not offended,” he answered in a voice husky with emotion, “but I thank you from the bottom of my heart for what you have said.”

“Mamma,” said the little child, who meantime had been spoken to by some of the gentlemen present, taking hold of her mother’s hand, “these gentlemen wish me to sing ‘Little Bessie’ for them. Shall I do so?”

They all joined in the request, and placing her in a chair she sang in a sweet childish voice, the following beautiful song:

“Out in the gloomy night, sadly I roam,
I have no mother dear, no pleasant home;
Nobody cares for me, no one would cry
Even if poor little Bessie should die.
Weary and tired I’ve been wandering all day,
Asking for work, but I’m too small, they say;
On the damp ground I must now lay my head;
Father’s a drunkard and mother is dead.

“We were so happy till father drank rum,
Then all our sorrow and trouble begun;
Mother grew pale and wept every day,
Baby and I were too hungry to play;
Slowly they faded till one summer night
Found their dead faces all silent and white;
Then with big tears slowly dropping I said,
‘Father’s a drunkard and mother is dead.’

“Oh! if the temperance men only could find
Poor, wretched father and talk very kind;

If they would stop him from drinking, then
I should be so very happy again.
Is it too late, temperance men? Please try,
Or poor little Bessie must soon starve and die!
All day long I've been begging for bread,—
Father's a drunkard and mother is dead."

The game of billiards was left unfinished, the cards thrown aside, and the unemptied glass remained on the counter; all had pressed near, some with pity-beaming eyes, entranced with the musical voice and beauty of the child, who seemed better fitted to be with angels above than in such a place.

The scene I shall never forget to my dying day, and the sweet cadence of her musical voice still rings in my ears, and every word of the song as it dropped from her lips sank deep into the hearts of those gathered around her.

With her golden hair falling carelessly around her little shoulders, and looking so trustingly and confidingly upon the gentlemen around her, her beautiful eyes illuminated with a light that seemed not of this earth, she formed a picture of purity and innocence worthy the genius of a poet or painter.

At the close of the song many were weeping; men who had not shed a tear for years, now wept like children. One young man who had resisted with scorn the pleadings of a loving mother and the entreaties of friends to strive to lead a better life, to desist from a course that was wasting his fortune, and ruining his health, now approached the child, and taking both hands in his, while tears streamed down his cheeks, exclaimed with deep emotion:

"God bless you, my little angel! You have saved me from ruin and disgrace, from poverty and a drunkard's grave. If there are angels on earth, you are one! God bless you! God bless you!" and putting a bill into the hands of the mother, said, "Please accept this trifle as a token of my regard and esteem, for your little girl has done me a kindness I can never repay; and remember, whenever you are in want, you will find in me a true friend," at the same time giving her his name and address.

Taking her child by the hand she turned to go, but pausing at the door said:

III*

"God bless you, gentlemen! Accept the heartfelt thanks of a poor, friendless woman for the kindness and courtesy you have shown her." Before any one could reply she was gone.

A silence of several minutes ensued, which was broken by the proprietor, who exclaimed:

"Gentlemen, that lady was right, and I have sold my last glass of whiskey; if any one of you want more you will have to go elsewhere."

"And I have drank my last glass of whiskey," said a young man who had long been given up as utterly beyond the reach of those who had a deep interest in his welfare, as sunk too low ever to reform. — *Western Temperance Herald*.

MR. SCHMIDT'S MISTAKE.—CHAS. F. ADAMS.

I geeeps me von leedle schtore town Proadway, und does a pooty goot peesnis, bud I ton't got mooch gapital to vork mit, so I finds id hard vork to get me all der gredits vot I would like. Last veek I hear aboud some goots dot a barty vas going to sell pooty sheap, und so I writes dot man if he would gife me der refusal of dose goots for a gouple a days. He gafe me der refusal—dot is, he sait I gouldn't haf dem—but he sait he would gall on me und see mine sthore and den if mine schtanding in peesnis vas goot berhaps ve might do somedings togedder. Vell, I vas behint mine gounter yesterday ven a shentleman gomes in und dakes me py der hant und say: "Mr. Schmidt, I pelieve." I say, "yaw," und den I dinks to mineself, dis vas de man vot has dose goots to sell, und I musd dry to make some goot imbression mit him so ve gould do some peesnis. "Dis vas goot schfore," he says looking aroundt, "bud you ton't got a pooty pig schstock already." I vas avraid to let him know dot I only hat 'bout a tousand tollars voort off goots in der blace, so I says: "You ton't would dink I hat more as dree tousand tollars in dis leedle schtore, aind id?" He says: "You ton't tole me! Vos dot bossible?" I says: "Yaw." I meant dot id *was bossible*, dough id vasn't so, vor I vas like Shorge Vashingtons ven he cut town der "olt elm," on Poston Gommons

▲ At his leedle hadget, und gouldn't dell some lies aboutd id.
 "Vell," says der schentleman, "I diinks you ought to know
 petter as anypody else vot you haf got in der schtore," und
 den he dakes a leedle book vrom his bocket oudt, und say
 "Vell, I poots you town vor dree tousand tollars." I. I
 him vat he means py "poots me town," und den he say. I
 vas von off der daxmen, or assessors off broperty, und he
 tank me so kindly as nefer vos, pecause he say I vos sooch
 an honest Deutscher, und tidn't dry und sheat der goier-
 mants. I dells you vat it vos, I tidn't veel any more petter
 as a hundord ber cent., ven dot man valks oudt off mine
 schtore, und der nexd dime I makes free mit sdrangers I
 vinds first deir peesnis oudt.

BETTER THINGS.—GEORGE McDONALD.

Better to smell the violet cool, than sip the glowing wine;
 Better to hark a hidden brook, than watch a diamond shine.

Better the love of a gentle heart, than beauty's favor proud;
 Better the rose's living seed, than roses in a crowd.

Better to love in loneliness, than to bask in love all day;
 Better the fountain in the heart, than the fountain by the
 way.

Better be fed by a mother's hand, than eat alone at will;
 Better to trust in God, than say: "My goods my storehouse
 fill."

Better to be a little wise, than in knowledge to abound;
 Better to teach a child, than toil to fill perfection's round.

Better to sit at a master's feet, than thrill a listening State;
 Better suspect that thou art proud, than be sure that thou
 art great.

Better to walk the real unseen, than watch the hour's event;
 Better the "Well done!" at the last, than the air with shout-
 ing rent.

Better to have a quiet grief, than a hurrying delight;
 Better the twilight of the dawn, than the noonday burning
 bright.

Better a death when work is done, than earth's most favored
 birth;
 Better a child in God's great house, than the king of all the
 earth.

THE OLD SWEET SONG.

I remember a song whose numbers throng
As sweetly in memory's twilight hour
As the voice of the blessed in the Realm of Rest,
Or the sparkle of dew on a dreaming flower.
'Tis a simple air, but when others depart,
Like an angel whisper, it clings to my heart.

I have wandered far under sun and star,
Heard the rippling music in every clime,
From the carol clear of the gondolier
To the wondrous peal of a sacred chime;
I have drunk in the tones which bright lips let fall
To thirsting spirits in bower and hall;

The anthems bland of the masters grand
Have borne me aloft on their sweeping wings;
And the thunder-roll of the organ's soul
Drowns not the murmur of fairy strings;
Or the shepherd's pipe, whose music thrills
With the breath of morn o'er the sleeping hills;

But none remain like the simple strain
Which my mother sang to my childish ears,
As nightly and oft o'er my pillow soft
She gently hovered to soothe my fears.
I can see her now with her bright head bent
In the light which the taper so feebly lent.

I can see her now with her fair, pure brow,
And the dark locks pushed from her temples clear,
And the liquid rays of her tender gaze
Made eloquent by a trembling tear,
As she watched the sleep that is sweet for all
Like rose leaves over my spirit fall.

And the notes still throng of that old sweet song,
Though silent the lips that breathed them to me,
Like the chimes so clear which mariners hear
From the sunken cities beneath the sea;
And never, ah! never can they depart
While shines my being and beats my heart.

That song, that song, that old sweet song!
I gather it up like a golden chain,
Link by link, when to slumber I sink,
And link by link when I wake again;
I shall hear it, I know, when the last deep rest
Shall fold me close to the earth's dark breast.

METAPHORICAL PAPERS.—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Some wit of old,—such wits of old there were,—
 Whose hints showed meaning, whose allusions care,
 By one brave stroke to mark all human kind,
 Called clear blank paper every infant mind;
 Then still, as opening sense her dictates wrote,
 Fair virtue put a seal or vice a blot.

The thought was happy, pertinent, and true;
 Methinks a genius might the plan pursue.
 I (can you pardon my presumption), I—
 No wit, no genius—yet for once will try.

Various the papers various wants produce,
 The wants of fashion, elegance, and use.
 Men are as various; and if right I scan,
 Each sort of *paper* represents some *man*.

Pray note the fop,—half powder and half lace,—
 Nice as a bandbox were his dwelling-place;
 He's the *gilt paper*, which apart you store,
 And lock from vulgar hands in th' *escritoire*.

Mechanics, servants, farmers, and so forth,
 Are *copy paper* of inferior worth:
 Less prized, more useful, for your desk decreed,
 Free to all pens, and prompt at every need.

The wretch whom avarice bids to pinch and spare,
 Starve, cheat, and pilfer, to enrich an heir,
 Is coarse *brown paper*, such as pedlars choose
 To wrap up wares, which better men will use.

Take next the miser's contrast, who destroys
 Health, fame, and fortune in a round of joys.
 Will any paper match him? Yes, throughout,
 He's a true *sinking paper*, past all doubt.

The retail politician's anxious thought
 Deems *this* side always right, and *that* stark naught:
 He foams with censure; with applause he raves,—
 A dupe to rumors, and a tool of knaves;
 He'll want no type his weakness to proclaim,
 While such a thing as *foolscap* has a name.

The hasty gentleman, whose blood runs high,
 Who picks a quarrel if you step awry,
 Who can't a jest, or hint, or look endure,—
 What's he? What? *Touch-paper*, to be sure.

What are our poets,—take them as they fall,—
 Good, bad, rich, poor, much read, not read at all?

Them and their works in the same class you'll find;
They are the mere *waste-paper* of mankind.

Observe the maiden, innocently sweet;
She's fair *white paper*, an unsullied sheet;
On which the happy man, whom fate ordains,
May write his *name*, and take her for his pains.

One instance more, and only one I'll bring;
'Tis the *great man* who scorns a little thing,
Whose thoughts, whose deeds, whose maxims are his own,
Formed on the feelings of his heart alone;
True genuine *royal paper* is his breast;
Of all the kinds most precious, purest, best.

DADDY'S BOY.

In a certain small town on the Mississippi lived a man who made horse-trading a business. He bought up horses for a city market, and was considered pretty good on a trade. One day a long, lean, queer, green-looking specimen of the western country, arrived at the dock with a boat load of horses. He inquired for the horse jockey.

"Daddy sent me down with some horses," he said, in a half-idiotic tone.

"Who's he?"

"Daddy."

"What do you want for your horses?"

"Daddy said you could set your price," was the reply.

"Let me go down and look at your horses," said Brown, and accordingly they were soon on the boat.

Brown examined the horses, and named the price he would give for this one and that, and the country bumpkin made no objections, although some of the offers were not more than one-half of the real value of the animal. One of the bystanders gently suggested to the countryman that he was being cheated, but he returned:

"Daddy said Brown would set the price himself." And so Brown had it all his own way.

At last they came to an animal which did not look much superior to the rest.

"I must have more for that anermal," said he, "daddy says he can run some."

"Run!" said Brown, "that nag can't run worth a cent."

"Daddy says so, and daddy knows."

"Why, I've got one up at the stables that can beat it all hollow."

"Guess not," said the fellow, "Let's try 'em. I'll bet the whole boat-load of horses on 'em."

Brown smiled.

"I'll stake five thousand dollars against your boat-load," said Brown, winking to the crowd, "and these men," selecting two, "shall hold the stakes."

Brown's five thousand was entrusted to one, and the other went on board the horse-boat.

One of the crowd started to remonstrate with the poor idiotic fellow, but he only responded:

"Golly! dad told me he could run some, and daddy ought to lose 'em if he was such a tarnal fool to tell me that when he couldn't."

Brown's sleek racer was brought down, and Brown mounted him. The countryman led out his animal and climbed on his back, looking as uncouth and awkward as the horse he proposed to ride.

The word was given, and they started amid the laughter of the crowd. At first Brown was ahead, and it looked as though the poor fellow was to be badly beaten, when his horse suddenly plunged forward and the jockey was left far behind. Such going had not been seen in those parts for a long time, and poor Brown was crestfallen, as the cheers of the bystanders fell on his ears.

"I'll take the spondulix," said the countryman, riding up, "dad was right. The anermal can get around a little."

Brown tried to say it was all a joke, but the fellow would have his money.

"I guess I won't trade to-day," he said, as he put it in his old, rough leather pocket-book. "I'll go back to daddy."

In vain Brown tried to induce him to trade, but he pushed off his boat resolutely saying, "I'd best go back and tell daddy."

Brown was completely "sold," for he knew at once that the green countryman was shrewder than people imagined him, and just came there purposely to win his money from him. Next time he didn't ridicule a horse that "daddy said could run some."

"NOW!"—FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

A night of danger on the sea,
Of sleeplessness and fear :
Wave after wave comes thundering
Against the strong stone pier ;
Each with a terrible recoil,
And a grim and gathering might,
As blast on blast comes howling past,
Each wild gust wilder than the last,
All through that awful night.

Well for the ships in the harbor now
Which come with the morning tide,
With unstrained cable, and anchor sure,
How quietly they ride !
Well for the barque that reached at eve,
Though watched with breathless fear ;
It was sheltered first ere the tempest burst,
It is safe inside the pier !

But see ! a faint and fitful light
Out on the howling sea ;
'Tis a vessel that seeks the harbor mouth,
As in death-agony.
Though the strong stone arms are open wide
She has missed the only way.
'Tis all too late, for the storm drives fast,
The mighty waves have swept her past,
And against that sheltering pier have cast
Their wrecked and shattered prey.

Nearer and nearer the barque is borne,
As over the deck they dash,
Where sailors five are clinging fast
To the sailless stump of the broken mast,
Waiting the final crash.
Is it all too late ? is there succor yet
Those perishing men to reach ?
Life is so near on the firm-built pier,
That else must be death to each.

There are daring hearts and powerful arms
And swift and steady feet,
And they rush as down to a yawning grave.
In the strong recoil of the mightiest wave,
Treading that awful path to save
As they trod a homeward street.
Over the boulders and foam they rush

Into the ghastly hollow ;
They fling the rope to the heaving wreck.
The aim is sure, and it strikes the deck
As the shouts of quick hope follow.

Reached, but not saved ; there is more to do,
A trumpet note is heard ;
And over the rage and over the roar
Of billowy thunders on the shore
Rings out the guiding word,
There is one chance, and only one,
All can be saved,—but how ?
The rope hold fast, but quit the mast
At the trumpet signal, "Now !"

There is a moment when the sea
Has spent its furious strength,
A shuddering pause with a sudden twirl,
Gathering force again to hurl
Billow on billow in whirl on whirl ;
That moment comes at length.
With a single shout the "Now !" peals out,
And the answering leap is made.
Well for the simple hearts that just
Loosing the mast with fearless trust
The strange command obeyed !

For the rope is good, and the stout arms pull,
Ere the brief storm lull is o'er ;
It is but a swift and blinding sweep,
Through the waters wild and dark and deep,
And the men are safe on shore.
Safe ! though the fiend-like blast pursue ;
Safe ! though the waves dash high ;
But the ringing cheer that rises clear
Is pierced with a sudden cry !

"There are but four drawn up to the shore,
And five were on the deck !"
And the straining gaze that conquers gloom,
Still traces, drifting on to doom,
One man upon the wreck.
Again they chase in sternest race
The far-recoiling wave ;
The rope is thrown to the tossing mark,
But reaches not in the wind and dark
The one they strive to save.
Again they rush, and again they fail,
Again and yet again ;
The storm yells back defiance loud,
The breakers rear a rampart proud,
And roar, "In vain, in vain !"

Then a giant wave takes up the wreck,
 And bears it on its crest;
 One moment it hangs quivering there
 In horrible arrest.
 And the lonely man on the savage sea,
 By lightning flash uplit,
 Is clinging fast to the broken mast
 That he has not dared to quit.

Then the horror of great darkness falls,
 While eyes flash inward fire,
 And over all the roar and dash,
 Through that great blackness comes a crash
 A token sure and dire.
 The wave has burst upon the pier,
 The wreck is scattered wide;
 Another now will never reach
 The dead man lying on the beach,
 With the receding tide.

LOVE ON THE HALF SHELL.—PELEG ARKWRIGHT.

A BALLAD OF OYSTER BAY.

I ain't anybody in particular,
 And never calc'lated to be;
 I'm aware that my views doesn't signify
 Except to Belinda and me;
 But I'm heavy on openin' oysters—
 In regards to them I am free
 To remark that for shellin' of Blue Points,
 There is few that can lay over me.

Excuse my perfessional blowin',
 It isn't the point I would make,
 But I'm feelin particular airy,
 And uncommonly wide awake;
 And I've got to be talkin' about it,
 It won't lay quiet, you see;
 Which the name of the girl is Belinda,
 That's took an affection for me.

It's surprisin'—the fact is surprisin'—
 Just cast your eye over this frame!
 Is there anything specially gallus
 Which characterizes the same?
 As a model for makin' wax figgers
 I shouldn't make much of a stir;
 But I ain't a-goin' to worry,
 So long as I'm pleasin' to her.

An impediment hinders my speakin'
 As I should admire to do ;
 As an elocutin' perfessor
 My scholars would likely be few ;
 But she said, when I mentioned it to her,
 " Why, dear, don't you fret, for, you see,
 You tell me you love me, my darling,
 And your voice is like music to me."

I was never indicted for intellect,
 Nor never arrested for cheek ;
 But I'm holdin' my head elevated
 Since Thursday night was a week ;
 For that was the date when Belinda
 Allowed she was partial to me,
 And give me a relish for livin',
 And a notion of workin' for she.

She isn't egzackly a beauty,
 And also she uses a crutch ;
 But the eyes of that dear little cripple
 The heart of an oyster would touch.
 They is wonderful soft, and so lovin',
 A good-lookin' face on the whole,
 Fur the light in them eyes seems to travel
 Right out from a beautiful soul.

If she had been lively and hearty
 I couldn't have helped her, you see ;
 And similar, then, it ain't likely
 That she would have took up with me ;
 And I shouldn't have knowed her and loved her,
 So patient and gentle and sweet ;
 And I wish that the whole of creation
 I could lay at her poor little feet.

I was never so chirk and galloptions,
 And never before felt so spry ;
 And I've just took to noticin' lately
 How amazin'ly blue is the sky ;
 And how gay is the stars in the night-time,
 A-winkin' and glimmerin' down—
 Good gracious ! I come near forgettin'
 That barrel of oysters for Brown !

THE GLASS RAILROAD.—GEORGE LIPPARD.

It seemed to me as though I had been suddenly aroused from my slumber. I looked around and found myself in the centre of a gay crowd. The first sensation I experienced was

that of being borne along, with a peculiar motion. I looked around and found that I was in a long train of cars which were gliding over a railway, and seemed to be many miles in length. It was composed of many cars. Every car, open at the top, was filled with men and women, all gayly dressed, and happy, and all laughing, talking, and singing. The peculiarly gentle motion of the cars interested me. There was no grating, such as we usually hear on the railroad. They moved along without the least jar or sound. This, I say, interested me. I looked over the side, and to my astonishment found the railroad and cars made of glass. The glass wheels moved over the glass rails without the least noise or oscillation. The soft gliding motion produced a feeling of exquisite happiness. I was happy! It seemed as if everything was at rest within—I was full of peace.

While I was wondering over this circumstance, a new sight attracted my gaze. All along the road, within a foot of the track, were laid long lines of coffins on either side of the railroad, and every one contained a corpse dressed for burial, with its cold, white face turned upward to the light. The sight filled me with horror; I yelled in agony, but could make no sound. The gay throng who were around me only redoubled their singing and laughter at the sight of my agony, and we swept on, gliding on with glass wheels over the railroad, every moment coming nearer to the bend of the road, which formed an angle with the road far, far in the distance.

"Who are those?" I cried at last, pointing to the dead in the coffins.

"Those are the persons who made the trip before us," was the reply of one of the gayest persons near me.

"What trip?" I asked.

"Why, the trip you are now making; the trip on this glass railway," was the answer.

"Why do they lie along the road, each one in his coffin?" I was answered with a whisper and a half laugh which froze my blood:—

"They were dashed to death at the end of the railroad," said the person whom I addressed.

"You know the railroad terminates at an abyss which is without bottom or measure. It is lined with pointed rocks. As each car arrives at the end it precipitates its passengers into the abyss. They are dashed to pieces against the rocks, and their bodies are brought here and placed in the coffins as a warning to other passengers; but no one minds it, we are so happy on the glass railroad."

I can never describe the horror with which those words inspired me.

"What is the name of the glass railroad?" I asked.

The person whom I asked, replied in the same strain:—

"It is very easy to get into the cars, but very hard to get out. For, once in these, everybody is delighted with the soft, gliding motion. The cars move gently. Yes, this is a railroad of habit, and with glass wheels we are whirled over a glass railroad towards a fathomless abyss. In a few moments we'll be there, and they'll bring our bodies and put them in coffins as a warning to others; but nobody will mind it, will they?"

I was choked with horror. I struggled to breathe—made frantic efforts to leap from the cars, and in the struggle I awoke. I know it was only a dream, and yet, whenever I think of it, I can see that long train of cars moving gently over the glass railroad. I can see cars far ahead, as they are turning the bend of the road. I can see the dead in their coffins, clear and distinct on either side of the road; while the laughing and singing of the gay and happy passengers resound in my ears, I only see the cold faces of the dead, with their glassy eyes uplifted, and their frozen hands upon their shrouds.

It was, indeed, a horrible dream. A long train of glass cars, gliding over a glass railway, freighted with youth, beauty, and music, while on either hand are stretched the victims of yesterday—gliding over the railway of habit toward the fathomless abyss.

"There was a moral in that dream."

Reader, are you addicted to any sinful habit? Break it off ere you dash against the rocks."

POPPING THE QUESTION.

I knew by his looks what he'd come for : I plainly had seen
 from the first,
 It must come to this sooner or later ; and I'd made up my
 mind for the worst.
 So I hid myself under the curtains, where the loving pair
 couldn't see me,
 In order to watch their proceedings, and hear what he said
 unto *she*.

I saw he was fearfully nervous, that in fact he was suffering
 pain,
 By the way that he fussed with his collar, and poked all the
 chairs with his cane ;
 Then he blushed ; then he wouldn't look at her, but kept his
 eyes fixed on the floor,
 And took the unusual precaution of taking his seat near the
 door.

He began, " It is—er—er—fine weather,—remarkable weath-
 er for May."
 " Do you think so ?" said she ; " it is raining."—" Oh ! so it is
 raining to-day.
 I meant, 'twill be pleasant to-morrow," he stammered ; " er—
 er—do you skate ?"
 " Oh, yes!" she replied, " at the season ; but isn't May rather
 too late ?"

The silence that followed was awful : he continued, " I see a
 sweet dove
 ('Twas only an innocent sparrow ; but blind are the eyes of
 true love),—
 "A dove of most beautiful plumage, on the top of that wide-
 spreading tree,
 Which reminds me,"—she sighed,—"*O* sweet maiden ! which
 reminds me, dear angel, of thee."

Her countenance changed in a moment : there followed a
 terrible pause :
 I felt that the crisis was coming, and hastily dropped on all
 fours,
 In order to see the thing better. His face grew as white as
 a sheet :
 He gave one spasmodic effort, and lifelessly dropped at her
 feet.

She said — What she said I won't tell you. She raised the
 poor wretch from the ground.
 I drew back my head for an instant Good heavens ! Oh !
 what was that sound ?

I eagerly peered through the darkness,—for twilight had
made the room dim,—
And plainly perceived it was kissing, and kissing not all done
by him.

I burst into loud fits of laughter: I know it was terribly
mean;
Still I couldn't resist the temptation to appear for a while on
the scene.

But she viewed me with perfect composure, as she kissed
him again with a smile,
And remarked, 'twixt that kiss and the next one, that—she'd
known I was there all the while.

RETURN OF THE HILLSIDE LEGION.—ETHEL LYNN.

What telegraphed word,
The village hath stirred?
Why eagerly gather the people;
And why do they wait
At crossing and gate—
Why flutters the flag on the steeple?

Why, stranger, do tell—
It's now a smart spell
Since our sogers went marchin' away,
And we calculate now
To show the boys how
We can welcome the Legion to-day.

Bill Allendale's drum
Will sound when they come,
And there's watchers above on the hill,
To let us all know,
When the big bugles blow,
To hurrah with a hearty good will.

All the women folks wait
By the 'Cademy gate,
With posies all drippin' with dew;
The Legion shan't say
We helped them away,
And forgot them when service was through.

My Jack's comin' too,
He's served the war through;
Hark, the rattle and roar of the train!
There's bugle and drum,
Our sogers have come!
Hurrah! for the boys home again.

“Stand aside! stand aside!
Leave a space far and wide
Till the regiment forms on the track.”
Two soldiers in blue,
Two men—only two
Stepped off, and the Legion was back.

The burrah softly died,
In the space far and wide,
As they welcomed the worn weary men;
The drum on the hill
Grew suddenly still,
And the bugle was silent again.

I asked Farmer Shore
A question no more,
For a sick soldier lay on his breast!
While his hand, hard and brown,
Stroked tenderly down,
The locks of the weary at rest.

ARCHIE DEAN.—GAIL HAMILTON.

Would you laugh, or would you cry?
Would you break your heart and die,
If you had a dashing lover
Like my handsome Archie Dean,
And he should forget his wooing
By the moon, the stars, the sun,
To love me evermore,
And should go to Kittie Carrol,
Who has money, so they say—
And with eyes love-filled as ever,
Win her heart, that's like a feather,
Vowing all he had before?
Prithee, tell me, would you cry,
And grow very sad and die?

Always, in the old romances
That dear Archie read to me,
Those that pleased my girlish fancy,
There was always sure to be
One sweet maiden with a lover
Who was never, never true;
And when they were widely parted,
Then she died, poor broken-hearted,
And did break with grief at last,
Like a lily in the blast—
Say, would you; if you were me?

True, I do love Archie Dean,
 Love him, love him, oh! how true;
 But see, my eyes are bright,
 And my lips and cheeks are red,
 (Archie Dean put that in my head!)
 And I don't know what to do,
 Whether to lie down and weep
 Till the red is faded out,
 And my eyes are dull and dim,
 Maybe blind, and all for him;
 (I could do it, I've no doubt.)
 Or loop up my pretty hair
 With the brightest knots of ribbon,
 And the very sweetest roses,
 And go to the village fair,
 Where he'll be with Kittie Carrol,
 And will see me dance the wildest
 With some bonny lad that's there,
 Just to show how much I care.

Archie Dean! Archie Dean!
 'Tis the sweetest name I know,
 It is writ on my heart, but o'er it now
 Is drifting the cold snow.
 Archie Dean! Archie Dean!
 There's a pain in my heart while I speak;
 I wonder if always the thought of your name
 Will make me so saddened and weak.
 Archie Dean! Archie Dean!
 I remember that you said
 Your name should be mine and I should be
 The happiest bride e'er wed.
 I little thought of a day like this
 When I could wish I were dead.
 But there goes the clock, the hour is near
 When I must be off to the fair;
 I'll go and dance and dance and dance
 With the bonny lads who are there,
 In my dress of blue with crimson sash
 Which he always liked to see.
 I'll whirl before him as fast as I can,
 I'll laugh and chatter, yes, that is my plan,
 And I know that before the morn
 He'll wish that Kittie Carrol had never been born,
 And that he could be sitting again
 Close by my side in the green meadow lane,
 Vowing his love in a tender strain.
 But when I see him coming,
 I'll turn my eyes with softest glance
 On somebody else—then off in the dance—

KKKK

And if he should happen to get the chance,
 For saying how heartily sorry he is
 For having been false to me he loves true,
 I won't hear a word that he says, would you?

What you'd better do, Jennie Marsh
 Break your heart for Archie Dean?
 Jennie Marsh! Jennie Marsh!

Not a bit.

'Tis the very thing he's after.
 He would say to Kittie Carrol,
 With careless, mocking laughter,
 Here's a pretty little chick,
 Who has died for love of me,

'Tis a pity.

But what is a man to do
 When the girls beset him so?
 If he gives a nosegay here,
 If he calls another dear,
 If he warbles to a third

A love ditty,

Why, the darling little innocents
 Take it all to heart.

Alack-a-day!

Ah! she was a pretty maiden,
 A little too fond-hearted,
 Eyes a little too love-laden,
 But really, when we parted—
 Well, she died for love of me,
 Kittie Carrol. Don't you see
 You are giving him to Kittie
 Just as sure as sure can be.

'Tis the way he takes to woo her,
 By slyly showing to her,
 What a dashing, slashing beau is at her feet,
 And of all the pretty pratings
 About a woman's deathless loving
 And her ever faithful proving,
 And her womanly devotion,
 I've a very wicked notion
 That to carry off the one
 That Mary here is sighing for,
 And Fanny there is dying for,
 Is more than half the happiness,
 And nearly all the fun.

Now if I were a man,
 Jennie Marsh! Jennie Marsh!
 If I only were a man

For a day—

I'm a maiden, so I can't

Always do just what I want,
 But if I *were* a man, I'd say,
 Archie Dean, *Go to Thunder!*
 What's the use of sighs, I wonder,
 Your oaths and vows and mutterings
 Are awfully profane.
 Hie away to Kittie Carrol,
 Your loss is but a gain.
 Aren't there fishes still a-swimming,
 Just as luscious every way
 As those that hissed and sputtered
 In the sauce-pan yesterday?
 But Jennie, charming Jennie,
 You're a tender little woman,
 And I expect you'll say that is
 So shockingly inhuman;
 And beside you'll never dare,
 You little witch, to swear!
 But, when you're at the fair,
 Don't flirt too far with bonny lads,
 Because, perhaps, you'll rue it;
 And do not dance too merrily,
 Because he may see through it;
 And don't put on an air as if
 You're mortally offended;
 You'll be a feather in his cap,
 And then your game is ended.
 And if, with Kittie on his arm,
 You meet him on the green,
 Don't agonize your pretty mouth
 With *Mr. Arthur Dean*;
 But every throb of pride or love
 Be sure to stifle,
 As if your intercourse with him
 Were but the merest trifle;
 And make believe, with all your might,
 You'd not care a feather
 For all the Carrols in the world,
 And Archie Dean together.
 Take this advice, and get him back,
 My darling, if you can;
 But if you can't, why, right-about,
 And take another man.

What I did.
 I went to the fair with Charlie—
 With handsome Charlie Green,
 Who has loved me many a year,
 And vowed his loving with a tear—
 A tear of the heart, I mean.

But I never gave a smile to him
Until to-night,
When full in sight
Of Kittie Carrol and Archie Dean.
Now, Archie knows that Charlie has
A deal of money, and has lands,
And his wealth is little to him
Without my heart and hand.
So I smiled on Charlie,
And I danced with Charlie,
When I knew that Archie's eyes
Were fixed on me as in a trance.
I once caught them in the dance,
And I could have fallen at his feet,
Dear Archie Dean!
But there were Kittie Carrol and Charlie Green,
And when Archie came to me,
As I was sure he would,—
And with softest tone and glance,—
Do you think I dropped my eyes,
With a glad surprise?
No, no, indeed!
That would not do.
Straight I looked into his face,
With no broken-hearted grace.
Oh! he could not see my pain—
And I told him he must wait
A little while
Till I had danced with Charlie Green;
Then I cast a smile
On Harry Hill and Walter Brown.
Oh, the look he cast on me
As his eyes fell sadly down!
He said he something had to say,
But I laughed and turned away,
For my sight was growing dim,
Saying, I would not forget
That I was to dance with him.
He did not go to Kittie Carrol,
Who was sitting all alone,
Watching us with flashing eyes,
But he slowly turned away
To a corner in the dark.
There he waited patiently,
And, he said, most wearily,
For the dancing to be done;
And although my heart was aching,
And very nigh to breaking,
It was quite a bit of fun
Just to see him standing there

Watching me. Oh, Archie Dean,
What a picture of despair;
Why not hie to Kittie Carrol!
She has money, so they say,
And has held it out for lovers
Many and many a weary day.
She is rather plain, I know—
Crooked nose and reddish hair,
And her years are more than yours.
Archie Dean! Archie Dean!
(He is not rich, like Charlie Green.)
What does love for beauty care?
Hie away to Kittie Carrol;
Ask her out to dance with you,
Or she'll think that you are fickle
And your vows of love untrue,
And maybe you'll get the mitten,
Then, ah then, what will you do?

Well, he sighed at me and I laughed at him
As we danced away together.
He pressed my hand but I heeded not,
And whirled off like a feather.
He whispered something about the past,
But I did not heed at all,
For my heart was throbbing loud and fast,
And the tears began to fall.
He led me out beneath the stars,
I told him it was vain
For him to vow. I had no faith
To pledge with him again.
His voice was sad and thrilling and deep,
And my pride flew away,
And left me to weep,
And when he said he loved me most true,
And ever should love me,
"Yes, love only you," he said,
I could not help trusting Archie,—
Say, could you?

WHO IS TO BLAME?

Who is to blame, oh, who is to blame?
Wherever is found a true tongue to proclaim,
Sound boldly the question of "Who is to blame?"
When women grow bitter in toiling for bread,
And wish that their children were happily dead;

When men forget manhood, and duty, and love,
And give to the devil what Christ would approve,—
Who is to blame, oh, who is to blame?

Who is to blame, oh, who is to blame?
Wherever is found a true tongue to proclaim,
Sound boldly the question of "Who is to blame?"
When age has no comforts and childhood no grace,
When passion and innocence meet face to face,
When murder, unmasked, shows the dye of its hand,
And moves like a citizen free in the land,
Who is to blame, oh, who is to blame?

Who is to blame, oh, who is to blame?
Whether spoken or thought it is ever the same,
The question of questions, oh, who is to blame?
When the bright of our nation, like stars out of place,
Sink down and are lost in that blackness of space,
When the feet of the toil-worn are tempted astray,
And the heat of the cup drowns the heat of the day,—
Who is to blame, oh, who is to blame?

Who is to blame, oh, who is to blame?
Whether silent or not, the guilt is the same,
And the question lives on, of "Who is to blame?"
Oh, Government, standing alone in thy pride,
Who saith to thy people, "No rights are denied,"
Thou hast freed but one slave, the other's in chains;
The guilt lies with thee—oh, thou art to blame!

Who is to blame, oh, who is to blame?
Wilt thou answer to-day in humanity's name,
This blackest of questions: "Say, who is to blame?"
Wilt thou free—not as Pilate—thy soul of this blood,
Wilt thou thyself rescue the pure and the good,
Wilt thou lift up white hands without tarnish or stain,
And answer, "Thank God, there is no one to blame!"

CANVASSING UNDER DISADVANTAGES.—M. QUAD.

He smiled blandly as he halted for a moment in front of the City Hall. He looked like a man who could palm off almost anything on the public at 100 per cent. profit, and yet leave each customer in a grateful mood. He had a tin trunk in his hand, and as he sailed down La Fayette avenue the boys wondered whether the trunk contained tax receipts or horse liniment. The stranger halted in front of a resi-

dence, his smile deepened, and he mounted the steps and pulled the bell.

"Is the lady at home?" he inquired of the girl who answered the bell.

The girl thought he was the census taker, and she seated him in the parlor and called the lady of the house. When the lady entered the stranger rose, bowed, and said:

"Madam, I have just arrived in this town after a tour extending clear down to Florida, and wherever I went I was received with glad welcome."

"Did you wish to see my husband?" she asked, as he opened the tin trunk.

"No, madam; I deal directly with the lady of the house in all cases. A woman will appreciate the virtues of my exterminator and purchase a bottle, where a man will order me off the steps without glancing at it."

"Your—your what?" she asked.

"Madam," he replied, as he placed a four-ounce phial of dark liquid on the palm of his left hand; "madam, I desire to call your attention to my Sunset Bedbug Exterminator. It has been tried at home and abroad, and in no case has it failed to—"

"What do you mean, sir?" she demanded, getting very red in the face. "Leave this house instantly."

"Madam, I do not wish you to infer from my—"

"I want you to leave this house!" she shrieked.

"Madam, allow me to explain my—"

"I will call the police!" she screamed, making for the door, and he hastily locked his trunk and hurried out.

Going down the street about two blocks he saw the lady of the house at the parlor window, and instead of climbing the steps he stood under the window and politely said:

"Madam, I don't wish to even hint that any of the bedsteads in your house are inhabited by bedbugs, but—"

"What! What's that?" she exclaimed.

"I said that I hadn't the remotest idea that any of the bedsteads in your house were infested by bedbugs," he replied.

"Take yourself out of this yard!" she shouted, snatching a tidy off the back of a chair and brandishing it at him.

"Beg pardon, madam, but I should like to call your—"

"Get out!" she screamed; "get out, or I'll call the gardener!"

"I will get out, madam, but I wish you understood—"

"J-a-w-n! J-a-w-n!" she shouted out of a side window, but the exterminator agent was out of the yard before John could get around the house.

He seemed discouraged as he walked down the street, but he had traveled less than a block when he saw a stout woman sitting on the front steps of a fine residence, fanning herself.

"Stout women are always good-natured," he soliloquized as he opened the gate.

"Haven't got anything for the grasshopper sufferers!" she called out as he entered.

There was an angelic smile on his face as he approached the steps, set his trunk down, and said:

"My mission, madam, is even nobler than acting as agent for a distressed community. The grasshopper sufferers do not comprise a one-hundredth part of the world's population, while my mission is to relieve the whole world."

"I don't want any peppermint essence," she continued as he started to unlock the trunk.

"Great heavens, madam, do I resemble a peddler of cheap essences?" he exclaimed. "I am not one. I am here in Detroit to enhance the comforts of the night—to produce pleasant dreams. Let me call your attention to my Sunset Bedbug Exterminator, a liquid warranted to—"

"Bed what?" she screamed, ceasing to fan her fat cheeks.

"My Sunset Bedbug Exterminator. It is to-day in use in the humble negro cabins on the banks of the Arkansaw, as well as in the royal palace of Her Majesty Q—"

"You r-r-rascal! you villyun!" she wheezed; "how dare you insult me, m—"

"No insult, madam, it is a pure matter of—"

"Leave! Git o-w-t!" she screamed, clutching at his hair, and he had to go out in such a hurry that he couldn't lock the trunk until he reached the walk.

He traveled several blocks and turned several corners before he halted again, and his smile faded away to a melancholy grin. He saw two or three ragged children at a gate, noticed that the house was old, and he braced up and entered.

"I vhants no zoap," said the woman of the house as she stood in the door.

"Soap, madam, soap? I have no soap. I noticed that you lived in an old house, and as old houses are pretty apt to be infested—"

"I vhants no bins or needles to-day!" she shouted.

"Madam, I am not a peddler of Yankee notions," he replied. "I am selling a liquid, prepared only by myself, which is warranted to—"

"I vhants no baper gollers!" she exclaimed, motioning for him to leave.

"Paper collars! I have often been mistaken for Shakspeare, madam, but never before for a paper collar peddler. Let me unlock my trunk and show—"

"I vhants no matches—no dobacco—no zigars!" she interrupted; and her husband came round the corner and, after eyeing the agent for a moment, remarked:

"If you don't be quick out of here I shall not have any shoking about it!"

At dusk last night the agent was sitting on a salt barrel in front of a commission house, and the shadows of evening were slowly deepening the melancholy look on his face.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

ANNIE'S TICKET.

Please, sir, I have brought you the ticket

You gave her a short week ago;

My own little girl I am meanin',

The one with the fair hair, you know,

And the blue eyes so gentle and tender,

And sweet as the angels above,

God help me, she's one of thim now, sir,

And I've nothing at all left to love.

It has come on me suddin, ye see, sir;

She was never an ailin' child,

Though her face was as white as a lily,

And her ways just that quiet and mild.

The others was always a trouble,

And botherin', too, every way,

But the first tears as ever *she* cost me

Are them that I'm sheddin' to-day.

KKKK*

'Twas on Tuesday night that she sickened;
She had been as blithe as a bird
All day, with the ticket you gave her,
And never another word
But "Mammie, just think of the music!"
And "Mammie, they'll give us ice cream;
We can roll on the turf and pick posies—
Oh! Mammie, it's just like a dream!"

And so, when the fever came on her,
It seemed the one thought in her brain;
'Twould have melted the heart in your breast, sir,
To hear her again and again
Beggin', "Mammie, oh! please get me ready—
The boat will be gone off, I say;
I hear the bell ring! where's my ticket?
Oh! won't we be happy to-day?"

Three days she raved with the fever,
With her face and her hands like a flame;
But on Friday, at noon, she grew quiet,
And knew me and called me by name.
My heart gave a leap when I heard it;
But oh, sir, it turned me to stone,
The look round the mouth, pinched and drawn like—
I knew God had sent for his own.

And she knew it too, sir, the creature,
And said when I told her the day,
In her weak little voice, "Mammie, darlin',
Don't cry 'cause I'm going away.
To-morrow they'll go to the picnic,
They'll have beautiful times, I know;
But heaven is like it, and better,
And so I am ready to go.

"And, Mammie, I ain't a bit frightened;
There's many a little girl died;
And it seems like the dear lovin' Saviour
Was standin' right here by my side.
Take my ticket, dear Mammie, and ask them
If some other child, poor and sad,
That hasn't got heaven and Jesus,
May go in my place and be glad."

And then, "wish good-by, Mammie, darlin',"
She drew my lips down to her own,
Then the One that she felt close beside her
Bent too, and I sat there—alone.
And so I have brought you the ticket,
Though my heart, sir, seems ready to break,
To ask you to make some poor creature
Feel glad for my dead darlin's sake.

THE LOST CHURCH.—ROBERT TILNEY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

It is believed that a church once stood in the depths of one of the German oak woods, but at so distant an age that all trace of it has passed away. The peasantry, however, believe that its bells are still heard ringing through the wood. On this legend the poet has founded the following vision :

In yon dense wood full oft a bell
Is heard o'erhead in pealings hollow ;
Yet whence it comes can no one tell,
Nor scarce its dark tradition follow.
For winds the chimes are wafting o'er,
Of the lost church in mystery shrouded ;
The pathway, too, is known no more,
That once the pious pilgrims crowded.

I lately in that wood did stray,
Where not a footworn path extended,
And from corruptions of the day
My inmost soul to God ascended ;
And in the silent, wild repose
I heard that ringing—deeper, clearer ;
The higher my aspirings rose,
The sound descended fuller, nearer.

That sound my senses so entranced,
My soul grew so retired and lowly,
I ne'er could tell how it had chanced
That I had reached a state so holy.
A century, it seemed to me,
Or more, had passed while I was dreaming,
When I a radiant place could see
Above the mists, with sunlight streaming.

The heavens a deep, dark blue appeared,
The sun's fierce light and heat were flowing,
And in the golden light, upreared,
A proud cathedral pile was glowing.
It seemed to me the clouds so bright,
As if on wings, that pile was raising,
Until its spires were lost to sight
Within the blessed heavens blazing.

And lo ! that sweet bell's music broke
In quivering streams from out the tower ;
No mortal hand its tones awoke—
That bell was rung by holy power.
And through my beating heart, too, swept
That power in full and perfect measure ;
And then in that high dome I stepped
With faltering feet and tim'rous pleasure.

Yet can I not in words make known
What then I felt. On windows painted,
And darkly clear, around me shown,
Were pious scenes of martyrs sainted.
Thus wondrous clear mine eyes before,
Did they of life a picture show me;
And out into a world I saw,
Of women and God's warriors holy.

I knelt before the altar there—
Devotion, love, all through me stealing—
And all the Heaven's glory fair
Was o'er me painted on the ceiling;
And lo! when next I upward gazed,
The dome's vast arch had burst, and—wonder!—
The Heaven's gate wide open blazed,
And every veil was rent asunder!

What glories on mine eyes did fall
While thus in reverent awe still kneeling,
What holier sounds I heard than all
Of trumpet blast or organ pealing,
No words possess the power to tell!
Who truly would such bliss be feeling,
Go listen to the wondrous bell
That, weird-like, through the wood is pealing.

THE BLIND PREACHER.—WILLIAM WIRT.

It was one Sunday, as I was traveling through the county of Orange, that my eye was caught by a cluster of horses tied near a ruinous, old, wooden house, in the forest, not far from the roadside. Having frequently seen such objects before, in traveling through these States, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship. Devotion alone should have stopped me, to join in the duties of the congregation; but I must confess that curiosity to hear the preacher of such a wilderness was not the least of my motives. On entering, I was struck with his preternatural appearance. He was a tall and very spare old man; his head, which was covered with a white linen cap, his shriveled hands, and his voice, were all shaking under the influence of palsy; and a few moments ascertained to me that he was perfectly blind.

The first emotions which touched my breast were those of mingled pity and veneration. But how soon were all my feelings changed! The lips of Plato were never more worthy of a prognostic swarm of bees than were the lips of this holy man! It was a day of the administration of the sacrament; and his subject, of course, was the passion of our Saviour. I had heard the subject handled a thousand times: I had thought it exhausted long ago. Little did I suppose that, in the wild woods of America, I was to meet with a man whose eloquence would give to this topic a new and more sublime pathos than I had ever before witnessed.

As he descended from the pulpit, to distribute the mystic symbols, there was a peculiar, a more than human, solemnity in his air and manner, which made my blood run cold, and my whole frame shiver. He then drew a picture of the sufferings of our Saviour; his trial before Pilate; his ascent up Calvary; his crucifixion; and his death. I knew the whole history; but never, until then, had I heard the circumstances so selected, so arranged, so colored! It was all new; and I seemed to have heard it for the first time in my life. His enunciation was so deliberate, that his voice trembled on every syllable; and every heart in the assembly trembled in unison. His peculiar phrases had such force of description, that the original scene appeared to be at that moment acting before our eyes. We saw the very faces of the Jews; the staring, frightful distortions of malice and rage. We saw the buffet: my soul kindled with a flame of indignation; and my hands were involuntarily and convulsively clinched.

But when he came to touch on the patience, the forgiving meekness, of our Saviour; when he drew, to the life, his blessed eyes streaming in tears to heaven; his voice breathing to God a soft and gentle prayer of pardon for his enemies, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"—the voice of the preacher, which all along faltered, grew fainter and fainter, until, his utterance being entirely obstructed by the force of his feelings, he raised his handkerchief to his eyes, and burst into a loud and irrepressible flow of grief. The effect was inconceivable. The whole

house resounded with the mingled groans and sobs and shrieks of the congregation.

It was some time before the tumult had subsided so far as to permit him to proceed. Indeed, judging by the usual but fallacious standard of my own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for the situation of the preacher. For I could not conceive how he would be able to let his audience down from the height to which he had wound them, without impairing the solemnity and dignity of his subject, or perhaps shocking them by the abruptness of the fall. But—no: the descent was as beautiful and sublime, as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic. The first sentence with which he broke the awful silence was a quotation from Rousseau: "Socrates died like a philosopher; but Jesus Christ, like a God!"

I despair of giving you any idea of the effect produced by this short sentence, unless you could perfectly conceive the whole manner of the man, as well as the peculiar crisis in the discourse. Never before did I completely understand what Demosthenes meant by laying such stress on *delivery*. You are to bring before you the venerable figure of the preacher, his blindness constantly recalling to your recollection old Homer, Ossian, and Milton, and associating with his performance the melancholy grandeur of their genius: you are to imagine that you hear his slow, solemn, well-accented enunciation, and his voice of affecting, trembling melody: you are to remember the pitch of passion and enthusiasm to which the congregation were raised; and then the few moments of portentous, death-like silence which reigned throughout the house: the preacher, removing his white handkerchief from his aged face (even yet wet from the recent torrent of his tears), and slowly stretching forth the palsied hand which holds it, begins the sentence: "Socrates died like a philosopher"—then pausing, raised his other hand, pressing them both, clasped together, with warmth and energy to his breast, lifting his "sightless balls" to heaven, and pouring his whole soul into his tremulous voice—"but Jesus Christ—like a God!" If he had been in truth an angel of light, the effect could scarcely have been more divine.

THE BROKEN PITCHER.

As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping,
 With a pitcher of milk, from the Fair of Coleraine,
 When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher it tumbled,
 And all the sweet buttermilk watered the plain.

"Oh, what shall I do now?—'twas looking at you now
 Sure, sure, such a pitcher I'll ne'er meet again!
 'Twas the pride of my dairy: O Barney M'Cleary!
 You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine."

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her,
 That such a misfortune should give her such pain.
 A kiss then I gave her; and, ere I did leave her,
 She vowed for such pleasure she'd break it again.

'Twas hay-making season,—I can't tell the reason,—
 Misfortunes will never come single, 'tis plain;
 For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster—
 Sure, never a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

THE LOST STEAMSHIP.—FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

"Ho, there! Fisherman, hold your hand!
 Tell me what is that far away—
 There, where over the Isle of Sand
 Hangs the mist-cloud sullen and gray?
 See! it rocks with a ghastly life,
 Rising and rolling through clouds of spray,
 Right in the midst of the breakers' strife—
 Tell me, what is it, Fisherman, pray?"

"That, good sir, was a steamer stout
 As ever paddled around Cape Race;
 And many's the wild and stormy bout
 She had with the winds in that self-same place;
 But her time was come; and at ten o'clock
 Last night she struck on that lonesome shore;
 And her sides were gnawed by the hidden rock,
 And at dawn this morning she was no more."

"Come, as you seem to know, good man,
 The terrible fate of this gallant ship,
 Tell me about her all that you can;
 And here's my flask to moisten your lip.
 Tell me how many she had aboard—
 Wives, and husbands, and lovers true—

How did it fare with her human hoard;
Lost she many or lost she few?"

"Master, I may not drink of your flask,
Already too moist I feel my lip;
But I'm ready to do what else you ask,
And spin you my yarn about the ship:
'Twas ten o'clock, as I said, last night,
When she struck the breakers and went ashore;
And scarce had broken the morning's light
Than she sunk in twelve feet of water, or more.

"But long ere this they knew her doom,
And the Captain called all hands to prayer;
And solemnly over the ocean's boom
The orisons rose on the troublous air.
And round about the vessel there rose
Tall plumes of spray as white as snow,
Like angels in their ascension clothes,
Waiting for those who prayed below.

"So these three hundred people clung
As well as they could to spar and rope;
With a word of prayer on every tongue,
Nor on any face a glimmer of hope.
But there was no blubbering weak and wild—
Of tearful faces I saw but one,
A rough old salt, who cried like a child,
And not for himself, but the Captain's son.

"The Captain stood on the quarter-deck,
Firm, but pale, with trumpet in hand;
Sometimes he looked at the breaking wreck,
Sometimes he sadly looked to land.
And often he smiled to cheer the crew—
But, oh! the smile was terrible grim—
'Till over the quarter a huge sea flew;
And that was the last they saw of him.

"I saw one young fellow, with his bride,
Standing a-midships upon the wreck;
His face was white as the boiling tide,
And she was clinging about his neck.
And I saw them try to say good-by,
But neither could hear the other speak;
So they floated away through the sea to die—
Shoulder to shoulder, and cheek to cheek.

"And there was a child, but eight at best,
Who went his way in a sea she shipped;
All the while holding upon his breast
A little pet parrot, whose wings were clipped.

And as the boy and the bird went by,
Swinging away on a tall wave's crest,
They were gripped by a man, with a drowning cry
And together the three went down to rest.

"And so the crew went one by one,
Some with gladness, and few with fear;
Cold and hardship such work had done
That few seemed frightened when death was near.
Thus every soul on board went down—
Sailor and passenger, little and great;
The last that sank was a man of my town,
A capital swimmer—the second mate."

"Now, lonely Fisherman, who are you,
That say you saw this terrible wreck?
How do I know what you say is true,
When every mortal was swept from the deck?
Where were you in that hour of death?
How did you learn what you relate?"
His answer came in an under-breath—
"Master, I was the second mate!"

KYARLINA JIM.

FISHERMAN'S HUT, CHESAPEAKE BAY, 1876.

When you was here some sixteen year
Or so, aback, you says
A darkey named Kyarlina Jim,
He fished f'om dis yer place?

Dat yonder's him, Kyarlina Jim,
On de bench dar by de do';—
He have been po' an' weak an' bline
Sence dat long time ago.

Yes—dat 's de way he spen's each day
O' de blessed year, 'dout fail,
Wid face turned out'ard to's de bay,
Like watchin' fur a sail.

Eben when clouds 'ull come in crowds,
An' de beatin' win's 'ull blow,
He still keeps settin', pashunt, dar
In his old place by de do'.

An' de sweet sunlight, 'tis jes like night,
Ter po' Kyarlina Jim—
He's weak an' bline; so rain an' shine
Is all de same ter him.

Dat chile you see dar on his knee,
She never fails ter come
About dis time o' ev'ry day
Ter fetch Kyarlina home.

I seldom cries, but when my eyes
Lights on de chile an' Jim,
Dar's sumpin sort o' makes me feel
Kind—ter his gal an' him.

Another chile he los' long while
Ago, I'se heerd him say,
Is out dar waitin' in a boat
On de blue waves o' de bay.

I 'specs, bekase o' what he says,
Dat chile he los' 'ull come
'Fo' long, jes like dis yer one does,
And fetch Kyarlina home.

MAT AND HAL AND I.—ONLIE AMA SNOW.

'Tis while reviewing o'er my life that's past,
And only lives in memories that last,
I'm brought to youth, the spring-time of my life,
When all with joy and happiness was rife;
'Twas then I formed a friendship, lasting, true,
With two dear lads, the first my childhood knew.
How many pleasant banks we wandered o'er!
And gathered shells how oft upon the shore!
Oh, why were not our lives to be as then,
Always as pure, and free from care and sin?
For then we knew no lasting tear nor sigh,
'Twere nought but bliss with Mat and Hal and I.

I still remember well the autumn day
When Mat and Hal and I were sent away
To gain an education which might be
A constant help to us in life's great sea.
At school, how many happy hours we spent
With comrades dear, or else o'er lessons bent;
But most of all enjoyment there, I fear,
We each soon learned to know a little dear:
Mat thought the world and more of Bessie Bell;
Hal loved a wealth of curls, her name was—Nell:
Time came, at last, for us to say "good-bye";
We left our dear ones, Mat and Hal and I.

Our school days o'er, true duties claimed us now;
 Were we to preach, to plead, to war, or plow:
 I chose an avocation, humble, plain,
 The raising clustered fruit and golden grain.
 One pleasant day while trying hard to teach
 An amber grape to grow beside a peach,
 I got two missives of the grandest style,
 Containing wedding cards of Mat and Hal.
 Of course I went to town their wedding-day,
 Ate of the cake, and saw the grand display:
 To seem the gayest there each one did try,
 But none were pleased like Mat and Hal and I.

Dear Mat and Hal went on a wedding tour,
 Returned, then left our little town obscure.
 They would not stay with us, some foreign land
 Must be their home, where they could live more grand.
 At first from them, each mail a letter bore—
 They grew less frequent, came at last no more;
 I often wrote but waited all in vain,
 I got no message from my truant twain.
 The years rolled on by Time's relentless will,
 But far more vain, no message from them still;
 I thought at last to know the reason why
 We thus were severed, Mat and Hal and I.

I went to find them in their foreign land,
 But sought in vain each nook from strand to strand;
 I journeyed to a city on the shore,
 To leave the place, and look for them no more.
 While walking down a street that star-lit night,
 To board a ship which sailed at early light,
 I heard a scream; and looking just before,
 I saw some person stagger from a door—
 Another staggered out—I heard a shot—
 He also screamed and fell near the same spot.
 I hastened to the place—my God on high,
 Why thus?—we'd met, dear Mat and Hal and I.

Both dead: by light of the pale, weeping moon,
 I looked and read, "Hal Gregory's Saloon."
 I learned that Hal while drunk had shot Mat Reed,
 And killed himself when conscious of the deed.
 I saw and wept that Mat and Hal had sown
 A sin so deep that thus they must atone.
 We laid them in the quiet graveyard there,
 And offered up to God our strongest prayer,
 And as the clods upon their coffins fell,
 I saw two tombs, and on them "Bess" and "Nell."
 I read it all, heart-broken both did die;
 And thus we parted, Mat and Hal and I.

OUR VISITOR, AND WHAT HE CAME FOR.

He came in with an interrogation-point in one eye, and a stick in one hand. One eye was covered with a handkerchief and one arm in a sling. His bearing was that of a man with a settled purpose in view.

"I want to see," said he, "the man that puts things into this paper."

We intimated that several of us earned a frugal livelihood in that way.

"Well, I want to see the man which cribs things out of the other papers. The fellow who writes mostly with shears, you understand."

We explained to him that there were seasons when the most gifted among us, driven to frenzy by the scarcity of ideas and events, and by the clamorous demands of an insatiable public, in moments of emotional insanity plunged the glittering shears into our exchanges. He went on calmly, but in a voice tremulous with suppressed feeling, and indistinct through the recent loss of half a dozen or so of his front teeth,—

"Just so. I presume so. I don't know much about this business; but I want to see a man, the man that printed that little piece about pouring cold water down a drunken man's spine of his back, and making him instantly sober. If you please, I want to see that man. I would like to talk with him."

Then he leaned his stick against our desk and spit on his serviceable hand, and resumed his hold on the stick as though he were weighing it. After studying the stick a minute, he added, in a somewhat louder tone,—

"Mister, I came here to see that 'ere man. I want to see him bad."

We told him that particular man was not in.

"Just so. I presume so. They told me before I come that the man I wanted to see wouldn't be anywhere. I'll wait for him. I live up north, and I walked seven miles to converse with that man. I guess I'll sit down and wait."

He sat down by the door, and reflectively pounded the floor with his stick, but his feelings would not allow him to keep still.

"I suppose none of you didn't ever pour much cold water down any drunken man's back to make him instantly sober, perhaps?"

None of us in the office had ever tried the experiment.

"Just so. I thought just as like as not you had not. Well, mister, I have. I tried it yesterday, and I have come seven miles on foot to see the man that printed that piece. It wasn't much of a piece, I don't think; but I want to see the man that printed it, just for a few minutes. You see, John Smith, he lives next door to my house, when I'm to home, and he gets how-come-you-so every little period. Now, when he's sober, he's all right, if you keep out of his way; but when he's drunk, he goes home and breaks dishes, and tips over the stove, and throws the hardware around, and makes it inconvenient for his wife; and sometimes he gets his gun and goes out calling on his neighbors, and it ain't pleasant.

"Not that I want to say any thing about Smith; but me and my wife don't think he ought to do so. He came home drunk yesterday, and broke all the kitchen windows out of his house, and followed his wife around with the carving knife, talking about her liver, and after awhile he lay down by my fence and went to sleep. I had been reading that little piece: it wasn't much of a piece; and I thought if I could pour some water down his spine, on his back, and make him sober, it would be more comfortable for his wife and a square thing to do all around. So I poured a bucket of spring-water down John Smith's spine of his back."

"Well," said we, as our visitor paused, "did it make him sober?" Our visitor took a firmer hold of his stick and replied with increased emotion,—

"Just so. I suppose it did make him as sober as a judge in less time than you could say Jack Robinson; but, mister, it made him mad. It made him the maddest man I ever see; and, mister, John Smith is a bigger man than me and stouter. Bla—bless him, I never knew he was half so stout till yesterday; and he's handy with his fists too. I should suppose he's the handiest man with his fists I ever saw."

"Then he went for you, did he?" we asked innocently.

"Just so. Exactly. I suppose he went for me about the best he knew; but I don't hold no grudge against John

Smith! I suppose he ain't a good man to hold a grudge against, only I want to see the man that printed that piece. I want to see him bad. I feel as though it would soothe me to see that man. I want to show him how a drunken man acts when you pour cold water down the spine of his back. That's what I come for."

Our visitor, who had poured water down the spine of a drunken man's back, remained until about six o'clock in the evening, and then went up-street to find the man that printed that little piece. The man he is looking for started for Alaska last evening for a summer vacation, and will not be back before September of next year.

THE LOST BABIES.

Come, my wife, put down the Bible,
Lay your glasses on your book;
Both of us are bent and aged—
Backward, mother, let us look!
This is still the same old homestead
Where I brought you long ago,
When the hair was bright with sunshine
That is now like winter's snow.
Let us talk about the babies
As we sit here all alone,
Such a merry troop of youngsters:
How we lost them one by one.

Jack, the first of all the party,
Came to us one winter's night,—
Jack, you said, should be a parson,
Long before he saw the light.
Do you see that great cathedral,
Filled, the transept and the nave,
Hear the organ grandly pealing,
Watch the silken hangings wave;
See the priest in robes of office,
With the altar at his back—
Would you think that gifted preacher
Could be our own little Jack?

Then a girl with curly tresses
Used to climb upon my knee,
Like a little fairy princess
Ruling at the age of three.

With the years there came a wedding—
 How your fond heart swelled with pride
 When the lord of all the county
 Chose your baby for his bride!
 Watch that stately carriage coming,
 And the form reclining there—
 Would you think that brilliant lady
 Could be our own little Clare?

Then the last, a blue-eyed youngster—
 I can hear him prattling now—
 Such a strong and sturdy fellow,
 With his broad and honest brow.
 How he used to love his mother!
 Ah! I see your trembling lip:
 He is far off on the water,
 Captain of a royal ship.
 See the bronze upon his forehead,
 Hear the voice of stern command—
 That's the boy who clung so fondly
 To his mother's gentle hand!

Ah! my wife, we've lost the babies,
 Ours so long and ours alone;
 Now transformed to these great people,—
 Stately men and woman grown.
 Seldom do we even see them;
 Yes, a bitter tear-drop starts,
 And we sit here in the firelight,
 Lonely hearth and lonely hearts.
 All their lives seem full without us;
 They'll stop long enough one day
 Just to lay us in the churchyard,—
 Then they'll each go on their way.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S SCALES.—JANE TAYLOR.

A monk, when his rites sacerdotal were o'er,
 In the depth of his cell with his stone-covered floor,
 Resigning to thought his chimerical brain,
 Once formed the contrivance we now shall explain,
 But whether by magic's or alchemy's powers
 We know not; indeed, 'tis no business of ours.
 Perhaps it was only by patience and care,
 At last, that he brought his invention to bear.
 In youth 'twas projected, but years stole away,
 And ere 'twas complete he was wrinkled and gray;
 But success is secure, unless energy fails;
 And at length he produced **THE PHILOSOPHER'S SCALES.**

"What were they?" you ask. You shall presently see;
These scales were not made to weigh sugar and tea;
Oh, no; for such properties wondrous had they,
That qualities, feelings, and thoughts they could weigh,
Together with articles, small or immense,
From mountains or planets to atoms of sense.
Naught was there so bulky but there it would lay,
And naught so ethereal but there it would stay,
And naught so reluctant but in it must go:
All which some examples more clearly will show.

The first thing he weighed was the head of Voltaire,
Which retained all the wit that had ever been there.
As a weight he threw in a torn scrap of a leaf,
Containing the prayer of the penitent thief;
When the skull rose aloft with so sudden a spell,
That it bounced like a ball on the roof of the cell.

One time he put in Alexander the Great,
With the garment that Dorcas had made, for a weight;
And though clad in armor from sandals to crown,
The hero rose up, and the garment went down.

A long row of almshouses, amply endowed
By a well-esteemed Pharisee, busy and proud,
Next loaded one scale; while the other was pressed
By those mites the poor widow dropped into the chest;
Up flew the endowment, not weighing an ounce,
And down, down the farthing-worth came with a bounce.

Again, he performed an experiment rare;
A monk, with austerities bleeding and bare,
Climbed into his scale; in the other was laid
The heart of our Howard, now partly decayed;
When he found, with surprise, that the whole of his brother
Weighed less, by some pounds, than this bit of the other.

By further experiments (no matter how),
He found that ten chariots weighed less than one plow;
A sword with gilt trappings rose up in the scale,
Though balanced by only a ten-penny nail;
A shield and a helmet, a buckler and spear,
Weighed less than a widow's uncrystallized tear;
A lord and a lady went up at full sail,
When a bee chanced to light on the opposite scale;
Ten doctors, ten lawyers, two courtiers, one earl,
Ten counselors' wigs, full of powder and curl,
All heaped in one balance, and swinging from thence,
Weighed less than a few grains of candor and sense:
A first-water diamond, with brilliants begirt,
Than one good potato just washed from the dirt;

Yet not mountains of silver and gold could suffice
One pearl to outweigh—'twas THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

Last of all the whole world was bowled in at the grate
With the soul of a beggar to serve for a weight,
When the former sprang up with so strong a rebuff,
That it made a vast rent and escaped at the roof!
When balanced in air it ascended on high,
And sailed up aloft, a balloon in the sky;
While the scale with the soul in 't so mightily fell,
That it jerked the philosopher out of his cell.

MORAL.

Dear reader, if e'er self-deception prevails,
We pray you to try *The Philosopher's Scales*:
But if they are lost in the ruins around,
Perhaps a good substitute thus may be found:—
Let *judgment* and *conscience* in circles be cut,
To which strings of *thought* may be carefully put:
Let these be made even with caution extreme,
And *impartiality* use for a beam:
Then bring those good actions which pride overrates,
And tear up your *motives* to serve for the weights.

THE UNPAID SEAMSTRESS.—A NOTE OF WARNING.

"Error is wrought by want of thought,
As well as of the heart."

She was but an average American girl. But on this last day of girlhood, when her face beamed with love and her tears and smiles seemed frolicking with each other, she was very pretty and sweet.

The house was full of kinsfolk, and bustle and merriment and life-long mates, who came with good wishes, good byes and bridal gifts.

And on that morning came a lone woman; thin and pale, weary and worn she was. Very quietly she lay down her heavy bundle.

"I could not leave Mamie, last night, to bring them," she said gently.

"Oh, I knew you'd come; you never disappoint anybody," said the happy girl opening the bundle. "How beautifully you have made them! Kate, Louise, see how nicely Mrs. Allen sews."

"I speak for your needle when I get married!" cried one.

LLLL

"And I!" laughed the other.

Mrs. Allen heeded not, scarcely heard. All about her brought back so vividly the little while ago when she too stood between the old life and the new, and her whole soul quivered with happiness; when she too leaned, with a full love and trust, on one—good, kind, and true. Then she heard that shrill whistle of the proud locomotive; saw it bound down the deep, dark gorge; heard those shrieks and moans and groans. Then she thought of that grave, flower-covered now, where, with a breaking heart, she had laid that broken body, thanking God her own beloved would suffer no more, and thence came forth to suffer alone. Then came a sweet thought of that dear little girl who, in that hour of bitter sorrow, was her joy; for whom she lived on then, and for whom (since in the panic, her means had all been lost) she had labored. As thoughts of *her*—her stimulant, her idol, her all—came upon her, she roused herself to hear:

"I am very much pleased with your work, Mrs. Allen, and I am sorry,—but, really, money slips through one's fingers so at such a time, I haven't any to pay you. Come around to-morrow, and mother will pay you, and give you some flowers and goodies for Mamie."

In a dazed way, Mrs. Allen, half sick and heart-sick, turned to go, but *could not*, and said falteringly:

"Mamie is sick, and I did hope to get something for her."

"It is too bad! Please go into the store and ask father to pay you. Tell him I sent you."

Mrs. Allen went to the store and asked for the father. He was not in; no one knew where he was. With a slow step, for the heavy heart she took back weighed her down more than the bundle she brought out, she turned to her home. Bewildered by her hopelessness and need of food, life seemed a burden she could bear no longer, and as she crossed her threshold she sank down. But a sweet voice called:

"Mamma, dear mamma, what have you brought me to eat?"

Love winged her tired feet and she went to a neighbor near,—one who had always been kind to and thoughtful for her. She had never begged, and now she would but borrow. The neighbor had gone to get a present for the bride. She went down to the road, looked up and down, then deliber-

ately turned back, asked for pencil and paper and wrote it all.

The neighbor came in late. It had not been easy to find anything the like of which had not been selected by some one; the teapot was smoking and she was chilled, and the family impatient. So tea was over and toilets commenced as quickly as possible.

The church and the home were dressed with flowers; the bride never looked so well; the presents were a very medley of rich and simple, useful and useless, delicate and common, but by their number a flattery and a charm. And life and light and joy was in all and over all.

The morning of so bright a night found all the town weary and dull and lazy. Over late breakfasts they reviewed the last evening. Half-envious criticisms of dress, sarcastic imitation of manners, just and unjust, took the place of the honeyed praises and sweet smiles of the last night.

And the heavens, too, were changed. Where shone the crescent moon and the brilliant stars now were cloud masses charged with snow. Slowly and calmly the storm commenced, heavy and thick it grew. The fierce wind came up and caught the little flakes and hurled them and whirled them about. All the day long, all the night long, earth and air and sky were snow; and nought could be heard but the howling winds.

Much of the dull day and all the night the neighbor had slept, and with bright eyes and rested body, looked out on the clear, broad, unbroken expanse—pure, clean, white, and dazzling in the sunbeams,—looked across to Mrs. Allen's cottage, and at breakfast said to her husband:

"As soon as the snow-ploughs have been along, I wish you would send John over to dig Mrs. Allen's path."

"Certainly, certainly. No woman could dig through this snow."

"She just looked sick-a-bed when she was afther writin' her letter to yez," spoke the girl.

"Writing a letter to me! When?"

"When ye's afther buyin' yer prisent."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"Faith, ma'am, I put it on the rack, where ye's always tells me to."

"Go get it."

She could scarcely read it through her tear-dimmed eyes.

"No food, no fire—two days ago! And this fearful storm! Why haven't I seen to her? I might have known she wouldn't beg. Oh, I wish I had given her the money I spent on that *thoughtless* girl!"

The unfinished breakfast was left, and her husband, as anxious as she, with his man, both loaded with food and wood, tramped and shoveled a path through which she waded across with steaming coffee.

They found on the bed, with closed eyes, composed limbs, and hands folded across the breast, the loved Mamie. And by her the mother, turned to ice, kneeling, with clasped hands, up turned eyes, and tear-drops frozen upon her cheeks.

THE PUZZLED CENSUS-TAKER.—JOHN G. SAXE.

"NEIN" (pronounced *NEEN*) is the German for "No."

"Got any boys?" the marshal said
To a lady from over the Rhine;
And the lady shook her flaxen head,
And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"Got any girls?" the marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again the lady shook her head,
And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"But some are dead?" the marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again the lady shook her head,
And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"Husband, of course," the marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again she shook her flaxen head,
And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"The devil you have!" the marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again she shook her flaxen head,
And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"Now, what do you mean by shaking your head,
And always answering 'Nine'?"

"*Ich kann nicht Englisch!*" civilly said
The lady from over the Rhine.

PAPA'S LETTER.

I was sitting in my study,
Writing letters, when I heard,
"Please, dear mamma, Mary told me
Mamma mustn't be 'isturbed.

"But I'se tired of the kitty,
Want some ozzier fink to do.
Witing letters, is 'ou, mamma?
Tan't I wite a letter too?"

"Not now, darling, mamma's busy;
Run and play with kitty, now."
"No, no, mamma; me wite letter.
Tan if 'ou will show me how."

I would paint my darling's portrait
As his sweet eyes searched my face—
Hair of gold and eyes of azure,
Form of childish, witching grace.

But the eager face was clouded,
As I slowly shook my head,
Till I said, "I'll make a letter
Of you, darling boy, instead."

So I parted back the tresses
From his forehead high and white,
And a stamp in sport I pasted
'Mid its waves of golden light.

Then I said, "Now, little letter,
Go away and bear good news."
And I smiled as down the staircase
Clattered loud the little shoes.

Leaving me, the darling hurried
Down to Mary in his glee,
"Mamma's witing lots of letters;
I'se a letter, Mary—see!"

No one heard the little prattle,
As once more he climbed the stair,
Reached his little cap and tippet,
Standing on the entry stair.

No one heard the front door open,
No one saw the golden hair,
As it floated o'er his shoulders
In the crisp October air.

Down the street the baby hastened
Till he reached the office door.

"I've a letter, Mr. Postman;
Is there room for any more?"

"'Cause dis letter's doin' to papa,
Papa lives with God, 'ou know,
Mamma sent me for a letter,
Does 'ou fink 'at I tan go?"

But the clerk in wonder answered,
"Not to-day, my little man."
"Den I'll find anoizzer office,
'Cause I must do if I tan."

Fain the clerk would have detained him,
But the pleading face was gone,
And the little feet were hastening—
By the busy crowd swept on.

Suddenly the crowd was parted,
People fled to left and right,
As a pair of maddened horses
At the moment dashed in sight.

No one saw the baby figure—
No one saw the golden hair,
Till a voice of frightened sweetness
Rang out on the autumn air.

'Twas too late—a moment only
Stood the beauteous vision there,
Then the little face lay lifeless,
Covered o'er with golden hair.

Reverently they raised my darling,
Brushed away the curls of gold,
Saw the stamp upon the forehead,
Growing now so icy cold.

Not a mark the face disfigured,
Showing where a hoof had trod;
But the little life was ended—
"Papa's letter" was with God.

MY MOTHER AT THE GATE.—MATILDA C. EDWARDS.

Oh, there's many a lovely picture
On memory's silent wall,
There's many a cherished image
That I tenderly recall!

The sweet home of my childhood,
With its singing brooks and birds,
The friends who grew around me,
With their loving looks and words;
The flowers that decked the wildwood,
The roses fresh and sweet,
The blue-bells and the daisies
That blossomed at my feet—
All, all are very precious,
And often come to me,
Like breezes from that country
That shines beyond death's sea.
But the sweetest, dearest image
That fancy can create,
Is the image of my mother,
My mother at the gate.

There, there I see her standing,
With her face so pure and fair,
With the sunlight and the shadows
On her snowy cap and hair;
I can feel the soft, warm pressure
Of the hand that clasped my own;
I can see the look of fondness
That in her blue eyes shone;
I can hear her parting blessing
Through the lapse of weary years;
I can see, through all my sorrow,
Her own sad, silent tears,—
Ah! amid the darkest trials
That have mingled with my fate,
I have turned to that dear image,
My mother at the gate.

But she has crossed the river,
She is with the angels now,
She has laid aside earth's burdens,
And the crown is on her brow.
She is clothed in clean, white linen,
And she walks the streets of gold.
Oh! loved one, safe forever
Within the Saviour's fold,
No sorrowing thought can reach thee,
No grief is thine to-day;
God gives thee joy for mourning,
He wipes thy tears away!
Thou art waiting in that city
Where the holy angels wait,
And when I cross the river
I will see thee at the gate!

THE BELL OF ATRI.—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Atri in Abruzzo, a small town
Of ancient Roman date, but scant renown,
One of those little places that have run
Half up the hill, beneath a blazing sun,
And then sat down to rest, as if to say,
"I climb no farther upward, come what may,"—
The Re Giovanni, now unknown to fame,
So many monarchs since have borne the name,
Had a great bell hung in the market-place,
Beneath a roof projecting some small space,
By way of shelter from the sun and rain.
Then rode he through the streets with all his train,
And, with the blast of trumpets loud and long,
Made proclamation, that, whenever wrong
Was done to any man, he should but ring
The great bell in the square, and he, the king,
Would cause the syndic to decide thereon.
Such was the proclamation of King John.

How swift the happy days in Atri sped,
What wrongs were righted, need not here be said.
Suffice it that, as all things must decay,
The hempen rope at length was worn away,
Unraveled at the end, and, strand by strand,
Loosened and wasted in the ringer's hand,
Till one, who noted this in passing by,
Mended the rope with braids of briony,
So that the leaves and tendrils of the vine
Hung like a votive garland at a shrine.

By chance it happened that in Atri dwelt
A knight, with spur on heel and sword in belt,
Who loved to hunt the wild-boar in the woods,
Who loved his falcons with their crimson hoods,
Who loved his hounds and horses, and all sports
And prodigalities of camps and courts,—
Loved, or had loved them; for at last, grown old,
His only passion was the love of gold.
He sold his horses, sold his hawks and hounds,
Rented his vineyards and his garden-grounds,
Kept but one steed, his favorite steed of all,
To starve and shiver in a naked stall,
And, day by day, sat brooding in his chair
Devising plans how best to hoard and spare.

At length he said, "What is the use or need
To keep at my own cost this lazy steed,

Eating his head off in my stables here,
 When rents are low and provender is dear?
 Let him go feed upon the public ways:
 I want him only for the holidays."
 So the old steed was turned into the heat
 Of the long, lonely, silent, shadeless street;
 And wandered in suburban lanes forlorn,
 Barked at by dogs, and torn by briar and thorn.

One afternoon, as in that sultry clime
 It is the custom in the summer-time,
 With bolted doors and window-shutters closed,
 The inhabitants of Atri slept or dozed;
 When suddenly upon their senses fell
 The loud alarum of the accusing bell!
 The syndic started from his deep repose,
 Turned on his couch, and listened, and then rose
 And donned his robes, and with reluctant pace
 Went panting forth into the market-place,
 Where the great bell upon its cross-beam swung,
 Reiterating with persistent tongue,
 In half-articulate jargon, the old song,
 "Some one hath done a wrong, hath done a wrong!"

But ere he reached the belfry's light arcade,
 He saw, or thought he saw, beneath its shade,
 No shape of human form of woman born,
 But a poor steed dejected and forlorn,
 Who with uplifted head and eager eye
 Was tugging at the vines of briony.
 "Domeneddio!" cried the syndic straight,
 "This is the Knight of Atri's steed of state!
 He calls for justice, being sore distressed,
 And pleads his cause as loudly as the best."

Meanwhile from street and lane a noisy crowd
 Had rolled together like a summer cloud,
 And told the story of the wretched beast
 In five-and-twenty different ways at least,
 With much gesticulation and appeal
 To heathen gods, in their excessive zeal.
 The knight was called and questioned: in reply
 Did not confess the fact, did not deny,
 Treated the matter as a pleasant jest,
 And set at naught the syndic and the rest,
 Maintaining in an angry undertone,
 That he should do what pleased him with his own.

And thereupon the syndic gravely read
 The proclamation of the king; then said,
 "Pride goeth forth on horseback grand and gay,
 But cometh back on foot, and begs its way:

LLLL

Fame is the fragrance of heroic deeds,
Of flowers of chivalry and not of weeds!
These are familiar proverbs; but I fear
They never yet have reached your knightly ear.
What fair renown, what honor, what repute,
Can come to you from starving this poor brute?
He who serves well and speaks not, merits more
Than they who clamor loudest at the door.
Therefore, the law decrees that as this steed
Served you in youth, henceforth you shall take heed
To comfort his old age, and to provide
Shelter in stall, and food and field beside."

The knight withdrew abashed: the people all
Led home the steed in triumph to his stall.
The king heard and approved, and laughed in glee,
And cried aloud, "Right well it pleaseth me!
Church bells at best but ring us to the door,
But go not in to mass. My bell doth more:
It cometh into court, and pleads the cause
Of creatures dumb and unknown to the laws.
And this shall make, in every Christian clime,
The Bell of Atri famous for all time."

—*Atlantic Monthly*

TOO LATE FOR THE TRAIN.

When they reached the depot, Mr. Mann and his wife gazed in unspeakable disappointment at the receding train, which was just pulling away from the bridge switch at the rate of a mile a minute. Their first impulse was to run after it, but as the train was out of sight and whistling for Sometown before they could act upon the impulse, they remained in the carriage and disconsolately turned their horses' heads homeward.

Mr. Mann broke the silence, very grimly: "It all comes of having to wait for a woman to get ready."

"I was ready before you were," replied his wife.

"Great heavens," cried Mr. Mann, with great impatience, nearly jerking the horses' jaws out of place, "just listen to that! And I sat in the buggy ten minutes yelling at you to come along until the whole neighborhood heard me."

"Yes," acquiesced Mrs. Mann with the provoking placidity which no one can assume but a woman, "and every time I

started down stairs you sent me back for something you had forgotten."

Mr. Mann groaned. "This is too much to bear," he said, "when everybody knows that if I were going to Europe I would just rush into the house, put on a clean shirt, grab up my grip sack, and fly, while you would want at least six months for preliminary preparations, and then dawdle around the whole day of starting until every train had left town."

Well, the upshot of the matter was that the Manns put off their visit to Aurora until the next week, and it was agreed that each one should get himself or herself ready and go down to the train and go, and the one who failed to get ready should be left. The day of the match came around in due time. The train was going at 10.30, and Mr. Mann, after attending to his business, went home at 9.45.

"Now, then," he shouted, "only three-quarters of an hour's time. Fly around; a fair field and no favors, you know."

And away they flew. Mr. Mann bulged into this room and flew through that one, and dived into one closet after another with inconceivable rapidity, chuckling under his breath all the time to think how cheap Mrs. Mann would feel when he started off alone. He stopped on his way up stairs to pull off his heavy boots to save time. For the same reason he pulled off his coat as he ran through the dining room and hung it on a corner of the silver closet. Then he jerked off his vest as he rushed through the hall and tossed it on the hat-rack hook, and by the time he had reached his own room he was ready to plunge into his clean clothes. He pulled out a bureau drawer and began to paw at the things like a Scotch terrier after a rat.

"Eleanor," he shrieked, "where are my shirts?"

"In your bureau drawer," calmly replied Mrs. Mann, who was standing before a glass calmly and deliberately coaxing a refractory crimp into place.

"Well, but they ain't!" shouted Mr. Mann, a little annoyed. "I've emptied everything out of the drawer, and there isn't a thing in it I ever saw before."

Mrs. Mann stepped back a few paces, held her head on one side, and after satisfying herself that the crimp would do, replied: "These things scattered around on the floor are

all mine. Probably you haven't been looking into your own drawer."

"I don't see," testily observed Mr. Mann, "why you couldn't have put my things out for me when you had nothing else to do all the morning."

"Because," said Mrs. Mann, setting herself into an additional article of raiment with awful deliberation, "nobody put mine out for me. A fair field and no favors, my dear."

Mr. Mann plunged into his shirt like a bull at a red flag.

"Foul!" he shouted in malicious triumph, "No buttons on the neck!"

"Because," said Mrs. Mann, sweetly, after a deliberate stare at the fidgeting, impatient man, during which she buttoned her dress and put eleven pins where they would do the most good, "because you have got the shirt on wrong side out."

When Mr. Mann slid out of the shirt he began to sweat. He dropped the shirt three times before he got it on, and while it was over his head he heard the clock strike ten. When his head came through he saw Mrs. Mann coaxing the ends and bows of her necktie.

"Where are my shirt studs?" he cried.

Mrs. Mann went out into another room and presently came back with gloves and hat, and saw Mr. Mann emptying all the boxes he could find in and around the bureau. Then she said, "In the shirt you just pulled off."

Mrs. Mann put on her gloves while Mr. Mann hunted up and down the room for his cuff-buttons.

"Eleanor," he snarled, at last, "I believe you must know where those cuff-buttons are."

"I haven't seen them," said the lady settling her hat; "didn't you lay them down on the window sill in the sitting-room last night?"

Mr. Mann remembered, and he went down stairs on the run. He stepped on one of his boots and was immediately landed in the hall at the foot of the stairs with neatness and dispatch, attended in the transmission with more bumps than he could count with Webb's Adder, and landed with a bang like the Hell Gate explosion.

"Are you nearly ready, Algernon?" sweetly asked the wife of his bosom, leaning over the banisters.

The unhappy man groaned. "Can't you throw me down the other boot?" he asked.

Mrs. Mann, pityingly, kicked it down to him.

"My valise?" he inquired, as he tugged at the boot.

"Up in your dressing-room," she answered.

"Packed?"

"I do not know; unless you packed it yourself, probably not," she replied, with her hand on the door knob; "I had barely time to pack my own."

She was passing out of the gate when the door opened, and he shouted, "Where in the name of goodness did you put my vest? It has all my money in it!"

"You threw it on the hat rack," she called. "Good-bye, dear."

Before she got to the corner of the street she was hailed again.

"Eleanor! Eleanor! Eleanor Mann! Did you wear off my coat?"

She paused and turned, after signaling the street car to stop, and cried, "You threw it in the silver closet."

The street car engulfed her graceful form and she was seen no more. But the neighbors say that they heard Mr. Mann charging up and down the house, rushing out of the front door every now and then, shrieking after the unconscious Mrs. Mann, to know where his hat was, and where she put the valise key, and if she had his clean socks and undershirts, and that there wasn't a linen collar in the house. And when he went away at last, he left the kitchen door, the side door and the front door, all the down stairs windows and the front gate, wide open.

The loungers around the depot were somewhat amused, just as the train was pulling out of sight down in the yards, to see a flushed, enterprising man, with his hat on sideways, his vest unbuttoned and necktie flying, and his grip sack flapping open and shut like a demented shutter on a March night, and a door key in his hand, dash wildly across the platform and halt in the middle of the track, glaring in dejected, impotent, wrathful mortification at the departing train, and shaking his fist at a pretty woman who was throwing kisses at him from the rear platform of the last car.

THE DEATH OF HOFER.—JAMES C. MANGAN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JULIUS MOSEN.

At Mantua long had lain in chains
The gallant Hofer bound ;
But now his day of doom was come—
At morn the deep roll of the drum
Resounded o'er the soldiered plains.
O Heaven ! with what a deed of dole
The hundred thousand wrongs were crowned
Of trodden-down Tyrol !

With iron-fettered arms and hands
The hero moved along,
His heart was calm, his eye was clear—
Death was for traitor slaves to fear !
He oft amid his mountain bands,
Where Inn's dark wintry waters roll,
Had faced it with his battle-song,
The Sandwirth of Tyrol.

Anon he passed the fortress wall,
And heard the wail that broke
From many a brother thrall within.
"Farewell !" he cried. "Soon may you win
Your liberty ! God shield you all !
Lament not me ! I see my goal.
Lament the land that wears the yoke,
Your land and mine, Tyrol !"

So through the files of musketeers
Undauntedly he passed,
And stood within the hollow square.
Well might he glance around him there,
And proudly think on by-gone years !
Amid such serfs *his* bannerol,
Thank God ! had never braved the blast
On thy green hills, Tyrol !

They bade him kneel ; but he with all
A patriot's truth replied—
"I kneel alone to God on high—
As thus I stand so dare I die,
As oft I fought so let me fall !
Farewell"—his breast a moment swoll
With agony he strove to hide—
"My Kaiser and Tyrol !"

No more emotion he betrayed.
Again he bade farewell

To Francis and the faithful men
Who girt his throne. His hands were then
Unbound for prayer, and thus he prayed:
"God of the Free, receive my soul!
And you, slaves, fire!" So bravely fell
Thy foremost man, Tyrol!

MAGDALENA, OR THE SPANISH DUEL

Near the city of Sevilla,
Years and years ago—
Dwelt a lady in a villa
Years and years ago;—
And her hair was black as night,
And her eyes were starry bright;
Olives on her brow were blooming,
Roses red her lips perfuming,
And her step was light and airy
As the tripping of a fairy;
When she spoke, you thought, each minute,
'Twas the trilling of a linnet;
When she sang, you heard a gush
Of full-voiced sweetness like a thrush;
And she struck from the guitar
Ringing music, sweeter far
Than the morning breezes make
Through the lime trees when they shake—
Than the ocean murmuring o'er
Pebbles on the foamy shore.
Orphaned both of sire and mother
Dwelt she in that lonely villa,
Absent now her guardian brother
On a mission from Sevilla.
Skills it little now the telling
How I wooed that maiden fair,
Tracked her to her lonely dwelling
And obtained an entrance there.
Ah! that lady of the villa—
And I loved her so,
Near the city of Sevilla,
Years and years ago.
Ay de mi!—Like echoes falling
Sweet and sad and low,
Voices come at night, recalling
Years and years ago.
Once again I'm sitting near thee,
Beautiful and bright;

Once again I see and hear thee
In the autumn night;
Once again I'm whispering to thee
Faltering words of love;
Once again with song I woo thee
In the orange grove
Growing near that lonely villa
Where the waters flow
Down to the city of Sevilla—
Years and years ago.

'Twas an autumn eve; the splendor
Of the day was gone,
And the twilight, soft and tender,
Stole so gently on
That the eye could scarce discover
How the shadows, spreading over,
Like a veil of silver gray,
Toned the golden clouds, sun-painted,
Till they paled, and paled, and fainted
From the face of heaven away.
And a dim light, rising slowly,
O'er the welkin spread,
Till the blue sky, calm and holy,
Gleamed above our head;
And the thin moon, newly nascent,
Shone in glory meek and sweet,
As Murillo paints her crescent
Underneath Madonna's feet.
And we sat outside the villa
Where the waters flow
Down to the city of Sevilla—
Years and years ago.

There we sate—the mighty river
Wound its serpent course along
Silent, dreamy Guadalquivir,
Famed in many a song.
Silver gleaming 'mid the plain
Yellow with the golden grain,
Gliding down through deep, rich meadows
Where the sated cattle rove,
Stealing underneath the shadows
Of the verdant olive grove;
With its plenitude of waters,
Ever flowing calm and slow,
Loved by Andalusia's daughters,
Sung by poets long ago.
Seated half within a bower
Where the languid evening breeze

Shook out odors in a shower
From oranges and citron trees,

Sang she from a romancero,
How a Moorish chieftain bold
Fought a Spanish caballero
By Sevilla's walls of old.

How they battled for a lady,
Fairest of the maids of Spain—
How the Christian's lance, so steady,
Pierced the Moslem through the brain.

Then she ceased—her black eyes moving,
Flashed, as asked she with a smile,—
“Say, are maids as fair and loving—
Men as faithful, in your isle?”

“British maids,” I said, “are ever
Counted fairest of the fair;
Like the swans on yonder river
Moving with a stately air.

“Wooded not quickly, won not lightly—
But, when won, forever true;
Trial draws the bond more tightly,
Time can ne'er the knot undo.”

“And the men?”—“Ah! dearest lady,
Are—quien sabe? who can say?
To make love they're ever ready,
Where they can and where they may;

“Fixed as waves, as breezes steady
In a changeful April day—
Como brisas, como rios,
No se sabe, sabe Dios.”

“Are they faithful?”—“Ah! quien sabe?
Who can answer that they are?
While we may we should be happy.”—
Then I took up her guitar,
And I sang in sportive strain,
This song to an old air of Spain.

“QUIEN SABE.”

I.

“The breeze of the evening that cools the hot air,
That kisses the orange and shakes out thy hair,
Is its freshness less welcome, less sweet its perfume,
That you know not the region from which it is come?
Whence the wind blows, where the wind goes,

"Hola! Senor," very near me,
Cries a voice of stern command.

And a stalwart caballero
Comes upon me with a stride,
On his head a slouched sombrero,
A toledo by his side.

From his breast he flung his capa
With a stately Spanish air—
[On the whole, he looked the chap a
Man to slight would scarcely dare.]

"Will your worship have the goodness
To release that lady's hand?"—

"Senor," I replied, "this rudeness
I am not prepared to stand,

"Magdalena, say"—the maiden,
With a cry of wild surprise,
As with secret sorrow laden,
Fainting sank before my eyes.

Then the Spanish caballero
Bowed with haughty courtesy,
Solemn as a tragic hero,
And announced himself to me.

"Senor, I am Don Camillo
Guzman Miguel Pedrillo
De Xymenes y Ribera
Y Santallos y Herrera
Y de Rivas y Mendoza
Y Quintana y de Rosa
Y Zorilla y"—"No more, sir,

'Tis as good as twenty score, sir,"
Said I to him, with a frown;

"Mucha bulla para nada,
No palabras, draw your 'spada;
If you're up for a duello
You will find I'm just your fellow—
Senor, I am Peter Brown!"

By the river's bank that night,
Foot to foot in strife,
Fought we in the dubious light
A fight of death or life.

Don Camillo slashed my shoulder,
With the pain I grew the bolder,
Close, and closer still I pressed;
Fortune favored me at last,
I broke his guard, my weapon passed
Through the caballero's breast—

Down to the earth went Don Camillo
 Guzman Miguel Pedrillo
 De Xymenes y Ribera
 Y Santallos y Herrera
 Y de Rivas y Mendoza
 Y Quintana y de Rosa
 Y Zorilla y—One groan,
 And he lay motionless as stone.
 The man of many names went down,
 Pierced by the sword of Peter Brown!

Kneeling down, I raised his head;
 The caballero faintly said,
 "Senor Ingles, fly from Spain
 With all speed, for you have slain
 A Spanish noble, Don Camillo
 Guzman Miguel Pedrillo
 De Xymenes y Ribera
 Y Santallos y Herrera
 Y de Rivas y Mendoza
 Y Quintana y de Rosa
 Y Zorilla y"—He swooned
 With the bleeding from his wound.
 If he be living still, or dead,
 I never knew, I ne'er shall know.
 That night from Spain in haste I fled,
 Years and years ago.

Oft when autumn eve is closing,
 Pensive, puffing a cigar,
 In my chamber lone reposing,
 Musing half, and half a-dozing,
 Comes a vision from afar
 Of that lady of the villa
 In her satin, fringed mantilla,
 And that haughty caballero
 With his capa and sombrero,
 Vainly in my mind revolving
 That long, jointed, endless name;—
 'Tis a riddle past my solving,
 Who he was or whence he came.
 Was he that brother home returned?
 Was he some former lover spurned?
 Or some family *fiance*
 That the lady did not fancy?
 Was he any one of those?
 Sabe Dios. Ah! God knows.
 Sadly smoking my manilla,
 Much I long to know
 How fares the lady of the villa
 That once charmed me so,

When I visited Sevilla

Years and years ago.

Has she married a Hidalgo?

Gone the way that ladies all go

In those drowsy Spanish cities,

Wasting life—a thousand pities—

Waking up for a fiesta

From an afternoon siesta,

To "Giralda" now repairing,

Or the Plaza for an airing;

At the shaded *reja* flirting,

At a bull-fight now disporting;

Does she walk at evenings ever

Through the gardens by the river?

Guarded by an old duenna

Fierce and sharp as a hyena,

With her goggles and her fan

Warning off each wicked man?

Is she dead, or is she living?

Is she for my absence grieving?

Is she wretched, is she happy?

Widow, wife, or maid? *Quien sabe?*

A COURTEOUS MOTHER.—HELEN HUNT.

During the whole of one of last summer's hottest days, I had the good fortune to be seated in a railway car near a mother and four children, whose relations with each other were so beautiful that the pleasure of watching them was quite enough to make one forget the discomforts of the journey. It was plain that they were poor; their clothes were coarse and old, and had been made by inexperienced hands. The mother's bonnet alone would have been enough to have condemned the whole party on any of the world's thoroughfares; but her face was one which gave you a sense of rest to look upon—it was so earnest, tender, true, and strong. The children—two boys and two girls—were all under the age of twelve, and the youngest could not speak plainly.

They had had a rare treat. They had been visiting the mountains, and they were talking over all the wonders they had seen with a glow of enthusiastic delight which was to be envied. In the course of the day, there were many occasions when it was necessary for her to deny requests, and

to ask services, especially from the oldest boy ; but no young girl, anxious to please a lover, could have done either with a more tender courtesy. She had her reward ; for no lover could have been more tender and manly than was this boy of twelve.

Their lunch was simple and scanty ; but it had the graces of a royal banquet. At the last the mother produced three apples and an orange, of which the children had not known. All eyes fastened on the orange. It was evidently a great rarity. I watched to see if this test would bring out selfishness. There was a little silence—just the shade of a cloud. The mother said : “How shall I divide this? There is one for each of you ; and I shall be best off of all, for I expect big tastes from each.” “Oh, give Annie the orange ; Annie loves oranges,” spoke out the oldest boy, with the sudden air of a conqueror, at the same time taking the smallest and worst apple himself. “Oh, yes, let Annie have the orange,” echoed the second boy, nine years old. “Yes, Annie may have the orange, because that is nicer than the apples, and she is a lady, and her brothers are gentlemen,” said the mother, quietly.

Then there was a merry contest as to who should feed the mother with the largest and most frequent mouthfuls. Annie pretended to want apple, and exchanged thin, golden strips of orange for bites out of the cheeks of Baldwins. As I sat watching her intently, she sprang over to me saying : “Don’t you want a taste, too?” The mother smiled understandingly, when I said : “No, I thank you, you dear, generous little girl ; I don’t care about oranges.”

At noon, we had a tedious interval of waiting at a dreary station. We sat for two hours on a narrow platform, which the sun had scorched till it smelt of heat. The oldest boy held the youngest child, and talked to her, while the tired mother closed her eyes and rested. The two other children were toiling up and down the banks of the railroad track picking ox-eye daisies, buttercups, and sorrel. They worked like beavers, and soon the bunches were almost too big for their little hands. Then they came running to give them to their mother. “Oh, dear,” thought I, “how that poor, tired woman will hate to open her eyes! She never can take

these great bunches of common, fading flowers, in addition to all her bundles and bags." I was mistaken. "Oh, thank you, my darlings! How kind you are! Poor, hot, tired little flowers—how thirsty they look! If they will only keep alive till we get home, we will make them very happy in some water, won't we? And you shall put one bunch by papa's plate and one by mine."

She took great trouble to get a string and tie up the flowers; and then the train came, and we were whirling along again. Soon it grew dark, and little Annie's head nodded. Then I heard the mother say to the oldest boy: "Dear, are you too tired to let little Annie put her head on your shoulder and take a nap? We shall get her home in much better case to see papa, if we can manage to give her a little sleep." How many boys of twelve hear such words as these from tired, overburdened mothers? Soon came the city, the final station, with its bustle and noise. I lingered to watch my happy family, hoping to see the father. "Why, papa isn't here!" exclaimed one disappointed voice after another. "Never mind," said the mother, with a still deeper disappointment in her tone; "perhaps he had to go to see some poor body who is sick."

In the hurry of picking up all the parcels, the poor daisies and buttercups were left forgotten in a corner of the rack. I wondered if the mother had not intended this. May I be forgiven for the injustice! A few minutes after, I passed the little group, standing still, just outside the station, and heard the mother say: "Oh, my darlings, I have forgotten your pretty flowers. I am so sorry! I wonder if I could find them, if I went back. Will you all stand still and not stir from this spot, if I go?" "Oh, mamma, don't go, don't go. We will get you some more. Don't go," cried all the children. "Here are your flowers, madam," said I. "I saw that you had forgotten them, and I took them as mementos of you and your sweet children." She blushed and looked disconcerted. She was evidently unused to people, and shy with all but her children. However, she thanked me sweetly, and said: "I was very sorry about them. The children took such trouble to get them; and I think they will revive in water. They cannot be quite dead." "They will *never*

die!" said I, with an emphasis which went from my heart to hers. Then all her shyness fled. She knew me; and we shook hands, and smiled into each other's eyes with the smile of kindred as we parted.

As I followed on, I heard the two children, who were walking behind, saying to each other: "Wouldn't that have been too bad? Mamma liked them so much, and we never could have got so many all at once again." "Yes, we could, too, next summer," said the boy, sturdily. They are sure of their "next summers," I think, all six of those souls—children, and mother, and father. They may never again gather so many daisies and buttercups "all at once." Perhaps some of the little hands have already picked their last flowers. Nevertheless, their summers are certain. Heaven bless them all, wherever they are!

VAS BENDER HENSHPECKED?—VON BOYLE.

Any shentleman vot vill go round pehind your face, und talk in front of your back apout sometings, vas a shvindler. I heard dot Brown says veek pefore next apout me I vas a henschpecked huspand. Dot vas a lie! De proof of de eating vas in de puddings: I am married twenty year already, und I vas yet not pald-headed. I don't vas oonder some petty-goats goferments; shtill I tinks it vas petter if a feller vill insult mit his vife und got her advises apout sometings or oder.

Dem American vomans don't know sometings nefer about his huspant's peesness, und vhen dem hart times comes, und not so much money comes in de house, dot makes not some tiffence mit her. Shtill she moost have vone of dot pull-pack-in-de-front hoop-skirt-pettygoats, mit every kind trimmings. Pooty soon dot huspant gets pankerupted all to pieces. Dey send for de doctor; und ven de doctor comes de man dies. Den dot vomans vas opliged to marry mit anoder mans vot she don't maype like, mit four or six shildrens on account of his first vife already, und possobably vone or two mudders-by-law—vone second-handed, und de oder a shtep-mudder-out-law. Den she says mit herself, "I efen vish dot I vas dead a little."

Now if a Chermans goes dead, dot don't make a pit of tiffence. Nopody vould hardly know it, except maybe himself. His vife goes mit de peesness on shust like notings has happened to somepody.

American vomans and Cherman vomans vas a tiffere kind of peobles. For inshtinct, last year dot same feller, Brown, goes mit me in de putcher peesness togeder. He vas American man—so vas his vife. Vell, many time ve efery peobles has got de panic pooty bad, dot vomans comes to her huspant und says she *moost* have money. Den she goes out riding mit a carriages.

Vonce on a time, Brown says to me, "Bender, I vouldn't be henshpecked." So he vent off und got himself tight—shust pecause his vife tells him, blease don't do dot. Den he sits down on his pack mit de floor, und if I am not dere dot time he never vould got home.

Vell, dot night, me und my vife, ve had a little talk apout sometings; und de next tay I says to Brown, "Look here vonst! My vife she makes sausages, und vorks in dot shtore; also my taughter she vorks py de shtore und makes head sheeses; und your vife vas going out riding all de times mit de horses-car, und a patent-tied-pack cardinal shtriped shtockings. Now your vife moost go vork in de shtore und cut peefshteaks, und make sauer-kraut, or else ve divide not equally any more dot profits."

Vell, Brown goes home und he tells his vife apout dot. Den she comes pooty quick mit Brown around, und ve had a misundersthanding apout sometings, in vich eferypody took a part, including my leetle dog Kaiser. Pooty soon up comes a policemans und arrests us for breeches of promise to keep de pieces, und assaulting de battery, or sometings. Den de firm of Bender & Brown vas proke up. I go apout my peesness, und Brown goes mit his peesness. My vife she helps in de shtore. His vife goes riding mit de horses-cars, und efery nights she vas py de theatre.

Vot's de gonsequences? Along comes dot Centennial panic. Dot knocks Brown more higher as two kites, py Chimminy! My income vas shtill more as my outcome. But Brown, he goes 'round dot shtreets mit his hands out of his pockets, und he don't got a cent to his back.

—*Scribner's Monthly.*

AT SET OF SUN.

If we sit down at set of sun,
 And count the things that we have done,
 And, counting find
 One self-denying act, one word
 That eased the heart of him who heard;
 One glance most kind,
 That fell like sunshine where it went,
 Then we may count that a day well spent.

But if through all the live-long day
 We've eased no heart by yea or nay;
 If through it all
 We've done no thing that we can trace,
 That brought the sunshine to a face;
 No act, most small,
 That helped some soul, and nothing cost,
 Then count that day as worse than lost.

WHY BIDDY AND PAT MARRIED.—R. H. STODDARD

"Oh! why did you marry him, Biddy?
 Why did you take Pat for your spouse?
 Sure, he's neither purty nor witty,
 And his hair is as red as a cow's!
 You might had your pick had you waited,
 You'd done a dale better with Tim;
 And Phelim O'Toole was expectin'—
 You couldn't do better nor him.
 You talk of us young people courtin'—
 Pray tell how *your* courtin' began,
 When you were a widdy woman,
 And he was a widdy man."

"Tim and Pat, miss, you see, was acquainted
 Before they came over the sea,
 When Pat was a-courtin' Norah,
 And Tim was a-courtin' me.
 She did not know much, the poor Norah,
 Nor, for that matter, neither did Pat;
 He had not the instinct of *some one*,
 But no one had then told him that;
 But he soon found it out for himself,—
 For life at best's but a span—
 When I was a widdy woman,
 And he was a widdy man.

"I helped him to take care of Norah,
 And when he compared her with me,
 He saw, as he whispered one evening,
 What a woman *one* woman could be.
 She went out like the snuff of a candle;
 Then the sickness seized upon Tim.
 And we watched by his bedside together—
 It was such a comfort to him.
 I was not alone in my weeping,
 Our tears in the same channel ran—
 For I was a widdy woman
 And he was a widdy man.

"We had both had our troubles, mavourneen,
 Though neither, perhaps, was to blame;
 And we both knew by this what we wanted,
 And were willing to pay for the same.
 We knew what it was to be married,
 And before the long twelvemonth had flown,
 We had made up our minds it was better
 Not to live any longer alone:
 We wasted no time shilly-shally,
 Like you, miss, and Master Dan—
 For I was a widdy woman
 And he was a widdy man."

—*Harper's Magazine.*

A SIGN-BOARD.

I will paint you a sign, rum-seller,
 And hang it over your door;
 A truer and better sign-board,
 Than ever you had before.
 I will paint with the skill of a master,
 And many shall pause to see
 This wonderful piece of painting,
 So like the reality.

I will paint yourself, rum-seller,
 As you wait for that fair young boy,
 Just in the morning of manhood,
 A mother's pride and joy.
 He has no thought of stopping,
 But you greet him with a smile,
 And you seem so blithe and friendly.
 That he pauses to chat awhile.

I will paint you again, rum-seller,
 I will paint you as you stand,

With a foaming glass of liquor,
Extended in your hand.
He wavers, but you urge him—
Drink, pledge me just this one!
And he takes the glass and drains it,
And the hellish work is done.

And next I will paint a drunkard,
Only a year has flown,
But into that loathsome creature,
The fair young boy has grown.
The work was sure and rapid,
I will paint him as he lies,
In a torpid, drunken slumber,
Under the wintry skies.

I will paint the form of the mother,
As she kneels at her darling's side,
Her beautiful boy that was dearer
Than all the world beside.
I will paint the shape of a coffin,
Labeled with one word—"lost,"
I will paint all this rum-seller,
And will paint it free of cost.

The sin and the shame and the sorrow,
The crime and the want and the woe,
That is born there in your work-shop,
No hand can paint, you know.
But I'll paint you a sign, rum-seller,
And many shall pause to view,
This wonderful swinging sign-board,
So terribly, fearfully true.

SEWING ON A BUTTON.—THE DANBURY NEWS MAN.

It is bad enough to see a bachelor sew on a button, but he is the embodiment of grace alongside of a married man. Necessity has compelled experience in the case of the former, but the latter has always depended upon some one else for this service, and fortunately, for the sake of society, it is rarely he is obliged to resort to the needle himself. Sometimes the patient wife scalds her right hand, or runs a sliver under the nail of the index finger of that hand, and it is then the man clutches the needle around the neck, and forgetting to tie a knot in the thread commences to put on the button. It is always in the morning, and from five to twenty minutes

after he is expected to be down street. He lays the button exactly on the site of its predecessor, and pushes the needle through one eye, and carefully draws the thread after, leaving about three inches of it sticking up for leeway. He says to himself,—“Well, if women don’t have the easiest time I ever see.” Then he comes back the other way, and gets the needle through the cloth well enough, and lays himself out to find the eye, but in spite of a great deal of patient jabbing, the needle point persists in bucking against the solid parts of that button, and finally, when he loses patience, his fingers catch the thread, and that three inches he had left to hold the button slips through the eye in a twinkling, and the button rolls leisurely across the floor. He picks it up without a single remark, out of respect to his children, and makes another attempt to fasten it. This time when coming back with the needle he keeps both the thread and button from slipping by covering them with his thumb, and it is out of regard for that part of him that he feels around for the eye in a very careful and judicious manner; but eventually losing his philosophy as the search becomes more and more hopeless, he falls to jabbing about in a loose and savage manner, and it is just then the needle finds the opening, and comes up through the button and part way through his thumb with a celerity that no human ingenuity can guard against. Then he lays down the things, with a few familiar quotations, and presses the injured hand between his knees, and then holds it under the other arm, and finally jams it into his mouth, and all the while he prances about the floor and calls upon heaven and earth to witness that there has never been anything like it since the world was created, and howls, and whistles, and moans, and sobs. After awhile he calms down, and puts on his pants, and fastens them together with a stick, and goes to his business a changed man.

LITTLE PAT AND THE PARSON.

He stands at the door of the church peeping in,
No troublesome beadle is near him;
The preacher is talking of sinners and sin,
And little Pat trembles to hear him;—

A poor little fellow alone and forlorn,
Who never knew parent or duty;
His head is uncovered, his jacket is torn,
And hunger has withered his beauty.

The white-headed gentleman shut in the box,
Seems growing more angry each minute;
He doubles his fist and the cushion he knocks,
As if anxious to know what is in it.

He scolds at the people who sit in the pews,—
Pat takes them for kings and princesses;
(With his little bare feet—he delights in their shoes;
In his rags he feels proud of their dresses!)

The parson exhorts them to think of their need,
To turn from the world's dissipation,
The naked to clothe, and the hungry to feed,—
Pat listens with strong approbation!

And when the old clergyman walks down the aisle,
Pat runs up to meet him right gladly,
"Shure, give me my dinner!" says he with a smile,
"And a jacket, I want them quite badly."

The kings and the princesses indignantly stare,
The beadle gets word of the danger,
And, shaking his silver-tipped stick in the air,
Looks knives at the poor little stranger.

But Pat's not afraid, he is sparkling with joy,
And cries,—who so willing to cry it?
"You'll give me my dinner,—I'm such a poor boy:
You said so,—now don't you deny it."

The pompous old beadle may grumble and glare,
And growl about robbers and arson;
But the boy who has faith in the sermon stands there,
And smiles at the white-headed parson!

The kings and princesses may wonder and frown,
And whisper he wants better teaching;
But the white-headed parson looks tenderly down
On the boy who has faith in his preaching.

He takes him away without question or blame,
As eager as Patsy to press on,
For he thinks a good dinner (and Pat thinks the same)
Is the moral that lies in the lesson.

And after long years, when Pat handsomely drest,—
A smart footman,—is asked to determine
Of all earthly things what's the thing he likes best?
He says, "Och, shure, the master's ould sermin!"

"THE PENNY YE MEANT TO GI'E."

There's a funny tale of a stingy man,
Who was none too good, but might have been worse,
Who went to his church on a Sunday night,
And carried along his well filled purse.

When the sexton came with his begging-plate,
The church was but dim with the candle's light;
The stingy man fumbled all through his purse,
And chose a coin by touch, and not sight.

It's an odd thing, now, that guineas should be
So like unto pennies in shape and size.
"I'll give a penny," the stingy man said:
"The poor must not gifts of pennies despise."

The penny fell down with a clatter and ring!
And back in his seat leaned the stingy man.
"The world is so full of the poor," he thought:
"I can't help them all—I give what I can."

Ha, ha! how the sexton smiled, to be sure,
To see the gold guinea fall into his plate!
Ha, ha! how the stingy man's heart was wrung,
Perceiving his blunder, but just too late!

"No matter," he said: "in the Lord's account
That guinea of gold is set down to me.
They lend to him who give to the poor:
It will not so bad an investment be."

"Na, na, mon," the chuckling sexton cried out:
"The Lord is na cheated—He kens thee well;
He knew it was only by accident
That out o' thy fingers the guinea fell!

"He keeps an account, na doubt, for the pair:
But in that account He'll set down to thee
Na mair o' that golden guinea, my mon,
Than the one bare penny ye meant to gi'e!"

There's a comfort, too, in the little tale—
A serious side as well as a joke;
A comfort for all the generous poor,
In the comical words the sexton spoke;

A comfort to think that the good Lord knows
How generous we really desire to be,
And will give us credit in His account
For all the pennies we long "to gi'e."

SCENE AT NIAGARA FALLS.—CHARLES TARSON.

It is summer. A party of visitors are just crossing the iron bridge that extends from the American shore to Goat's Island, about a quarter of a mile above the Falls. Just as they are about to leave, while watching the stream as it plunges and dashes among the rocks below, the eye of one fastens on something clinging to a rock—caught on the very verge of the Falls. Scarcely willing to believe his own vision, he directs the attention of his companions. The terrible news spreads like lightning, and in a few minutes the bridge and the surrounding shore are covered with thousands of spectators. "Who is he?" "How did he get there?" are questions every person proposed, but answered by none. No voice is heard above the awful flood, but a spy-glass shows frequent efforts to speak to the gathering multitude. Such silent appeals exceed the eloquence of words; they are irresistible, and something must be done. A small boat is soon upon the bridge, and with a rope attached sets out upon its fearless voyage, but is instantly sunk. Another and another are tried, but they are all swallowed up by the angry waters. A large one might possibly survive; but none is at hand. Away to Buffalo a car is dispatched, and never did the iron horse thunder along its steel-bound track on such a godlike mission. Soon the most competent life-boat is upon the spot. All eyes are fixed upon the object, as trembling and tossing amid the boiling white waves it survives the roughest waters. One breaker past and it will have reached the object of its mission. But being partly filled with water and striking a sunken rock, that next wave sends it hurling to the bottom. An involuntary groan passes through the dense multitude, and hope scarcely nestles in a single bosom. The sun goes down in gloom, and as darkness comes on and the crowd begins to scatter, methinks the angels looking over the battlements on high drop a tear of pity on the scene. The silvery stars shine dimly through their curtain of blue. The multitude are gone, and the sufferer is left with his God. Long before morning he must be swept over that dreadful abyss; he clings to that rock with all the tenacity of life, and as he surveys the horrors of his position.

strange visions in the air come looming up before him. He sees his home, his wife and children there; he sees the home of his childhood; he sees that mother as she used to soothe his childish fears upon her breast; he sees a watery grave, and then the vision closes in tears. In imagination he hears the hideous yells of demons, and mingled prayers and curses die upon his lips.

No sooner does morning dawn than the multitude again rush to the scene of horror. Soon a shout is heard: he is there—he is still alive! Just now a carriage arrives upon the bridge, and a woman leaps from it and rushes to the most favorable point of observation. She had driven from Chippewa, three miles above the Falls; her husband had crossed the river, night before last, and had not returned, and she fears he may be clinging to that rock. All eyes are turned for a moment toward the anxious woman, and no sooner is a glass handed to her, fixed upon the object, than she shrieks, "Oh, my husband!" and sinks senseless to the earth. The excitement, before intense, seems now almost unendurable, and something must again be tried. A small raft is constructed, and, to the surprise of all, swings up beside the rock to which the sufferer has clung for the last forty-eight hours. He instantly throws himself full length upon it. Thousands are pulling at the end of the rope, and with skillful management a few rods are gained toward the nearest shore. What tongue can tell, what pencil can paint, the anxiety with which that little bark is watched as, trembling and tossing amid the roughest waters, it nears that rock-bound coast? Save Niagara's eternal roar, all is silent as the grave. His wife sees it and is only restrained by force from rushing into the river. Hope instantly springs into every bosom, but it is only to sink into deeper gloom. The angel of death has spread his wings over that little bark; the poor man's strength is almost gone; each wave lessens his grasp more and more, but all will be safe if that nearest wave is past. But that next surging billow breaks his hold upon the pitching timbers, the next moment hurling him to the awful verge, where, with body erect, hands clenched, and eyes that are taking their last look of earth, he shrieks, above Niagara's eternal roar, "Lost!" and sinks forever from the gaze of men.

MMM*

THE BALLOTVILLE FEMALE CONVENTION.

HOW IT WAS DEMORALIZED.

It was as fine a spectacle as any one could see,
The meeting of the Ballotville Female Society;
For the sisters they wore spectacles, except a trifling few,
And some of them (the spectacles) were green, and some
were blue.

But women are not properly respected everywhere,
And so it was a low design that was concocted there,
An infamous conspiracy for to demoralize
That splendid convocation and to break it up, likewise.

Miss Blinks arose and said it was enough to vex a saint,
The way some women carry on, and how some creatures
paint;
She also was ashamed to see 'em wearing sailor hats,
And thought the sisters should not come accompanied by cats.

Then Mrs. Brown remarked that she could not pretend to
say
How old the previous speaker was, exactly to a day;
But she would like to know (and here she made a scornful
face,).
How cats could be avoided while Miss Blinks was in the
place.

Then Sarah Smith got up and said that Mrs. William Brown,
Because she was a wife could not put other people down;
The man that she had married was a mean old stingy clown,
Who first had been refused by almost every girl in town.

Those bitter words brought on a dreadful storm, and pretty
soon
Each sister at that meeting seemed as crazy as a loon;
The chairman she rapped hard and tried some order to
restore,
But the row had got too lively, and at last she tried no more.

The way the fixings flew, then, was a caution to behold,
It were in vain to tell it, for the half could not be told,
But the secretary's documents were scattered all around,
And the chairman lost a chignon that has never since been
found.

Then suddenly, and while the conflict raged most furiously,
A delegation entered that was shocking for to see;
For the husbands of the sisters who were married were all
there,
And each man had a baby that was hungry as a bear.

And they pinched those little infants with a view to make
 'em yell;
 And how the mothers went for 'em I won't pretend to tell;
 But there was no more discussion about anything that day,
 And the meeting was adjourned in quite an unexpected way.

Since that disgraceful game was played on the society,
 The members have pursued their avocations quietly;
 Assembling in convention is a thing they do no more,
 And upon that simple subject they now feel extremely sore

THE FIRST PARTY.—JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

Miss Annabel McCarty
 Was invited to a party,
 "Your company from four to ten," the invitation said;
 And the maiden was delighted
 To think she was invited
 To sit up till the hour when the big folks went to bed.

The crazy little midget
 Ran and told the news to Bridget,
 Who clapped her hands, and danced a jig, to Annabel's
 delight,
 And said, with accents hearty,
 "'Twill be the swatest party
 If ye're there yerself, me darlint! I wish it was to-night!"

The great display of frilling
 Was positively killing;
 And, oh, the little booties! and the lovely sash so wide!
 And the gloves so very cunning!
 She was altogether "stunning,"
 And the whole McCarty family regarded her with pride.

They gave minute directions,
 With copious interjections
 Of "sit up straight!" and "don't do this or that—'twould
 be absurd!"
 But, what with their caressing,
 And the agony of dressing,
 Miss Annabel McCarty didn't hear a single word.

There was music, there was dancing,
 And the sight was most entrancing,
 As if fairyland and floral band were holding jubilee;
 There was laughing, there was pouting;
 There was singing, there was shouting;
 And old and young together made a carnival of glee.

Miss Annabel McCarty
 Was the youngest at the party,
 And every one remarked that she was beautifully dressed;
 Like a doll she sat demurely
 On the sofa, thinking surely
 It would never do for her to run and frolic with the rest.

The noise kept growing louder;
 The naughty boys would crowd her;
 "I think you're very rude indeed!" the little lady said;
 And then, without a warning,
 Her home instructions scorning,
 She screamed: "*I want my supper—and I want to go to bed!*"

Now big folks who are older,
 Need not laugh at her, nor scold her,
 For doubtless, if the truth were known, we've often felt in-
 clined
 To leave the ball or party,
 As did Annabel McCarty,
 But we hadn't half her courage and we couldn't speak our
 mind! —St. Nicholas.

THE LAST HYMN.—MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

The Sabbath day was ending in a village by the sea,
 The uttered benediction touched the people tenderly,
 And they rose to face the sunset in the glowing, lighted
 west,
 And then hastened to their dwellings for God's blessed boon
 of rest.

But they looked across the waters, and a storm was raging
 there;
 A fierce spirit moved above them—the wild spirit of the air—
 And it lashed, and shook, and tore them till they thun-
 dered, groaned, and boomed,
 And, alas! for any vessel in their yawning gulfs entombed.

Very anxious were the people on that rocky coast of Wales,
 Lest the dawns of coming morrows should be telling awful
 tales,
 When the sea had spent its passion and should cast upon
 the shore
 Bits of wreck, and swollen victims, as it had done heretofore.

With the rough winds blowing round her a brave woman
 strained her eyes,
 As she saw along the billows a large vessel fall and rise.

Oh! it did not need a prophet to tell what the end must be,
For no ship could ride in safety near that shore on such a sea.

Then the pitying people hurried from their homes and
thronged the beach.

Oh, for power to cross the waters and the perishing to
reach!

Helpless hands were wrung in terror, tender hearts grew
cold with dread,

And the ship urged by the tempest to the fatal rock-shore
sped.

"She has parted in the middle! Oh, the half of her goes
down!

God have mercy! Is His heaven far to seek for those who
drown?"

Lo! when next the white, shocked faces looked with terror
on the sea,

Only one last clinging figure on a spar was seen to be.

Nearer to the trembling watchers came the wreck tossed by
the wave,

And the man still clung and floated, though no power on
earth could save.

"Could we send him a short message? Here's a trumpet,
shout away!"

'Twas the preacher's hand that took it, and he wondered
what to say.

Any memory of his sermon? Firstly? Secondly? Ah, no.
There was but one thing to utter in that awful hour of woe.
So he shouted through the trumpet, "Look to Jesus! Can
you hear?"

And "Aye, aye, sir!" rang the answer o'er the waters loud
and clear.

Then they listened, "He is singing, 'Jesus, lover of my soul,'"
And the winds brought back the echo, "While the nearer
waters roll."

Strange indeed it was to hear him, "Till the storm of life is
past,"

Singing bravely o'er the waters. "Oh, receive my soul at
last."

He could have no other refuge, "Hangs my helpless soul
on thee."

"Leave, oh! leave me not"—the singer dropped at last into
the sea.

And the watchers looking homeward, through their eyes by
tears made dim,

Said, "He passed, to be with Jesus in the singing of that
hymn."

PIMPKIN *VERSUS* BODKIN.

Jeremiah Pimpkin was an honorable citizen and a householder, and among his class he was an oracle. He flattered himself on his shrewdness. He often declared that he should have been a lawyer. He fancied that Solon Bodkin, Esquire, would have fared but slimly against him in forensic contest. Pimpkin raised turkeys, and upon a certain occasion it happened that a prowling dog made a raid upon his flock and killed four fine gobblers that were being fattened for the Thanksgiving market. Pimpkin made due inquiry and investigation, and satisfied himself beyond peradventure that the marauding canine was the property of Lawyer Bodkin. Here was an opportunity he had long coveted. He waited upon the lawyer in his office, and was warmly welcomed, and invited to a seat.

"Squire," said Pimpkin, "s'pose a neighbor's dog should kill a lot of my turkeys, could I recover damages by law?"

"Certainly," replied Bodkin, "you can recover—that is, if you can prove the fact."

"Oh, I can prove it. I've got the evidence all right and tight. And so you think there can be no doubt?"

"Not in the least. And now, what are the circumstances?"

"Well, Squire, last night *your* dog killed four of *my* best turkeys. What do you think about it now?"

"Why, my dear sir, I think you can recover. That is the law. What is the amount of damage?"

"Them turkeys was worth a dollar apiece, Squire. Four dollars will settle."

"All right," said Bodkin. "I wish to deal legally. Here is the sum."

And the lawyer handed over the four dollars which Pimpkin took with a chuckle, and then departed.

Jeremiah Pimpkin had reached his home, having related his sharp practice with the lawyer to all his friends whom he had met on the way, and had just told the story to his wife, when Deputy Sheriff Reacher unceremoniously entered his domicile.

"A small bill, Mr. Pimpkin, which Squire Bodkin says I will collect or he will sue it to-day."

"A bill!—Squire Bodkin!" echoed Pimpkin, aghast.

"Yes," smiled the Sheriff, "a bill for professional services in the case of 'Pimpkin *versus* Bodkin.' He says you sought advice upon legal points bearing on the case. The bill is five dollars, sir—expense of officer, one dollar—total, six dollars."

Pimpkin scratched his head vigorously, but he could scratch no path-out from the trouble. He paid the bill, and from that time he was never heard to speak boastingly of his legal acumen.

THE LEAK IN THE DIKE.—PHOEBE CARY.

A STORY OF HOLLAND.

The good dame looked from her cottage
At the close of the pleasant day,
And cheerily called to her little son
Outside the door at play:
"Come, Peter, come! I want you to go,
While there is light to see,
To the hut of the blind old man who lives
Across the dike, for me;
And take these cakes I made for him,
They are hot and smoking yet;
You have time enough to go and come
Before the sun is set."

Then the good-wife turned to her labor,
Humming a simple song,
And thought of her husband, working hard
At the sluices all day long;
And set the turf a-blazing,
And brought the coarse black bread;
That he might find a fire at night,
And find the table spread.

And Peter left the brother,
With whom all day he'd played,
And the sister who had watched their sports
In the willow's tender shade;
And told them they'd see him back before
They saw a star in sight,
Though he wouldn't be afraid to go
In the very darkest night!

For he was a brave, bright fellow,
With eye and conscience clear;

He could do whatever a boy might do,
And he had not learned to fear.
Why, he wouldn't have robbed a bird's nest,
Nor brought a stork to harm,
Though never a law in Holland
Had stood to stay his arm!

And now, with his face all glowing,
And eyes as bright as the day
With the thoughts of his pleasant errand,
He trudged along the way;
And soon his joyous prattle
Made glad a lonesome place—
Alas! if only the blind old man
Could have seen that happy face—
Yet he somehow caught the brightness
Which his voice and presence lent;
And he felt the sunshine come and go
As Peter came and went.

And now, as the day was sinking,
And the winds began to rise,
The mother looked from her door again,
Shading her anxious eyes;
And saw the shadows deepen,
And birds to their homes come back,
But never a sign of Peter
Along the level track.
But she said, "He will come at morning,
So I need not fret or grieve—
Though it isn't like my boy at all
To stay without my leave."

But where was the child delaying?
On the homeward way was he,
And across the dike while the sun was up
An hour above the sea.
He was stopping now to gather flowers,
Now listening to the sound,
As the angry waters dashed themselves
Against their narrow bound.
"Ah! well for us," said Peter,
"That the gates are good and strong,
And my father tends them carefully,
Or they would not hold you long!"
"You're a wicked sea," said Peter;
"I know why you fret and chafe;
You would like to spoil our lands and homes:
But our sluices keep you safe!"

But hark! Through the noise of waters
Comes a low, clear, trickling sound;

And the child's face pales with terror,
And his blossoms drop to the ground.
He is up the bank in a moment,
And, stealing through the sand,
He sees a stream not yet so large
As his slender, childish hand.
'Tis a leak in the dike! He is but a boy,
Unused to fearful scenes;
But, young as he is, he has learned to know
The dreadful thing that means.
A leak in the dike! The stoutest heart
Grows faint that cry to hear,
And the bravest man in all the land
Turns white with mortal fear.
For he knows the smallest leak may grow
To a flood in a single night;
And he knows the strength of the cruel sea
When loosed in its angry might.

And the boy! He has seen the danger,
And, shouting a wild alarm,
He forces back the weight of the sea
With the strength of his single arm!
He listens for the joyful sound
Of a footstep passing nigh;
And lays his ear to the ground to catch
The answer to his cry.
And he hears the rough winds blowing,
And the waters rise and fall,
But never an answer comes to him,
Save the echo of his call.
He sees no hope, no succor,
His feeble voice is lost;
Yet what shall he do but watch and wait,
Though he perish at his post.

So, faintly calling and crying
Till the sun is under the sea,
Crying and moaning till the stars
Come out for company;
He thinks of his brother and sister,
Asleep in their safe, warm bed;
He thinks of his father and mother,
Of himself as dying—and dead;
And of how, when the night is over,
They must come and find him at last:
But he never thinks he can leave the place
Where duty holds him fast.

The good dame in the cottage
Is up and astir with the light,

For the thought of her little Peter
Has been with her all night.
And now she watches the pathway,
As yester-eve she had done;
But what does she see so strange and black
Against the rising sun?
Her neighbors are bearing between them
Something straight to her door;
Her child is coming home, but not
As he ever came before.

"He is dead!" she cries; "my darling!
And the startled father hears,
And comes and looks the way she looks
And fears the thing she fears:
Till a glad shout from the bearers
Thrills the stricken man and wife—
"Give thanks, for your son has saved our land,
And God has saved his life!"
So, there in the morning sunshine
They knelt about the boy;
And every head was bared and bent
In tearful, reverent joy.

'Tis many a year since then; but still,
When the sea roars like a flood,
Their boys are taught what a boy can do
Who is brave and true and good.
For every man in that country
Takes his son by the hand,
And tells him of little Peter,
Whose courage saved the land.

They have many a valiant hero
Remembered through the years;
But never one whose name so oft
Is named with loving tears.
And his deed shall be sung by the cradle,
And told the child on the knee,
So long as the dikes of Holland
Divide the land from the sea.

THE SINGER'S ALMS.

In Lyons, in the mart of that French town,
Years since, a woman, leading a fair child,
Craved a small alms of one who, walking down
The thoroughfare, caught the child's glance and smiled

To see behind its eyes a noble soul ;
He paused, but found he had no coin to dole.

His guardian angel warned him not to lose
This chance of pearl to do another good ;
So, he waited, sorry to refuse
The asked-for penny, then aside he stood,
And, with his hat held as by limb the nest,
He covered his kind face and sang his best.

The sky was blue above, and all the lane
Of commerce where the singer stood was filled,
And many paused, and, listening, paused again
To hear the voice that through and through them thrilled ;
I think the guardian angel helped along
That cry for pity woven in a song.

The singer stood between the beggars there
Before the church ; and overhead the spire,
A slim, perpetual finger in the air
Held toward heaven, land of the heart's desire,
As though an angel, pointing up, had said,
"Yonder a crown awaits the singer's head."

The hat of its stamped brood was emptied soon
Into the woman's lap, who drenched with tears
Her kiss upon the hand of help. 'Twas noon,
And noon in her glad heart drove forth her tears.
The singer, pleased, passed on, and softly thought
"Men will not know by whom this deed was wrought."

But when at night he came upon the stage,
Cheer after cheer went up from that wild throng,
And flowers rained on him. Nought could assuage
The tumult of the welcome, save the song
That for the beggars he had sung that day
While standing in the city's busy way.

Oh ! cramped and narrow is the man who lives
Only for self, and pawns his years away
For gold, nor knows the joy a good deed gives,
But feels his heart shrink slowly, day by day,
And dies at last, his band of fate outrun ;
No high aim sought, no worthy action done.

But brimmed with molten brightness like a star,
And broad and open as the sea or sky,
The generous heart. Its kind deeds shine afar,
And glow in gold in God's great book on high ;
And he who does what good he can each day
Makes smooth and green, and strews with flowers, his way.

THE WATER-MILL.—D. C. McCALLUM.

Oh! listen to the water-mill, through all the live-long day,
 As the clicking of the wheels wears hour by hour away;
 How languidly the autumn wind doth stir the withered
 leaves,

As on the field the reapers sing, while binding up the
 sheaves!

A solemn proverb strikes my mind, and as a spell is cast,
 "The mill will never grind again with water that is past."

The summer winds revive no more leaves strewn o'er earth
 and main,

The sickle never more will reap the yellow garnered grain;
 The rippling stream flows ever on, aye tranquil, deep and
 still,

But never glideth back again to busy water-mill.

The solemn proverb speaks to all, with meaning deep and vast,
 "The mill will never grind again with water that is past."

Oh! clasp the proverb to thy soul, dear loving heart and true,
 For golden years are fleeting by, and youth is passing too;
 Ah! learn to make the most of life, nor lose one happy day,
 For time will ne'er return sweet joys neglected, thrown away;
 Nor leave one tender word unsaid, thy kindness sow broad-
 cast—

"The mill will never grind again with water that is past."

Oh! the wasted hours of life, that have swiftly drifted by,
 Alas! the good we might have done, all gone without a sigh;
 Love that we might once have saved by a single kindly word,
 Thoughts conceived but ne'er expressed, perishing unpenned,
 unheard.

Oh! take the lesson to thy soul, forever clasp it fast,
 "The mill will never grind again with water that is past."

Work on while yet the sun doth shine, thou man of strength
 and will,

The streamlet ne'er doth useless glide by clicking water-
 mill;

Nor wait until to-morrow's light beams brightly on thy way,
 For all that thou canst call thine own, lies in the phrase
 "to-day:"

Possessions, power, and blooming health, must all be lost at
 last—

"The mill will never grind again with water that is past."

Oh! love thy God and fellow man, thyself consider last,
 For come it will when thou must scan dark errors of the
 past;

Soon will this fight of life be o'er, and earth recede from
view,
And heaven in all its glory shine where all is pure and true.
Ah! then thou'lt see more clearly still the proverb deep and
vast.
"The mill will never grind again with water that is past."

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP.—J. G. HOLLAND.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching; how many of them? Sixty thousand! Sixty full regiments, every man of which will, before twelve months shall have completed their course, lie down in the grave of a drunkard! Every year during the past decade has witnessed the same sacrifice; and sixty regiments stand behind this army ready to take its place. It is to be recruited from our children and our children's children. Tramp, tramp, tramp—the sounds come to us in the echoes of the footsteps of the army just expired; tramp, tramp, tramp—the earth shakes with the tread of the host now passing; tramp, tramp, tramp—comes to us from the camp of the recruits. A great tide of life flows resistlessly to its death. What in God's name are they fighting for? The privilege of pleasing an appetite, of conforming to a social usage, of filling sixty thousand homes with shame and sorrow, of loading the public with the burden of pauperism, of crowding our prison-houses with felons, of detracting from the productive industries of the country, of ruining fortunes and breaking hopes, of breeding disease and wretchedness, of destroying both body and soul in hell before their time.

The prosperity of the liquor interest, covering every department of it, depends entirely on the maintenance of this army. It cannot live without it. It never did live without it. So long as the liquor interest maintains its present prosperous condition, it will cost America the sacrifice of sixty thousand men every year. The effect is inseparable from the cause. The cost to the country of the liquor traffic is a sum so stupendous that any figures which we should dare to give would convict us of trifling. The amount of life absolutely destroyed, the amount of industry sacrificed, the

amount of bread transformed into poison, the shame, the unavailing sorrow, the crime, the poverty, the pauperism, the brutality, the wild waste of vital and financial resources, make an aggregate so vast—so incalculably vast,—that the only wonder is that the American people do not rise as one man and declare that this great curse shall exist no longer.

A hue-and-cry is raised about woman-suffrage, as if any wrong which may be involved in woman's lack of the suffrage could be compared to the wrongs attached to the liquor interest.

Does any sane woman doubt that women are suffering a thousand times more from rum than from any political disability?

The truth is that there is no question before the American people to-day that begins to match in importance the temperance question. The question of American slavery was never anything but a baby by the side of this; and we prophesy that within ten years, if not within five, the whole country will be awake to it, and divided upon it. The organizations of the liquor interest, the vast funds at its command, the universal feeling among those whose business is pitted against the national prosperity and the public morals—these are enough to show that, upon one side of this matter, at least, the present condition of things and the social and political questions that lie in the immediate future are apprehended. The liquor interest knows there is to be a great struggle, and is preparing to meet it. People both in this country and in Great Britain are beginning to see the enormity of this business—are beginning to realize that Christian civilization is actually poisoned at its fountain, and that there can be no purification of it until the source of the poison is dried up.

Temperance laws are being passed by the various Legislatures, which they must sustain, or go over, soul and body, to the liquor interest and influence. Steps are being taken on behalf of the public health, morals, and prosperity, which they must approve by voice and act, or they must consent to be left behind and left out. There can be no concession and no compromise on the part of temperance men, and no quarter to the foe. The great curse of our country and our race must be destroyed.

Meantime, the tramp, tramp, tramp, sounds on,—the tramp of sixty thousand yearly victims. Some are besotted and stupid, some are wild with hilarity and dance along the dusty way, some reel along in pitiful weakness, some wreak their mad and murderous impulses on one another, or on the helpless women and children whose destinies are united to theirs, some stop in wayside debaucheries and infamies for a moment, some go bound in chains from which they seek in vain to wrench their bleeding wrists, and all are poisoned in body and soul, and all are doomed to death.

IKE AFTER THE OPERA.

Since the night when Ike went to the opera, he has been, as Mrs. Partington said, crazy, and the kind old dame has been fearful lest he should become “non pompous mentus, through his attempt at imitating the operations.” The morning after the opera, at the breakfast table, Ike handed over his cup, and in a soft tongue sang:

“Will you, will you, Mrs. P.,
Help me to a cup of tea?”

The old lady looked at him with surprise, his conduct was so unusual, and for a moment she hesitated. He continued in a far more impassioned strain:

“Do not, do not keep me waiting,
Do not, pray, be hesitating,
I am anxious to be drinking,
So pour out as quick as winking.”

She gave him the tea with a sigh, as she saw the excitement in his face. He stirred it in silence, and in his abstraction took three spoonfuls of sugar. At last he sang again:

“Table cloths, and cups and saucers,
Good white bread, and active jaws, sirs,
Tea—gunpowder, and souchong—
Sweet enough, but not too strong.”

“What do you mean, my boy?” said Mrs. Partington tenderly.

“All right, steady, never clearer,
Never loved a breakfast dearer,
I’m not bound by witch or wizard,
So don’t fret your precious gizzard.”

"But Isaac ——" persisted the dame. Ike struck his left hand upon the table, and swung his knife aloft in his right, looking at a plate upon the table, singing:

"What form is that to me appearing?
Is it mackerel or is it herring?
Let me dash upon it quick,
Ne'er again that fish shall kick—
Charge upon them, Isaac, charge!"

Before he had a chance to make a dash upon the fish, Mrs. Partington had dashed a tumbler of water into his face to restore him to "conscientiousness." It made him catch his breath for a moment, but he didn't sing any more at the table, though the opera fever still follows him elsewhere.

REGRET.—JEAN INGELow.

Oh, that word Regret!
There have been nights and morns when we have sighed,
"Let us alone, Regret! We are content
To throw thee all our past, so thou wilt sleep
For aye." But it is patient, and it wakes;
It hath not learned to cry itself to sleep,
But plaineth on the bed that it is hard.
We did amiss when we did wish it gone
And over: sorrows humanize our race;
Tears are the showers that fertilize this world;
And memory of things precious keepeth warm
The heart that once did hold them.

They are poor
That have lost nothing; they are poorer far
Who, losing, have forgotten; they most poor
Of all, who lose and wish they might forget.
For life is one, and in its warp and woof
There runs a thread of gold that glitters fair,
And sometimes in the pattern shows most sweet
Where there are sombre colors. It is true
That we have wept. But Oh! this thread of gold,
We would not have it tarnish; let us turn
Oft and look back upon the wondrous web,
And when it shineth sometimes, we shall know
That memory is possession.

When I remember something which I had,
But which is gone and I must do without,
I sometimes wonder how I can be glad,
Even in cowslip time when hedges sprout;

It makes me sigh to think on it,—but yet
My days will not be better days, should I forget.

When I remember something promised me,
But which I never had, nor can have now,
Because the promiser we no more see
In countries that accord with mortal vow;
When I remember this, I mourn,—but yet
My happier days are not the days when I forget.

THE DEATH OF THE OLD SQUIRE.

'Twas a wild, mad kind of night, as black as the bottomless
pit;
The wind was howling away, like a Bedlamite in a fit,
Tearing the ash boughs off, and mowing the poplars down,
In the meadows beyond the old flour mill, where you turn
off to the town.

And the rain (well, it *did* rain) dashing against the window
glass,
And deluging on the roof, as the Devil were come to pass;
The gutters were running in floods outside the stable-door,
And the spouts splashed from the tiles, as they would never
give o'er.

Lor', how the winders rattled! you'd almost ha' thought that
thieves
Were wrenching at the shutters; while a ceaseless pelt of
leaves
Flew to the doors in gusts; and I could hear the beck
Falling so loud I knew at once it was up to a tall man's neck.

We was huddling in the harness-room, by a little scrap of
fire,
And Tom, the coachman, he was there, a-practicing for the
choir;
But it sounded dismal, anthem did, for squire was dying fast,
And the doctor said, Do what he would, Squire's breaking
up at last.

The death-watch, sure enough, ticked loud just over th' owd
mare's head;
Though he had never once been heard up there since mas-
ter's boy lay dead;
And the only sound, beside Tom's toon, was the stirring in
the stalls,
And the gnawing and the scratching of the rats in the owd
walls.

NNNN

We couldn't hear Death's foot pass by, but we knew that he
was near;
And the chill rain and the wind and cold made us all shake
with fear;
We listened to the clock up-stairs, 'twas breathing soft and
low,
For the nurse said, At the turn of night the old Squire's
soul would go.

Master had been a wildish man, and led a roughish life;
Didn't he shoot the Bowton squire, who dared write to his
wife?
He beat the Rads at Hindon Town, I heard, in twenty-nine,
When every pail in market-place was brimmed with red
port wine.

And as for hunting, bless your soul, why for forty year or
more
He'd kept the Marley hounds, man, as his fayther did afore;
And now to die, and in his bed—the season just begun—
“It made him fret,” the doctor said, “as it might do any one.”

And when the young sharp lawyer came to see him sign his
will,
Squire made me blow my horn outside as we were going to
kill;
And we turned the hounds out in the court—that seemed
to do him good;
For he swore, and sent us off to seek a fox in Thornhill
Wood.

But then the fever it rose high, and he would go see the
room
Where mistress died ten years ago when Lammastide shall
come;
I mind the year, because our mare at Salisbury broke down;
Moreover the town-hall was burnt at Steeple Dinton Town.

It might be two, or half-past two, the wind seemed quite
asleep;
Tom, he was off, but I, awake, sat watch and ward to keep;
The moon was up, quite glorious like, the rain no longer fell,
When all at once out clashed and clanged the rusty turret
bell.

That hadn't been heard for twenty year, not since the Lud-
dite days.
Tom he leaped up, and I leaped up, for all the house a-blaze
Had sure not scared us half as much, and out we ran like
mad,
I, Tom, and Joe, the whipper-in, and t' little stable lad.

"He's killed himself," that's the idea that came into my head;
I felt as sure as though I saw Squire Barrowly was dead;
When all at once a door flew back, and he met us face to
face;
His scarlet coat was on his back, and he looked like the old
race.

The nurse was clinging to his knees, and crying like a child;
The maids were sobbing on the stairs, for he looked fierce
and wild;

"Saddle me Lightning Bess, my men," that's what he said
to me;

"The moon is up, we're sure to find at Stop or Etterly.

"Get out the dogs; I'm well to-night, and young again and
sound,

I'll have a run once more before they put me under-ground;
They brought my father home feet first, and it never shall
be said

That his son Joe, who rode so straight, died quietly in his bed.

"Brandy!" he cried; "a tumbler full, you women howling
there;"

Then clapped the old black velvet cap upon his long gray
hair,

Thrust on his boots, snatched down his whip, though he was
old and weak;

There was a devil in his eye that would not let me speak.

We loosed the dogs to humor him, and sounded on the horn;
The moon was up above the woods, just east of Haggard
Bourne;

I buckled Lightning's throat lash fast; the Squire was watch-
ing me;

He let the stirrups down himself so quick, yet carefully.

Then up he got and spurred the mare, and, ere I well could
mount

He drove the yard gate open, man, and called to old Dick
Blount,

Our huntsman, dead five years ago—for the fever rose again,
And was spreading like a flood of flame fast up into his brain.

Then off he flew before the dogs, yelling to call us on,
While we stood there, all pale and dumb, scarce knowing
he was gone;

We mounted, and below the hill we saw the fox break out,
And down the covert ride we heard the old Squire's parting
shout.

And in the moonlit meadow mist we saw him fly the rail
Beyond the hurdles by the beck, just half way down the vale;

I saw him breast fence after fence—nothing could turn him
back;
And in the moonlight after him streamed out the brave old
pack.

'Twas like a dream, Tom cried to me, as we rode free and
fast,
Hoping to turn him at the brook, that could not well be
passed,
For it was swollen with the rain; but ah, 'twas not to be;
Nothing could stop old Lightning Bess but the broad breast
of the sea.

The hounds swept on, and well in front the mare had got
her stride;
She broke across the fallow land that runs by the down side;
We pulled up on Chalk Linton Hill, and as we stood us there,
Two fields beyond we saw the Squire fall stone dead from the
mare.

Then she swept on, and in full cry the hounds went out of
sight;
A cloud came over the broad moon and something dimmed
our sight,
As Tom and I bore master home, both speaking under breath;
And that's the way I saw th' owd Squire ride boldly to his
death.

—*Baltimore Elocutionist.*

THE RAINY DAY.—HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the moldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the moldering past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

A RAILWAY STATION IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND.

WILLIAM ANDERSON.

SCENE. THE PLATFORM, ALL BUSTLE AND CONFUSION.

*Paper Boy (calling loud and quick).—*Manchester Examiner, Manchester Guardian, Leeds Mercury, Bradford Observer, Standard, Times, Daily News, Yorkshire Post, Bradshaw & Dinton's Time Tables. [Repeat.]

*Porter.—*The other side for Shipley, Bradford, and Leeds.

*Old Woman (rather deaf).—*I say which is't booking office? Is this t'place where they give tickets? Have you begun giving tickets?

*Agent.—*No, we haven't begun giving 'em yet; its where we sell 'em; what do you want, missis?

*Old W.—*I want a ticket.

*Agt.—*Where for?

*Old W.—*What? I want a third class ticket.

*Agt.—*There's no third class by this train.

*Old W.—*Ah's that? but I want a third class.

*Agt.—*Well, you can't have a third class, because—

*Old W.—*What? What do you say? Can't have one? Oh, these railways, I cannot abide 'em; I reckon nowt on 'em. I'd rayther ride e ahr applecarr an' then we knaw where we are. How long hev I to wait for a third class?

*Agt.—*Where are you going, missis?

*Old W.—*Why, I'm going to see my grondaughter; sho's varry poorly.

*Agt.—*Ah well, but where does she live? What place do you want to go to?

*Old W.—*Why its—its somewhere near—bless my life, I've clean forgotten! Oh, its ather this side or tother side of Doncaster.

*Agt.—*Why there's a train just gone that way. There isn't another for an hour.

*Old W.—*So long as that? I'st that t'nixt train?

*Agt.—*Yes, that is the "nixt."

*Old W.—*Isn't there one afore?

*Porter.—*Train for Skipton, Colne Settle, and Lancaster.

Boy.—Manchester Examiner, Manchester Guardian, Leeds Mercury, Bradford Observer, Standard, Times, Daily News, Yorkshire Post, Bradshaw & Dinton's Time Tables.

Old Gent.—Poorter! Poorter! will you carry these four boxes, they want to go up at——Poorter! (Hem.) They can't hear when there's owt to do.

Swell.—Po-taw! Po-taw!

Por.—Yes, sir. (*Tips his hat.*)

S.—Put my luggage in a first claa.

Por.—Yes, sir. (*Tips his hat.*)

S.—The two pawtmantaws and gun case you can put in the va-an.

Por.—Yes, sir. (*Tips his hat.*)

S.—Here's a shilling for you.

Por.—Thank you, sir, I'll look after them.

Old G.—Ah say, Poorter, I've axed yo abhat fourteen times ta fotch my fower boxes eere.

Por.—Now goovenor, have a bit of patience. I can't do so many things all at the same time. Can you be in six places at once? for I can't.

Old G.—Sey-eh, eers sixpence for yo.

Por. (quickly.)—Oh, all right sir, I'll look after them. It's a nice morning, you see we're rather busy this morning.

Female.—Porter, is this train for——

Por.—Yes, mum.

Various voices.—Is this the Scotch train?

Por.—Yes! oi! yes, sir! right.

Fem. (slow and pitiful.)—I say, porter, have you seen my luggage?

Por.—What is it like?

Fem.—Why there's two tin boxes, four carpet bags, three umbrellas five walking sticks, a bonnet box, and a bird cage.

Por.—Why, mum! let me see, a bird cage, and a lot of sticks and umbrellas? why all that luggage was put into the last train and it's half way to London by now.

Fem.—Gone! hey! here! hallo! stop it! oh, dear me! my best bonnet and gown, and poor little Dickey. I say, here, telegraph um back again.

Boy.—Manchester Examiner, Manchester Guardian, &c.

Por. (loud.)—Train for Edinbro, Glasgow, and the North.

Widow Lady (with daughter).—If you please is *this* the north train?

Por.—Yes, mum. What class, mum? Any luggage, mum?

Daughter.—I—I—I—am third class. I—I—have *no* luggage

Por.—Yes, mum, this way, this is third, mum. Are *you* going too, mum?

W. L.—No, I—only came to see my—to see my daughter safe in the train.

Por.—Oh, all right, mum; you've five minutes yet.

W. L.—Thank you kindly. Don't sit in the draught, Lizzie. Will you have *this* shawl?

Dau.—No, mother, I'd rather not; you will want it yourself.

W. L.—Oh, never mind me, love; I—I—shall be all right and comfortable with your uncle, you know. You'll write as often as you can, won't you, love?

Dau.—Yes, mother, I will; but you *must* cheer up and don't fret about me.

W. L.—I—I—can't help it, my dear. I can't help thinking if your poor father had lived we shouldn't have to part like this.

Dau.—Well, it's all for the best, no doubt, mother, we shall see better days soon, I know we shall. There, we're moving; good-bye, keep up your spirits; good-bye, dear old mother.

W. L. (crying.)—Good-bye; God bless you!

Yorkshire Man.—Ah say! hey up! which is't train fur Howorth? What, doesn't ta heer me? Hey! that chap it blue coit an't yoller buttons.

Por.—There's a third class in an hour and a quarter.

Y. M.—A naar? Why, I've been waiting a naar an' a holfe already. I niver seed sich wark we trains e all me loif, niver they'er coming and going ivery minnet, ommost; it's fair kapping were they come thro' and were they goa to, is ent it? I say, mister is ent it fair kapping where they come thro'?

Traveler.—We can tell where you "come thro'."

Y. M.—Ah sewer they can; whad dew I care. I don't believe e so mich nincy-noncy and fine talk, bud I wish I were at home we ar Sally. I'm stalled a carrying 'ere, an' I'm feer-

ful ungry; can I hev a pipe o' bacca without been taen up and fined forty shillings? Nah lad! what's ta gotten?

Boy.—Manchester Examiner, Manchester Guardian, &c.

(*Wedding Couple.*) *Husband.*—Now, my dear, we have not a moment to spare. You go and find a seat and I'll see about the luggage and settle with the cab.

Bride.—I'll take the dressing case with me, Charles deeah.

Hus. Very well, my love; how many packages?

B.—There's—let me see; your hat box, two portmanteaus and dressing case, my five tin trunks, six bonnet boxes, and four hampers.

Hus. (*on his fingers.*)—Eleven, twelve, sixteen, eighteen packages. Oh bother.

B.—What did you say, Charles deeah?

Hus.—Yes, love, I'll see after them. [*Aside.*] I never saw the like; a lady can't go on her wedding tour without twenty or thirty packages. Luggage! goodness knows what they contrive to put into them, I don't.

Y. M.—I say, poorter, where's this train for?

Por.—The north.

Y. M.—For where? I say when's t'next?

Por.—Twelve thirty.

Y. M.—And when's t'next?

Por.—One forty.

Y. M.—Isn't there one after that?

Por.—Two fifteen.

Y. M.—Are they all third class?

Por.—No.

Y. M.—How's that? When is there a third class? Is there —Nar I niver seed ought like this, they can't get to know nothing out of these poorters.

Young Mother.—Na ten, clumsy, just see were you're a-pushing yourself to. You've gone and squeedged my little baby all up to nothing. Oh, bless it little doidy, was it squeedged by a great hugly man? we'll whip him, yes we will, we will. You ought to be ashamed of yourself; were's your manners? you've left 'em at ome, I think.

Swell.—Aw—are—you—aw—addressing aw—those wemark to me, old woman?

Young M.—Whose a hold woman! Don't hadd hinsuit to hingery, young fellah. You seem to think you can push folks about just as you like, 'cause you've a black coat on, which very likely is not paid for yet. It's my little baby, bless it. Whisht do; you've gone and urt it, you ave. It won't stop crying for a week. There—there—bless it. Whish—lovely——

S.—Well, aw—werry sworry aw—all that sort of thing aw—werry sworry aw—if I've hurt, aw—the poor cweatcher.

Young M.—What's a cretur? Who's a cretur? Keep your remarks to yourself or else talk Hinglish. A cretur, indeed! it's a little hangel it is, yes it is; bless it; [kisses it] bless it's little nosey-posey, it's going to ride in a coachy-pochy and have some picey-nicey. Go away wi yeh, yer enif to scare ony body's bairn out ov its wits, wi yer fancy shurt neck and mustach and ginger whiskers.

Por.—By leave, please, by leave; is this your portmanteau, sir? Oh, all right, by leave. Look! mind that child; whose is it?

Country Woman.—Johnny, come eere; if yo keep going so near them there carriages, I'll give yo a good hideing.

Lad (crying).—I want to see t'puffer.

C. W.—Well, wait a bit, lad, an' you'll see it; there's a puffer there, or summat ot sort, it looks a queer thing. I say young man, is that a railway or a thrashing machine? they an hardly tell which is which now-a-days.

Young Gent.—I don't know I'm sure; I'm a stranger here.

Lad.—Eh! eh! eh! see yer, mother, mother! see yer, there's a puffing-billy. Eh! well! horah! Are *we* going to ride on this puffing-billy, mother?

C. W.—Noa, lad it isn't for us, it's a *luggage*.

Lad (crying).—I want to ride on this puffer. I want to ride on't puffer.

C. W.—Well, well; wait a bit, lad, an' aar puffer el be coming in a bit.

Boy.—Manchester Examiner, Manchester Guardian, &c.

Irishman.—Is this the train for ould Ireland, now?

Por.—No, it's for old England, this one. Where are you going to, Paterick?

Irish.—Shure an' they call me Patherick O'Flanigan, an' I'm going to ould Ireland, if it plase the pigs.

Por.—What have you got out here for, then?

Irish.—Och, thunder an' turf now, I was tould to get out now. Says oi to the gentleman as gives the bits of paper thro' the pidgeon hole, says oi, oi want a ticket for ould Ireland, says oi. For what now? says he. For ould Ireland, says oi. Where's that? says he. Where do you want to go to? says he. What's that to you? says oi. It's Dublin I'm afther going to, says oi, and isn't Ireland the capital of Dublin, you ignorant spalpeen? says oi. Who are you talking to? says he. To you, says oi, which is the train that goes to Dublin without changing carriages, says oi. This here one. says he, take your sate. Och, bad luck to him, now, I've had to change already.

Por.—All change, here! all change!

Old Dame.—I say, have we to change for Howarth?

Por.—All change, here! all change!

Old D.—I say, porter, have we to change for —

Por.—All change, here!

Old D.—I say, d'ye hear, have we to change?

Por.—Don't I say *all change*, here; bless me life! a man may call for a week and be no better.

Old D.—Well, you can be civil, can't you; it doesn't cost much ben civil. Give a civil question when you're axed a civil answer, and don't be so snappy.

Old Man.—Yo'll hev to mind here, it's varry orkward getting aght.

Old D.—Nah then, where hev we to go to nah. [Looking around for something.] A deer! a deer! a wheel! a wheel. What iver sal I do!

Por.—What's to do, missis?

Old D.—A deer! I've been an' gone an' done it nah!

Por.—Hev you gotten your leg tarn off?

Old D.—Ney, it's war ner that; oh deer! oh deer! I've goan an' left me humbrella it train. Ah deer a me! I sud-dan't care a rap, but it belongs to somebody at's dead.

Gate Keeper.—Tickets, please! tickets, please! tickets ready! all right. [Pause.] Come, missis, look sharp.

Old D.—Nay, ye mun wait a bit, mister. Bless my life, where hev I put it. Nay, I thout I hed it e my glove. It's here; nay, it isn't, that's me thimble. Oh deer me, I'm so pottered.

G. K.—Come, missis, we're all waiting for you. These women, these women, there's more bother with them than — if you can't look sharp, look as sharp as you can.

Old D.—If yo'd nobbut hod yer din I could find it a deal sooner. I'm sewer I gat one, 'cause ar James' wife's father were getting one at t'same time. Yo woddn't happen knaw ahr James' wife's father, wod you, mister? 'cause yo could ax him if he didn't see me get one.

G. K.—We shall require your fare—fourteen pence, please.

Old D.—Nay, I shannot, I shannot, pay again; go on, it's all right. The *idea*; it's worse nor highway robbery; it's daan right steyling; you ought to be ashamed of yourself. I don't knaw ha yo can for shame to take it. But I'm sewer I gat one. Nay I didn't; yes I did; it's here; nay it isn't. Well, I'll be felled if it isn't here, croppen dahn into me umbrella. Nah did iver ony body see ought like that, it mud bey gotten in there a purpose to plague me.

G. K.—I say, Jack, did you see what that old woman turned out of her pocket when she was looking for her ticket? Very near a cart load of stuff; she'd two pocket handkerchiefs, and a thimble, three bobbins and a knife, a pair of spectacles, a lot of mint lozenges, and humbugs, and a gallas button, a happle, a nutmeg, a bit of ginger, three or four biscuits, a porken pie, a lash comb and a snuff box.

Sport.—I say, porter, is that clock right?

Por.—Yes, sir, for anything I know.

S.—Ahm, I'm a quarter of a minute behind. Porter, I think your clock is wrong.

Boy.—Manchester Examiner, Manchester Guardian, &c.

Por.—Leeds train in front. Bradford behind. Stand back there, please, stand back. Right guard?

G. K.—Right. [Whistle.]

Various voices.—Good-bye. God bless you. Take care of yourself. Write soon. Remember me to uncle John, aunt Sarah, cousin Polly. We'll all come at Christmas. Good-bye.

A MOTHER'S DIARY.

Morning! Baby on the floor,
 Making for the fender;
 Sunlight seems to make it sneeze,
 Baby "on a bender!"
 All the spools upset and gone,
 Chairs drawn into file,
 Harnessed strings all strung across,
 Ought to make one smile.
 Apron clean, curls smooth, eyes blue,
 (How these charms will dwindle!)
 For I rather think—don't you—
 Baby "is a swindle"?

Noon! A tangled, silken floss,
 Getting in blue eyes;
 Aprons that will not keep clean,
 If a baby tries!
 One blue shoe untied, and one
 Underneath the table;
 Chairs gone mad, and blocks and toys,
 Well as they are able;
 Baby in a high chair, too,
 Yelling for his dinner,
 Spoon in mouth; I think—don't you—
 Baby "is a sinner"?

Night! Chairs all set back again,
 Blocks and spools in order;
 One blue shoe beneath a mat,
 Tells of a marauder;
 Apron folded on the chair,
 Plaid dress torn and wrinkled,
 Two pink feet kicked partly bare,
 Little fat knees crinkled;
 In his crib, and conquered, too,
 By sleep, best evangel.
 Now I surely think—don't you—
 Baby is an angel?

 OLD HULDAH.—E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

A BALLAD OF MARBLEHEAD.

The fisherman stood all day by the beach—
 Stood where the breakers thundered in,
 And heard the sound of the sea-bird's screech,
 And dash of waves on the rocks of Lynn.

"The storm is fierce," said the fisher old;
"And the wind is wild," the fisher said;
"The rocks are sharp, and the shore is bold,
Where the p'int makes out from Marblehead,

"And ev'ry ship that is now at sea,
Bound in to Lynn or to Marblehead,
Must keep the light three p'ints on the lee,
Or be wrecked." So the fisher said.

But not a pilot ventured out—
The storm was fierce and the wind was wild,
And the daring pilot, swart and stout,
Still thought of home and his wife and child—

Thought of them both as the wind made moan,
The wind made moan to the breaker's shock;
For the world is hard to the left-alone—
Harder than any New England rock.

So the fisher waited by the shore,
Hearing the waves and the breakers' din,
And just at dusk, 'midst the tempest's roar,
The good ship Etna came sailing in.

Staysails set and her courses furled,
Close-reefed topsail upon her main,
To and fro was the good ship hurled
Over the ocean's watery plain.

Plain no longer, for mountain waves
Broke the sea into furrows vast;
The white caps rose over countless graves
As the tempest thundered past.

Up spoke Huldah, the fisher's wife;
Brown old dame of the fishing-coast:
"Where's the pilot? Every life
Is saved if he keeps his post."

"There is no pilot at sea to-night,"
Said Abner Jackson, the skipper's son,
While over the water came the light
And booming crash of a signal-gun.

"Heavens! They are fetching past the land—
Past the p'int; they will strike the rock!"
Said Jotham Davis. Close at hand
Came a crash and a rending shock.

"Man the life-boat!" No man stirred.
Over the din of wind and wave,
Over the tempest's strife was heard
"Save!" but no human hand could save.

Clinging to the wave-washed deck,
Men and women in wild despair
Sent their pleading from off the wreck,
Shuddering on the startled air.

Then spoke Huldah, the fisher's wife:
"Does not a man to save them dare?
Will ye stand for a worthless life
While they cry in their wild despair?"

"Shame on ye, men! A woman's hand
Shall do the deed ye dare not try!
Who'll go with me from off the land?"
"I will! and I! and I! and I!"

There they stood in the dying light,
Down by the boat with oars in hand,
Five brave women—a braver sight
Never before was seen on land.

Up spoke gruffly Old Fisher Ben,
Scarred old Triton of the sea:
"Man that boat! Such a sight, my men,
Never on earth was seen by me.

"All we can do at worst is die.
Better die," the old Triton said,
"Than to live as cowards 'neath the eye
Of the women of Marblehead."

Abner Jackson then stepped out,
Jotham Davis, and Skipper Ben,
Bijah Norcross and Ireson Stout—
That they felt was the place for men.

Out past the point, where mountain-high
Crested billows in foam were tost,
Sometimes plain on the stormy sky,
Sometimes hidden, and sometimes lost.

Round the point on the stormy wave
They reach the rock and gain the wreck;
Every life they seek to save
Safe is taken from off the deck.

And now strain hard, the goal is near,
Each hand presses a bending oar.
Shout, O fishermen! cheer on cheer—
Shout, for they have reached the shore.

That was many a year ago—
Many a fisherman is dead
Who saw the ship come sailing on
The cruel rocks of Marblehead.

Many a man who saw her sail,
Foam on her prow and rocks a-lee,
With no breath of an earthly gale,
Sails the waves of a shoreless sea.

The fisher old with aching joint,
Tells how the ship came sailing in,
Wrecked on rocks beyond the point,
Left her bones by the coast of Lynn.

This is true; for one stormy day,
While I watched a passing sail,
The clouds hung over dim and gray,
A fisher told to me the tale.

Close to the point the rocks still lie,
And any fisher were better dead
Than a coward beneath the eye
Of the women of Marblehead.

RESISTING A MOTHER'S LOVE.

The following affecting narrative purports to have been given by a father to his son, as a warning derived from his own bitter experience of the sin of grieving and resisting a mother's love and counsel.

What agony was visible on my mother's face when she saw what all she said and suffered failed to move me! She rose up to go home and I followed at a distance. She spoke no more to me till she reached her own door.

"It's school time now," said she. "Go my son, and once more let me beseech you to think on what I have said."

"I shan't go to school," said I.

She looked astonished at my boldness, but replied firmly.

"Certainly you will go, Alfred. I command you."

"I will not!" said I, in a tone of defiance.

"One of two things you must do, Alfred—either go to school this moment, or I will lock you in your room, and keep you there till you are ready to promise implicit obedience to my wishes in future."

"I dare you to do it," said I, "you can't get me up stairs."

"Alfred, choose now," said my mother, who laid her hand upon my arm. She trembled violently, and was deadly pale.

"If you touch me I will kick you," said I, in a terrible rage. God knows I knew not what I said.

"Will you go, Alfred?"

"No!" I replied, but quailed beneath her eye.

"Then follow me," said she, as she grasped my arm firmly.

I raised my foot—oh, my son, hear me!—I raised my foot and kicked her—my sainted mother! How my head reels as the torment of memory rushes over me! I kicked my mother—a feeble woman—my mother! She staggered back a few steps and leaned against the wall. She did not look at me. I saw her heart beat against her breast.

"Oh! Heavenly Father," she cried, "forgive him—he knows not what he does!"

The gardener just then passed the door, and seeing my mother pale and almost unable to support herself, he stopped; she beckoned him in.

"Take this boy up stairs and lock him in his room," said she, and turned from me.

Looking back as she was entering her room, she gave me such a look of agony, mingled with the most intense love—it was the last unutterable pang from a heart that was broken.

In a moment I found myself a prisoner in my own room. I thought, for a moment, I would fling myself from the open window and dash my brains out, but I felt afraid to do it. I was not penitent. At times my heart was subdued, but my stubborn pride rose in an instant, and bade me not yield. The pale face of my mother haunted me. I flung myself on the bed and fell asleep. Just at twilight I heard a footstep approach the door. It was my sister.

"What may I tell my mother from you?" she asked.

"Nothing," I replied.

"Oh, Alfred! for my sake, for all our sakes, say that you are sorry. Let me tell mother that you are sorry! She longs to forgive you."

I would not answer. I heard her footsteps slowly retreating, and again I threw myself on the bed, to pass another wretched and fearful night.

Another footstep, slower and feebler than my sister's disturbed me. A voice called me by name. It was my mother's.

"Alfred, my son, shall I come? Are you sorry for what you have done?" she asked.

I cannot tell what influence, operating at that moment, made me speak adverse to my feelings. The gentle voice of my mother that thrilled through me, melted the ice from my obdurate heart, and I longed to throw myself on her

neck, but I did not. But my words gave the lie to my heart, when I said I was not sorry. I heard her withdraw. I heard her groan. I longed to call her back, *but I did not.*

I was awakened from my uneasy slumber by hearing my name called loudly, and my sister stood at my bedside.

"Get up, Alfred. Oh, don't wait a minute! Get up and come with me. Mother is dying!"

I thought I was yet dreaming, but I got up mechanically and followed my sister. On the bed, pale and cold as marble, lay my mother. She had not undressed. She had thrown herself on the bed to rest; arising to go again to me, she was seized with a palpitation of the heart, and borne senseless to her room.

I cannot tell you my agony as I looked upon her—my remorse was tenfold more bitter from the thought that she would never know it. I believed myself to be her murderer. I fell on the bed beside her. I could not weep. My heart burned in my bosom; my brain was all on fire. My sister threw her arms around me, and wept in silence. Suddenly we saw a slight motion of mother's hand—her eyes unclosed. She had recovered consciousness, but not speech. She looked at me and moved her lips. I could not understand her words. "Mother, mother," I shrieked, "say only that you forgive me." She could not say it with her lips, but her hand pressed mine. She smiled upon me, and lifting her thin, white hands, she clasped my own within them, and cast her eyes upward. She moved her lips in prayer, and thus she died. I remained still kneeling beside that dear form, till my gentle sister removed me. The joy of youth had left me forever.

Boys who spurn a mother's control, who are ashamed to own that you are wrong, who think it manly to resist her authority, or to spurn her influence, *beware!* Lay not up for yourselves bitter memories for your future years.

TROUBLE IN THE CHOIR.—A. T. WORDEN.

There was something so unusual in the singing of the choir
That the elder looked up mildly from the tenth of Jeremiah,
And with readjusted eyeglass looked along the foremost row,
While a hundred necks were twisted in a stare from all below.

As before the rolling thunder comes a distant, wailing moan,
 There was presage of disturbance in the very organ's tone.
 Just the popping of the pickets, ere the battle's awful din,
 Or the tuning of the fiddles ere the orchestra begin.

An unprejudiced observer might have seen with half an eye
 There was waiting an explosion that would blow them all
 sky-high;
 Or spontaneous combustion, to accept a modern name,
 That was waiting just a motion to burst forth into flame.

The soprano sat in grandeur, with her book before her face,
 With her back-comb turned in anger on the alto and the bass;
 While the tenor stood beside her with an elevated nose,
 And the organist pawed madly at the pedals with her toes.

How could any one but angels sing when they were feel-
 ing so?
 Though the hymn was "Song of Gladness," they would make
 it "Sounds of Woe."

When we sing about devotion, some devotion we must feel,
 Or our plaintive tones of worship will partake somewhat of
 squeal.

But the alto sung her solo, and then left it to the bass,
 Who was gnawing at his moustache, and was looking for the
 place;
 While the organist, in anger, sung the leading part alone,
 And the tenor tried to follow, but it ended in a groan.

As the horror-stricken people heard the discord rising higher,
 It was patent to the simplest there was trouble in the choir,
 And the organist, in fury, closed the organ with a crash,
 And the alto sobbed in anguish, and the choir had gone to
 smash.

When the elder went among them, with a view to reconcile,
 The soprano told her story with a sanguinary smile;
 It appeared the wretched chorister had introduced a girl
 With a brand-new style of singing, and a most distracting
 curl.

But, to cap the bitter climax, this usurper wore a hat,
 Just a duck, a gem, a beauty, and it made the rest look flat;
 And the straw that broke the camel's back and made the
 wreck complete—
 She came early Sunday morning, and usurped the leading
 seat.

When the elder asked the tenor why he left, he said, "Be-
 cause
 The soprano said his chest-tones sounded just like filing
 saws;

And he overheard the alto, one night, whisper to the bass,
That a man with such a moustache was a palpable disgrace."

And the bass informed the elder that he sacrificed his views
When he came and joined the elder's choir, to help fill up
his pews;

He was an Episcopalian, and if the people thought he'd take
Any nonsense from a Baptist, they had made a great mistake.

Then the organist and alto both put on an injured look,
Saying something in an undertone about a change of book;
And the elder overheard them as he gently closed the door,
Use the words, "A poor old fogey," and "A sentimental bore."

And he scratched his poor old noddle, as he ambled down
the street,

With his spectacles on forehead and his slippers on his feet;
And I really think the elder has a hope of pouring oil
On the troubled sea of music, to allay the sad turmoil.

In the meantime service opens with old "China" or "Bethune,"
And the deacon with his tune-fork gives the people all the
tune;

And the organ gathers cobwebs, and the people gather grace,
While they roar out "Coronation" to the deacon's hoarsest
bass.

THE MAIDEN MARTYR.

The following touching incident characterizes an important era in the history
of the Scotch Covenanters:

A troop of soldiers waited at the door,
A crowd of people gathered in the street,
Aloof a little from them bared sabres gleamed
And flashed into their faces. Then the door
Was opened, and two women meekly stepped
Into the sunshine of the sweet May-noon,
Out of the prison. One was weak and old,
A woman full of tears and full of woes;
The other was a maiden in her morn,
And they were one in name, and one in faith,
Mother and daughter in the bond of Christ,
That bound them closer than the ties of blood.

The troop moved on; and down the sunny street
The people followed, ever falling back
As in their faces flashed the naked blades.
But in the midst the women simply went
As if they two were walking, side by side,
Up to Gcd's house on some still Sabbath morn,

Only they were not clad for Sabbath day,
 But as they went about their daily tasks:
 They went to prison and they went to death,
 Upon their Master's service.

On the shore
 The troopers halted; all the shining sands
 Lay bare and glistening; for the tide had
 Drawn back to its farthest margin's weedy mark,
 And each succeeding wave, with flash and curve,
 That seemed to mock the sabres on the shore,
 Drew nearer by a hand-breadth. "It will be
 A long day's work," murmured those murderous men
 As they slacked rein. The leader of the troops
 Dismounted, and the people passing near
 Then heard the pardon proffered, with the oath
 Renouncing and abjuring part with all
 The persecuted, covenanted folk.
 But both refused the oath: "Because," they said,
 "Unless with Christ's dear servants we have part,
 We have no part with Him."

On this they took
 The elder Margaret, and led her out
 Over the sliding sands, the weedy sludge,
 The pebbly shoals, far out, and fastened her
 Unto the farthest stake, already reached
 By every rising wave, and left her there:
 And as the waves crept about her feet, she prayed
 "That He would firm uphold her in their midst,
 Who holds them in the hollow of His hand."

The tide flowed in. And up and down the shore
 There paced the Provost and the Laird of Lag—
 Grim Grierson—with Windram and with Graham;
 And the rude soldiers, jesting with coarse oaths,
 As in the midst the maiden meekly stood,
 Waiting her doom delayed, said "she would
 Turn before the tide—seek refuge in their arms
 From the chill waves." But ever to her lips
 There came the wondrous words of life and peace:
 "If God be for us, who can be against?"
 "Who shall divide us from the love of Christ?"
 "Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature."

From the crowd
 A woman's voice cried a very bitter cry—
 "O Margaret! My bonnie, bonnie Margaret!
 Gie in, gie in, my bairnie, dinna ye drown,
 Gie in, and tak' the oath."

The tide flowed in;
 And so wore on the sunny afternoon;

And every fire went out upon the hearth,
 And not a meal was tasted in the town that day.
 And still the tide was flowing in:
 Her mother's voice yet sounding in her ear,
 They turned young Margaret's face towards the sea,
 Where something white was floating—something
 White as the sea-mew that sits upon the wave;
 But as she looked it sank; then showed again;
 Then disappeared; and round the shore
 And stake the tide stood ankle-deep.

Then Grierson
 With cursing vowed that he would wait
 No more, and to the stake the soldier led her
 Down, and tied her hands; and round her
 Slender waist too roughly cast the rope, for
 Windram came and eased it while he whispered
 In her ear, "Come take the test, and ye are free,"
 And one cried, "Margaret, say but God save
 The King!" "God save the King of His great grace,"
 She answered, but the oath she would not take.

And still the tide flowed in,
 And drove the people back and silenced them.
 The tide flowed in, and rising to her knees,
 She sang the psalm, "To Thee I lift my soul;"
 The tide flowed in, and rising to her waist,
 "To Thee, my God, I lift my soul," she sang.
 The tide flowed in, and rising to her throat,
 She sang no more, but lifted up her face,
 And there was glory over all the sky—
 And there was glory over all the sea—
 A flood of glory,—and the lifted face
 Swam in it till it bowed beneath the flood,
 And Scotland's Maiden Martyr went to God.

THE RIFT OF THE ROCK.—ANNIE HERBERT.

In the rift of the rock He has covered my head,
 When the tempest was wild in the desolate land.
 Through a pathway uncertain my steps He has led,
 And I felt in the darkness the touch of His hand
 Leading on, leading over the slippery steep,
 Where came but the echoing sound of the shock,
 And, clear through the sorrowful moan of the deep,
 The singing of birds in the rift of the rock.

In the rift of the rock He has sheltered my soul
 When at noonday the toilers grew faint in the heat;

Where the desert rolled far like a limitless scroll
 Cool waters leaped up at the touch of His feet.
 And the flowers that lay with pale lips to the sod
 Bloom softly and fair from a holier stock;
 Winged home by the winds to the mountains of God,
 They bloom evermore in the rift of the rock.

In the rift of the rock Thou wilt cover me still,
 When the glow of the sunset is low in the sky,
 When the forms of the reapers are dim on the hill,
 And the song dies away, and the end draweth nigh;
 It will be but a dream of the ladder of light,
 And heaven dawning near without terror or shock,
 For the angels, descending by day and by night,
 Will open a door through the rift of the rock.

THE VAUDOIS TEACHER.—JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Dr. Baird states, in his interesting and useful volume, entitled, "Protestantism in Italy, with some account of the Waldenses," that in the middle ages, under the humble garb of the itinerating merchant, the MISSIONARY was often concealed. The following lines, descriptive of this traffic as conducted by the Waldenses, were published in the (London) CHRISTIAN OBSERVER, a few years ago and are now given to the American public by Dr. Baird.

"Oh, lady fair, these silks of mine
 Are beautiful and rare,
 The richest web of the Indian loom
 Which beauty's queen might wear.
 And these pearls are pure and mild to behold,
 And with radiant light they vie;
 I have brought them with me a weary way;
 Will my gentle lady buy?"

And the lady smiled on the worn old man,
 Through the dark and clustering curls,
 Which veiled her brow as she bent to view
 His silks and glittering pearls;
 And she placed their price in the old man's hand,
 And lightly turned away;
 But she paused at the wanderer's earnest call,
 "My gentle lady, stay!"

"Oh, lady fair, I have yet a gem
 Which a purer lustre flings
 Than the diamond flash of the jeweled crown
 On the lofty brow of kings;
 A wonderful pearl of exceeding price,
 Whose virtue shall not decay;
 Whose light shall be as a spell to thee,
 And a blessing on thy way!"

The lady glanced at the mirroring steel
 Where her form of grace was seen,
 Where her eyes shone clear and her dark locks waved
 Their clasping pearls between.
 "Bring forth thy pearl of exceeding worth,
 Thou traveler gray and old:
 And name the price of thy precious gem,
 And my pages shall count thy gold."

The cloud went off from the pilgrim's brow,
 As a small and meagre book,
 Unchased with gold or gem of cost,
 From his folding robe he took.
 "Here, lady fair, is the pearl of price;
 May it prove as such to thee!
 Nay, keep thy gold; I ask it not;
 For the Word of God is free."

The hoary traveler went his way;
 But the gift he left behind
 Hath had its pure and perfect work
 On that high-born maiden's mind;
 And she hath turned from the pride of sin
 To the lowliness of truth,
 And given her human heart to God,
 In its beautiful hour of youth.

And she hath left the gray old halls
 Where an evil faith had power,
 The courtly knights of her father's train,
 And the maidens of her bower;
 And she hath gone to the Vaudois vales,
 By lordly feet untrod,
 Where the poor and needy of earth are rich
 In the perfect love of God.

JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE AT A. T. STEWART'S STORE.

MARIETTA HOLLEY.

The following sketch is from a work entitled "My Opinions and Betsey Bobbet's." In the preface the writer describes the circumstances under which the book was written; a deep voice kept saying to her "Josiah Allen's Wife, write a book; the great public wheel is rolling slowly on, drawing the female race into liberty, PUT YOUR SHOULDER-BLADES TO THE WHEEL." No wonder Josiah was frightened nearly out of his senses, when she spoke in a loud clear voice, "I WILL put my shoulder-blades to the wheel. I WILL write a book."

I had heard it was considerable of a store, but good land! it was bigger than all the shops of Jonesville put together, and two or three ten-acre lots, and a few meetin' housen.

But I wouldn't have acted skairt, if it had been as big as all Africa. I walked in as cool as a cucumber. We sot down pretty nigh to the door and looked round a spell. Of all the sights of folks there was a comin' in all the time, and shinin' counters all down as fur as we could see, and slick lookin' fellers behind every one, and lots of boys runnin' round, that they called "Cash." I says to Betsey,

"What a large family of boys Mr. Cash'es folks have got, and they must some of 'em be twins, they seem to be about of a size."

I was jest thinkin' in a pityin' way of their mother, poor Mrs. Cash, and how many pantaloons she would have to mend in consequence of slidin' down hill, when Betsey says to me,

"Josiah Allen's wife, hadn't you better be purchasing your merchandise?" Says she, "I will set here and rest 'till you get through, and as deah Tuppah remarked, 'study human nature.'" She didn't have no book as I could see to study out of, but I didn't make no remarks. Betsey is a curious creature, anyway. I went up to the first counter—there was a real slick lookin' feller there, and I asked him in a cool tone, "If Mr. Stewart took eggs, and what they was a fetchen' now?"

He said, "Mr. Stewart don't take eggs."

"Well," says I, "what does he give now for butter in the pail?"

He said, "Mr. Stewart don't take butter."

"Well," says I, in a dignified way, "it haint no matter, I only asked to see what they was a fetchen *here*. I haint got any with me, for I come on a tower." I then took a little roll out of my pocket, and undone 'em. It was a pair of socks and a pair of striped mittens. And I says to him in a cool, calm way,

"How much is Mr. Stewart a payin' for socks and mittens now? I know they are kinder out of season now, but there haint no danger but what winter will come, if you only wait long enough."

He said, "We don't take 'em."

I felt disappointed, for I did want Alexander to have 'em, they was knit so good. I was jest thirkin' this over, when

he spoke up agin, and says he, "we don't take barter of no kind." I didn't know really what he meant, but I answered him in a blind way, "that it was jest as well as if they did, as fur as I was concerned, for we hadn't raised any barter that year, it didn't seem to be a good year for it," and then I continued on—"Mebby Mr. Stewart would take these socks and mittens for his own use." Says I, "Do you know whether Alexander is well off for socks and mittens or not?"

The clerk said "he guessed Mr. Stewart wasn't sufferin' for 'em?"

"Well," says I in a dignified way, "you can do as you are a mind to about takin' 'em, but they are colored in a good indigo blue dye, they haint pusley color, and they are knit, on honor, just as I knit Josiah's."

"Who is Josiah?" says the clerk.

Says I, a sort of blindly, "He is the husband of Josiah Allen's wife."

I wouldn't say right out, that I was Josiah Allen's wife, because I wanted them socks and mittens to stand on their own merits, or not at all. I wasn't goin' to have 'em go, jest because one of the first wimmen of the day knit 'em. Neither was I goin' to hang on, and tease him to take 'em. I never said another word about his buyin' 'em, only mentioned in a careless way, that "the heels was run." But he didn't seem to want 'em, and I jest folded 'em up, and in a cool way put 'em into my pocket. I then asked to look at his calicoes, for I was pretty near decided in my own mind to get a apron, for I wasn't goin' to have him think that all my property lay in that pair of socks and mittens. He told me where to go to see the calicoes, and there was another clerk behind that counter. I didn't like his looks a bit, he was real uppish lookin'. But I wasn't goin' to let him mistrust that I was put to my stumps a bit. I walked up as collected lookin' as if I owned the whole caboodle of 'em, and New York village, and Jonesville, and says I,

"I want to look at your calicoes."

"What prints will you look at?" says he, makin' to put on me.

Says I, "I don't want to look at no Prince," says I, "I had ruther see a free born American citizen than all the foreign

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Princes you can bring out." I said this in a noble, lofty tone, but after a minute's thought I went on,

"Though if you have got a quantity of Princes here, I had as lives see one of Victory's boys, as any of 'em. The widder Albert is a good housekeeper, and a first-rate calculator, and a woman that has got a Right. I set a good deal of store by the widder Albert, I always thought I should like to get acquainted with her, and visit back and forth, and neighbor with her."

I waited a minute, but he didn't make no move towards showin' me any Prince. But, says he,

"What kind of calico do you want to look at?"

I thought he come off awful sudden from Princes to calico, but I didn't say nothin'. But I told him "I would like to look at a chocklate colored ground work, with a set flower on it."

"Shan't I show you a Dolly Varden?" says he.

I see plainly that he was a tryin' to impose on me, talkin' about Princes and Dolly Varden, and says I with dignity,

"If I want to make Miss Varden's acquaintance, I can without askin' you to introduce me."

His face was jest as red as blood. But he tried to turn it off with a laugh.

Says I, with a searchin' look, "Young man, if I was in your place, I would drop Dolly Varden's acquaintance." Says I, "I advise you for your own good, jest as I would Thomas Jefferson."

"Who is Thomas Jefferson?" says he.

Says I, in a cautious tone, "He is Josiah Allen's child by his first wife, and the own brother of Tirzah Ann."

I then laid my hand on a piece of chocklate ground calico, and says I, "This suits me pretty well, but I have my doubts," says I, examinin' it closer through my specs, "I mistrust it will fade some. What is *your* opinion?" says I, speakin' to a elegantly dressed woman by my side, who stood there with her rich silk dress a trailin' down on the floor. Says I,

"Do you suppose this calico will wash, mom?"

I was so busy a rubbin' the calico to see if it was firm cloth, that I never looked up in her face at all. But when I asked her for the third time, and she didn't speak, I looked up in her face, and I haint come so near faintin' since I was united to Josiah Allen. *That woman's head was off!*

The clerk see that I was overcome by somethin', and says he, "What is the matter?"

I couldn't speak, but I pinte with my forefinger stiddy at that murdered woman. I guess I had pinte at her pretty nigh half a minute, when I found breath and says I, slowly turnin' that extended finger at him, in so burnin' indignant a way, that if it had been a spear, he would have hung dead on it,

"That is pretty doin's in a Christian country!"

His face turned red as blood agin, he was so mortified. And he murmured somethin' about her "bein' dumb," or "a dummy" or somethin'—but I interrupted him—and says I,

"I guess you would be dumb yourself if your head was cut off." Says I, in awful sarcastic tones,

"It would be pretty apt to make any body dumb."

Then he explained it to me. That it was a wooden figger, to hang their dresses and mantillys on. And I cooled down and told him I would take a yard and three-quarters of the calico, enough for a honorable apron.

Says he, "We don't sell by retail in this room."

I gave that clerk then a piece of my mind. I asked him how many aprons he supposed Tirzah Ann and I stood in need of? I asked him if he supposed we was entirely destitute of aprons? And I asked him in a awful sarcastic tone, if he had a idee that Josiah and Thomas Jefferson wore aprons, I Says I, "any body would think you did." Says I, turnin away awful dignified, "when I come agin I will come when Alexander is in the store himself."

I joined Betsey by the door, and says I, "Less go on to once."

"But," says she to me in a low mysterious voice: "Josiah Allen's wife, do you suppose they would want to let me have a straw colored silk dress, and take their pay in poetry?"

Says I, "For the land's sake Betsey, don't try to sell any poetry here. I am wore out. If they won't take any socks and mittens, or good butter and eggs, I know they won't take poetry."

She argued a spell with me, but I stood firm, for I wouldn't let her demean herself for nothin'. And finally I got her to go on.

MAN'S MORTALITY.

The original of the following beautiful poem is found in an Irish MS. in Trinity College, Dublin. There is reason to think that the poem was written by one of those primitive Christian bards in the reign of King Diarmid, about the year 554, and was sung or chanted at the last grand national assembly of kings, chieftains, and bards, ever held in the famous Halls of Tara. The translation is by the learned Dr. O'Donnovan.

Like as the damask rose you see,
Or like a blossom on a tree,
Or like the dainty flower in May,
Or like the morning to the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had;
Even such is man, whose thread is spun,
Drawn out and out, and so is done.

The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes, the man—he dies.

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like a tale that's new begun,
Or like the bird that's here to-day,
Or like the pearly dew in May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan;
Even such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.

The grass withers, the tale is ended,
The bird is flown, the dew's ascended,
The hour is short, the span not long,
The swan's near death, man's life is done.

Like to the bubble in the brook,
Or in a glass much like a look,
Or like the shuttle in weaver's hand,
Or like the writing on the sand,
Or like a thought, or like a dream,
Or like the gliding of the stream;
Even such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.

The bubble's out, the look forgot,
The shuttle's flung, the writing's blot,
The thought is past, the dream is gone,
The water's glide, man's life is done.

Like to an arrow from the bow,
Or like swift course of water flow,
Or like that time 'twixt flood and ebb,
Or like the spider's tender web,

Or like a race, or like a goal,
 Or like the dealing of a dole;
 Even such is man, whose brittle state
 Is always subject unto fate.

The arrow shot, the flood soon spent,
 The time no time, the web soon rent,
 The race soon run, the goal soon won,
 The dole soon dealt, man's life soon done.

Like to the lightning from the sky,
 Or like a post that quick doth hie,
 Or like a quaver in a song,
 Or like a journey three days long,
 Or like snow when summer's come,
 Or like the pear, or like the plum;
 Even such is man, who heaps up sorrow,
 Lives but this day, and dies to-morrow.

The lightning's past, the post must go,
 The song is short, the journey so,
 The pear doth rot, the plum doth fall,
 The snow dissolves, and so must all.

RESPECT THE BURDEN.—MRS MULOCK.

Great Garibaldi, through the streets one day,
 Passing triumphant, while admiring throngs,
 With acclamations and exultant songs,
 For the uncrowned kingly man made way—
 Met one poor knave 'neath burden bowed,
 Indifferent to the hero and the crowd.

His zealous followers would have driven aside
 The sorry creature, but that good man said,
 Stretching a kind hand o'er the suffering head,
 "Respect the burden." Then, majestic-eyed,
 He paused, and passed on, no one saying him nay;
 The heavy laden also went his way.

Thou happy soul, who travelest like a king
 Along the rose-strewn pathway of thy lot,
 Respect the burden. Thou may'st see it or not,—
 For one heart is to another a sealed thing,
 Laughter there is that hideth sobs or moans;
 Firm footsteps can leave blood prints on the stones.

Respect the burden, whatsoe'er it be;
 Whether loud outcries vex the startled air,
 Or in dumb agony of loss, despair
 Lifts her still face, so like tranquillity—

Though each strained heartstring quivers, never shrinks,—
“Let this cup pass from me!” then stoops and drinks.

Oh, heavy burden! Why 'tis borne and how
None know save those who bear; and Him whose hand
Has laid it on the shoulder and said, “Stand—
Stand upright! Take this chrism upon thy brow,
My own anointed! Sore thy load may be;
But know—beneath it thou art carrying Me.”

THE MISSING SHIP.—JOHN B. GOUGH.

It was long before the cable stretched across the ocean, when the steamers did not make such rapid runs from continent to continent, that the ship *Atlantic* was missing. She had been due in New York for some days, and the people began to despair. “The *Atlantic* has not been heard from yet!” “What news from the *Atlantic* on Exchange?”

“None.” Telegraph dispatches came in from all quarters. “Any news from the *Atlantic*?” And the word thrilled along the wires to the hearts of those who had no friends on board. “No.”

Day after day passed, and people began to be excited when the booming of the guns told that a ship was coming up the Narrows. People went out upon the Battery and Castle Garden with their spy-glasses; but it was a British ship, the Union Jack was flying; they watched her come to her moorings and their hearts sank within them.

“Any news from the *Atlantic*?”

“Has not the *Atlantic* arrived?”

“No!”

“She sailed fifteen days before we did, and we have heard nothing from her.” and the people said, “there is no use hoping against hope, she has gone, like the *President*. She has made her last port.”

Day after day passed, and those who had friends on board began to make up their mourning.

Day after day passed, and the captain's wife was so ill that the doctor said she would die, if suspense were not removed.

Day after day passed, and men looked at one another and said, “Ah, it is a sad thing about the *Atlantic*!”

At length one bright and beautiful morning the guns boomed across the bay, and a ship was seen coming into port. Down went the people to the Battery and Castle Garden. It was a British ship again, and their hearts seemed to die within them. But up she came, making a ridge of white foam before her, and you could hear a heavy sigh from that crowd, as if it were the last hope dying out. Men looked at one another blankly; by and by some one cried out, "She has passed her moorings, she is steaming up the river."

Then they wiped away the dimness of grief and watched the vessel. Round she came most gallantly, and as she passed the immense crowds on the wharves and at Castle Garden, the crew hoisted flags from trucks to mainchains. An officer leaped upon the paddle-box, put his trumpet to his lips, and cried out, "The *Atlantic* is safe. She has put into port for repairs!"

Then such a shout! Oh, how they shouted! Shout! shout! shout! "The *Atlantic* is safe!"

Bands of music paraded the streets, telegraph wires worked all night long, "The *Atlantic* is safe," bringing joy to millions of hearts; and yet not one in a hundred thousand of those who rejoiced had a friend or relative on board that steamer. It was sympathy with the sorrows of others, with whom they had no tie in common, save that which God created when he made of one blood all the nations of the earth, and permitted us, as brethren, to call him the common Father of us all.

WAIL OF A DISAPPOINTED CANDIDATE.

"Oh, ever thus from childhood's hour
I've seen my fondest hopes decay!"
I never had a dog, nor cow, or
Hen, that laid an egg a day,
But what was marked and tuck away!

I never raised a suckin' pig,
To glad me with its sunny eye,
But when it growed up fat and big,
Or fit to roast or bile or fry,
I couldn't find it in the sty!

THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.—J. R. LOWELL.

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl;
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new roofed with Carrara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow;
The stiff rails were softened to swan's-down;
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn,
Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-father,
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
And thought of the leaden sky,
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of our deep-plunged woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,—
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall."

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
And she, kissing back, could not know,
That my kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

THE UNNOTICED BOUND.

When, passing southward, I may cross the line
 Between the Arctic and Atlantic oceans,
 I may not tell—by any test of mine,
 By any startling signs, or strange commotions
 Across my track.

But if the days grow sweeter, one by one,
 And e'en the icebergs melt their hardened faces;
 And sailors linger basking in the sun,
 I know I must have made the change of places
 Some distance back!

When, answering timidly the Master's call,
 I passed the bourne of life in coming to Him;
 When in my love for Him I gave up all—
 The very moment when I thought I knew Him,
 I cannot tell!

But as increasingly I feel His love—
 As this cold heart is melted to o'erflowing—
 As now so dear the light comes from above,
 I wonder at the change—and move on, knowing
 That all is well.

 LOSSES.—FRANCES BROWNE.*

Upon the white sea-sand
 There sat a pilgrim band,
 Telling the losses that their lives had known;
 While evening waned away
 From breezy cliff and bay,
 And the strong tides went out with weary moan.

One spake with quivering lip,
 Of a fair freighted ship,
 With all his household to the deep gone down;
 But one had wilder woe,—
 For a fair face, long ago
 Lost in the darker depths of a great town.

There were who mourned their youth
 With a most loving ruth,
 For its brave hopes and memories ever green;
 And one upon the west
 Turned an eye that would not rest,
 For far-off hills whereon its joys had been.

* The blind poetess of Donegal.

Some talked of vanished gold;
Some of proud honors told;
Some spake of friends that were their trust no more;
And one of a green grave
Beside a foreign wave,
That made him sit so lonely on the shore.

But, when their tales were done,
There spake among them one,
A stranger, seeming from all sorrow free:
"Sad losses have ye met;
But mine is heavier yet;
For a believing heart hath gone from me"

"Alas!" these pilgrims said,
"For the living and the dead,
For fortune's cruelty, for love's sure cross,
For the wrecks of land and sea,—
But, however it came to thee,
Thine, stranger, is life's last and heaviest loss."

THE "COURSE OF LOVE" TOO "SMOOTH."

She came tripping from the church-door, her face flushed by emotions awakened by the just uttered discourse, and eyes bright with loving expectation. He shivered on the curb-stone, where for an hour he had waited impatiently, with a burning heart fairly palpitating in his throat, and frozen fingers in his pockets. They linked arms and started for the residence of her parents. After a few moments' hesitating silence he said: "Jane, we have known each other long. You must know just how I feel. You must have seen that clear down at the bottom—O Moses!"

He had slipped down on the ice with so much force that his spine was driven up into his hat, and his hat was tipped over his nose, but she was a tender-hearted girl. She did not laugh, but she carefully helped him to his feet, and said:

"You were saying, John, when you slipped, that the foundation—Oh, goodness!"

She slipped herself that time, and saw little stars come down to dance before her eyes, but he pulled her up in haste and went on—

"Yes; just as I said, clean down at the bottom of my heart

is a fervent love, on which I build my hopes. That love has helped me stand and face—Thunder!"

He was down again, but scrambled up before she could stoop to help him, and she said breathlessly:

"Yes, yes, John. You remember you just said, a love which helped you stand and face thunder. And that you founded your hopes on—This pesky ice!"

There she sat. John grasped the loose part of her sacque, between the shoulders, with one hand, and raised her to her feet, as one would lift a kitten from a pail of water by the back of the neck. Then he said, with increased earnestness:

"Of course, darling; and I have longed for an opportunity to tell my love, and to hear those sweet lips whisper—Whoop!"

Somehow John's feet had slipped from under him, and he had come down like a capital V with his head and feet pointing skyward. She twined her taper fingers in his curling locks and raised him to the stature of a man, set his hat firmly over his eyes with both hands, and cried, in breathless haste:

"I understand; and let me assure you, John, that if it is in my power to lighten your cares and make lighter your journey through life to—Jerusalem?"

John stood alone, and said with breathless vehemence:

"Oh, my precious! and thus shall it be my lifelong pleasure to lift you from the rude assaults of earth and surround you with the loving atmosphere of—Texas!"

And there they both sat together. They had nearly reached the gate, and, hand in hand, and with hearts overflowing with the bliss of young love's first confession, they crept along on their knees up to the front steps, and were soon forgetful of their bumps on the softest cushion of the parlor sofa.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.—BYRON.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen ;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed ;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still.

And there lay the steed with his nostrils all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride :
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail ;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !

FORTY TO TWENTY.

A DRAWING-ROOM DRAMA.

Tears in your eyes ! and why ? Because you find
That he you love is mortal after all ?
Dear, silly coz, what else did you expect ?
You met the man, and though you said no word,
Your eyes were eloquent, and warmly spoke
The electric language of the universe.
You thought him brilliant—ay, he's truly so ;
Brilliant enough to know, ere many days,
What spell the magic of his genius cast
Upon a bright but untrained country-girl.
Your fresh, frank ways, your eager earnestness,
Were revelations to the sated lion.
'Tis writ in books, 'tis said by wagging tongues,
That women are the weaker vessels, coz.
Our love of approbation is so great,
We'd sell our birthright for a mess of it.
When'er potential " he " pours in our ears
The honey kept on tap for our poor sex,
We melt as wax before the burning sun ;
And being born thus weak, fulfilling fate.

It makes a deal of difference in this world
 Whether you're born a man or woman, coz.
 You've been taught from your birth that it takes two
 To make a bargain. When it comes to sex,
 But one's required—
 It takes but one, and woman is that one!
 So has it been since chaos settled down
 Into the muddy mush that we call earth.
 Man ever is an Adam, woman Eve:
 He asks to taste the apple in her hand,
 And when he's eaten it and is arraigned,
 Exclaims, "Behold, the woman gave it me!"
 Not manly, think you, to thus shrink results?
 You call him coward for betraying Eve?
 You say such reasoning would never hold
 In any book of logic? True enough:
 But when you've longer lived you'll surely learn,
 Though logic's fact, fact is not logic, coz!
 And you'll be in your grave, as well as I,
 Before society revolves around
 An axis of right reason.

Weeping still?
 You fancy, coz, yours is the only heart
 That has been trifled with? You long for death?
 Now look at me: I'm envied by the world
 Because I'm handsome, rich, endowed with wit,
 And tact enough to know just what to say
 And when to say it. My *salon* is thronged
 With genius and with beauty, coz, because
 I've sense enough to listen to the men,
 And art enough to advertise the charms
 Of my own sex, whatever be their kind.
 Because of this, some call me politic:
 But all admit that I am popular—
 And you, 'mong others, wish to wear my shoes.
 Why, silly coz, I'd gladly change with you,
 To lose the memory of earlier days.
 At your age I loved madly—loved with all
 The passion of a soul that loves but once.
 I thought my love returned: his vows, at least,
 Were warm enough to melt a colder heart
 Than nature gave to me. The man was born
 Below my sphere; but genius knows no rank,
 And I placed him above, beyond the herd
 Of titled nobodies with addled brain.
 I lived for this one man—for him alone;
 We plighted troth; my parents threatened then
 To cast me off, to disinherit me!
 "Defy our will, and you may beg for bread
 Ere we will give heed to your misery!"

Said they who brought me into this kind world.
 I loved and so was ready to brave all.
 Not so the hero of my one romance;
 His face grew pallid, and his speech confused;
 He kissed me hastily—said he'd return
 To claim me. How think you, coz, he claimed me?
 He wrote a cold, brief note, in which he said
 That he was far too proud a man to wed
 In opposition to my family.
 His grief had forced him to the Continent;
 He hoped I might be happy, and then signed
 Himself "sincerely" mine, etc.
 None born with strong *physique*s e'er died of love;
 I did not even faint or go to bed
 Raving with fever as girls do in books;
 I sent back that man's note without remark;
 Assured my parents their will should be mine;
 Was taken to their arms, and soon betrothed
 To the old lord whose name I've so long borne.
 He, to reward me for my sacrifice,
 Died after our most placid honeymoon,
 Leaving me mistress of his large estates.
 One day, 'mid Roman ruins, I came upon
 The man I once adored. He dared to speak;
 Begged me to take him to my heart again,
 Now that death had broken down the barriers.
 I lashed the craven creature with my tongue,
 And sent him cringing from me.

"Never more
 Let me behold your face!" were my last words;
 Full well have they been heeded. Then I came
 Back to my native land, took up the game
 Society demanded I should play.
 I'm pointed out as fortune's favorite—
 Perhaps I am!

Come, cousin, dry your tears!
 Your wound's skin deep—*mine* penetrated far
 And yet I'm not what people call a wreck.
 You'll have no appetite; you'll lie awake;
 You'll sigh, and sadly smile at merry jests.
 This will endure for possibly a month,
 During which time I promise to disclose
 The true proportions of the demigod
 You've worshiped at the altar of your dreams.
 Then look up while I bathe
 Your eyes in cooling spray. Now you are like
 Your dear old self.

I'm hungry. Let us dine.
 —Appleton's Journal.

THE LITTLE STOW-AWAY.*

"Ay, ay, sir; they're smart seamen enough, no doubt, them Dalmatians, and reason good, too, seein' they man half the Austrian navy; but they're not got the seasonin' of an Englishman, put it how yer will!"

I was standing on the upper deck of the Austrian Lloyd steamer, looking my last upon pyramidal Jaffa, as it rises up in terrace after terrace of stern gray masonry against the lustrous evening sky, with the foam-tipped breakers at its feet. Beside me, with his elbow on the hand-rail, and his short pipe between his teeth, lounged the stalwart chief-engineer, as thorough an Englishman as though he had not spent two-thirds of his life abroad. He delighted to get hold of a listener, who—as he phrased it—"has been about a bit."

"No; they ain't got an Englishman's seasonin'," he continues, pursuing his criticism of the Dalmatian seamen; "and what's more, they ain't got an Englishman's pluck neither, not when it comes to a real scrape."

"Can no one but an Englishman have any pluck, then?" asked I, laughing.

"Well, I won't just go for to say that; o' course a man as is a man 'ull have pluck in him all the world over. I've seed a Frencher tackle a shark to save his messmate; and I've seed a Rooshan stand to his gun arter every man in the battery, barrin' himself, had been blowed all to smash. But, if yer come to that, the pluckiest fellow as ever I seed warn't a man at all!"

"What was he, then? a woman?"

"No, nor that neither; though, mark ye, I don't go for to say as how women ain't got pluck enough too—some on 'em at least. My old 'ooman, now, saved me once from a lubber of a Portigee as was just a-goin' to stick a knife into me, when she cracked his nut with a handspike. (You can hear her spin the yarn yourself, if you likes to pay us a visit when we get to Constantinople.) But this un as I'm a talkin' on was a little lad not much bigger'n Tom Thumb, only with a spirit of his own as ud ha' blowed up a man-o'-war a'most. Would ye like to hear about it?"

* The same story is told in verse in No. 13, page 68, entitled "The Little Hero."

I eagerly assent; and the narrator, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, folds his brawny arms upon the top of the rail, and commences as follows;

“ ‘Bout three years ago, afore I got this berth as I’m in now, I was second-engineer aboard a Liverpool steamer bound for New York. There’d been a lot of extra cargo sent down just at the last minute, and we’d had no end of a job stowin’ it away, and that ran us late o’ startin’; so that, altogether, you may think, the cap’n warn’t in the sweetest temper in the world, nor the mate neither; as for the chief-engineer, he was an easy-goin’ sort of a chap, as nothing on earth could put out. But on the mornin’ of the third day out from Liverpool, he cum down to me in a precious hurry, lookin’ as if somethin’ had put him out pretty considerably.

“ ‘Tom,’ says he, ‘what d’ye think? Blest if we ain’t found a stow-away.’ (That’s the name you know, sir, as we gives to chaps as hide themselves aboard outward-bound vessels, and gets carried out unbeknown to everybody.)

“ ‘The dickens you have?’ says I. ‘Who is he, and where did yer find him?’

“ ‘Well, we found him stowed away among the casks forward; and ten to one we’d never ha’ twigged him at all, if the skipper’s dog hadn’t sniffed him out and begun barkin’. Sich a little mite as he is, too! I could ha’ most put him in my baccy-pouch, poor little beggar! but he looks to be a good-plucked un for all that.’

“ I didn’t wait to hear no more, but up on deck like a sky-rocket: and there I did see a sight, and no mistake. Every man-Jack o’ the crew, and what few passengers we had aboard, was all in a ring on the fo’c’stle, and in the middle was the fust-mate, lookin’ as black as thunder. Right in front of him, lookin’ a reg’lar mite among them big fellers, was a little bit o’ a lad not ten-year old—ragged as a scarecrow, but with bright, curly hair, and a bonnie little face o’ his own, if it hadn’t been so woful thin and pale. But, bless yer soul! to see the way that little chap held his head up, and looked about him, you’d ha’ thought the whole ship belonged to him. The mate was a great hulkin’ black-bearded feller with a look that ‘ud ha’ frightened a horse, and a voice fit to make one jump through a key-hole; but the young un

warn't a bit afeard—he stood straight up, and looked him full in the face with them bright, clear eyes o' his'n, for all the world as if he was Prince Halferd himself. Folk did say arterwards"—lowering his voice to a whisper—"as how he comed o' better blood nor what he seemed; and, for my part, I'm rayther o' that way o' thinkin' myself; for I never y seed a common street-Harab—as they calls them now—carry it off like him. You might ha' heerd a pin drop, as the mate spoke.

"Well, you young whelp,' says he, in his grimmest voice, 'what's brought you here?'

"It was my step-father as done it,' says the boy, in a weak little voice, but as steady as could be. 'Father's dead, and mother's married again, and my new father says as how he won't have no brats about eatin' up his wages; and he stowed me away when nobody warn't lookin', and guv me some grub to keep me goin' for a day or two till I got to sea. He says I'm to go to Aunt Jane, at Halifax; and here's her address.' And with that, he slips his hand into the breast of his shirt, and out with a scrap o' paper, awful dirty and crumpled up, but with the address on it, right enough.

"We all believed every word on't, even without the paper; for his look, and his voice, and the way he spoke, was enough to show that there warn't a ha'porth o' lyin' in his whole skin. But the mate didn't seem to swallow the yarn at all; he only shrugged his shoulders with a kind o' grin, as much as to say, 'I'm too old a bird to be caught by that kind o' chaff;' and then he says to him, 'Look here, my lad; that's all very fine, but it won't do here—some o' these men o' mine are in the secret, and I mean to have it out of 'em. Now, you just point out the man as stowed you away and fed you, this very minute; if you doan't, it'll be the worse for you!'

"The boy looked up in his bright, fearless way (it did my heart good to look at him, the brave little chap!) and says, quietly, 'I've told you the truth; I ain't got no more to say.'

"The mate says nothin', but looks at him for a minute as if he'd see clean through him; and then he faced round to the men, lookin' blacker than ever. 'Reeve a rope to the yard!' he sings out loud enough to raise the dead; 'smart now!'

"The men all looked at each other, as much as to say, 'What on earth 's a-comin' now?'—But aboard ship, o' course, when you're told to do a thing, you've got to do it; so the rope was rove in a jiffy.

"'Now, my lad,' says the mate in a hard, square kind o' voice, that made every word seem like fittin' a stone into a wall, 'you see that 'ere rope? Well, I'll give you ten minutes to confess; and if you don't tell the truth afore the time's up, I'll hang you like a dog!'

"The crew all stared at one another as if they couldn't believe their ears, (I didn't believe mine, I can tell ye,) and then a low growl went among 'em, like a wild beast awak-in' out of a nap.

"'Silence there!' shouts the mate, in a voice like the roar of a nor'easter. 'Stand by to run for'ard!' as he held the noose ready to put it round the boy's neck. The little feller never flinched a bit; but there was some among the sailors (big strong chaps as could ha' felled an ox) as shook like leaves in the wind. As for me, I bethought myself o' my little curly-haired lad at home, and how it 'ud be if any one was to go for to hang him; and at the very thought on't I tingled all over, and my fingers clinched themselves as if they was a-grippin' somebody's throat. I clutched hold o' a hand-spike, and held it behind my back, all ready.

"'Tom,' whispers the chief-engineer to me, 'd'ye think he really means to do it?'

"'I don't know,' says I, through my teeth; 'but if he does, he shall go first, if I swings for it!'

"I've been in many an ugly scrape in my time, but I never felt 'arf as bad as I did then. Every minute seemed as long as a dozen; and the tick o' the mate's watch, reg'lar, pricked my ears like a pin. The men were very quiet, but there was a precious ugly look on some o' their faces; and I noticed that three or four on 'em kep' edgin' for'ard to where the mate was, in a way that meant mischief. As for me, I'd made up my mind that if he did go for to hang the poor little chap, I'd kill him on the spot, and take my chance.

"'Eight minutes,' says the mate, his great deep voice break-in' in upon the silence like the toll o' a funeral bell. 'If you've got anything to confess, my lad, you'd best out with it, for ye're time 's nearly up.'

"‘I’ve told you the truth,’ answers the boy, very pale, but as firm as ever. ‘May I say my prayers, please?’

"The mate nodded; and down goes the poor little chap on his knees and puts up his poor little hands to pray. I couldn’t make out what he said (fact, my head was in such a whirl that I’d hardly ha’ knowed my own name,) but I’ll be bound God heard it, every word. Then he ups on his feet again, and puts his hands behind him, and says to the mate quite quietly, ‘I’m ready!’

"And then, sir, the mate’s hard, grim face broke up all to once, like I’ve seed the ice in the Baltic. He snatched up the boy in his arms, and kissed him, and burst out a-cryin’ like a child; and I think there warn’t one of us as didn’t do the same. I know I did for one.

"‘God bless you, my boy!’ says he, smoothin’ the child’s hair with his great hard hand. ‘You’re a true Englishman, every inch of you: you wouldn’t tell a lie to save your life! Well, if so be as yer father’s cast yer off, I’ll be yer father from this day forth; and if I ever forget you, then may God forget me!’

"And he kep’ his word, too. When we got to Halifax, he found out the little un’s aunt, and gev’ her a lump o’ money to make him comfortable; and now he goes to see the youngster every voyage, as reg’lar as can be; and to see the pair on ’em together—the little chap so fond of him, and not bearin’ him a bit o’ grudge—it’s ’bout as pretty a sight as ever I seed. And now, sir, axin’ yer parding, it’s time for me to be goin’ below; so I’ll just wish yer good night."

HANS AND FRITZ.—CHAS. F. ADAMS.

Hans and Fritz were two Deutschers who lived side by side,
Remote from the world, its deceit and its pride;
With their pretzels and beer their spare moments were spent,
And the fruits of their labor were peace and content.

Hans purchased a horse of a neighbor one day,
And, lacking a part of the *Geld*—as they say—
Made a call upon Fritz to solicit a loan,
To help him to pay for his beautiful roan.

Fritz kindly consented the money to lend,
 And gave the required amount to his friend;
 Remarking—his own simple language to quote—
 “Berhaps it vas bedder ve make us a note.”

The note was drawn up in their primitive way—
 “I, Hans, gets from Fritz feefty tollars to-day”—
 When the question arose, the note being made,
 “Vich von holds dot baper until it vas baid?”

“You geeps dot,” says Fritz, “und den you vill know
 You owes me dot money.” Says Hans: “Dot ish so:
 Dot makes me remempers I haf dot to bay,
 Und I prings you der note und der money some day.”

A month had expired, when Hans, as agreed,
 Paid back the amount, and from debt he was freed.
 Says Fritz, “Now dot settles us.” Hans replies, “Yaw
 Now who dakes dot baper accordings by law?”

“I geeps dot, now, and’t it?” says Fritz; “den you see
 I always remempers you baid dot to me.”
 Says Hans, “Dot ish so, it vos now shust so blain
 Dot I knows vot to do ven I porrows again.”

WHAT THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE HAS DONE FOR JOHN AND ME.—JOHN F. COLES.

My story, marm? well, really now, I haven’t much to say;
 But if you’d called a year ago, and then again to-day,
 No need of words to tell you, marm, for your own eyes could
 see
 How much the temperance cause has done for my dear John
 and me.

A year ago we hadn’t flour to make a batch of bread,
 And many a night these little ones went supperless to bed,
 Now just peep in the larder, marm, there’s sugar, flour and
 tea,—
 And that is what the temperance cause has done for John
 and me.

That pail that holds the butter, John used to fill with beer;
 But he hasn’t spent a cent for drink for two months and a
 year;
 He pays his debts, is strong and well, and kind as man can be—
 And that is what the temperance cause has done for John
 and me.

He used to sneak along the street, feeling so mean and low.
 As if he didn’t dare to meet the folks he used to know;

But now he looks them in the face, and steps off bold and free—

And that is what the temperance cause has done for John and me.

A year ago those little boys went strolling through the street,
With scanty clothing on their backs and nothing on their feet.

But now they've shoes and stockings, and warm garments,
as you see—

And that is what the temperance cause has done for them and me.

The children were afraid of him, his coming stopped their play,

But now, when supper time is o'er, and the table cleared away,

The boys all frolic round his chair, the baby climbs his knee,
And that is what the temperance cause has done for John and me.

Ah! those sad, sad days are over, of sorrow and of pain,
The children have their father back, and I my John again.
Oh, pray excuse my weeping, marm,—they're tears of joy to see

How much the temperance cause has done for my dear John and me!

Each morning when he goes to work, I upward look and say:
"Oh, heavenly Father, help dear John to keep his pledge to-day!"

And every night before I sleep, thank God on bended knee,
For what the temperance cause has done for my dear John and me.

TO THE RESCUE.

Up for the conflict! let your battle peal
Ring in the air, as rings the clash of steel
When, rank to rank, contending armies meet,
Trampling the dead beneath their bloody feet.
Up! you are bidden to a nobler strife—
Not to *destroy*, but *rescue* human life;
No added drop in misery's cup to press,
But minister relief to wretchedness;
To give the long-lost father to his boy;
To cause the widow's heart to sing for joy;
Bid plenty laugh where hungry famine scowls;
And pour the sunlight o'er the tempest's howls;
Bring to the soul, that to despair is given,
A new-found joy, a holy hope of heaven!

A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW.—MARY A. FORD.

The surging sea of human life forever onward rolls,
And bears to the eternal shore its daily freight of souls.
Though bravely sails our bark to-day, pale Death sits at the
prow,
And few shall know we ever lived a hundred years from now.

O mighty human brotherhood! why fiercely war and strive,
While God's great world has ample space for everything
alive?

Broad fields uncultured and unclaimed, are waiting for the
plow
Of progress that shall make them bloom a hundred years
from now.

Why should we try so earnestly in life's short, narrow span,
On golden stairs to climb so high above our brother man?
Why blindly at an earthly shrine in slavish homage bow?
Our gold will rust, ourselves be dust, a hundred years from
now.

Why prize so much the world's applause? Why dread so
much its blame?

A fleeting echo is its voice of censure or of fame;
The praise that thrills the heart, the scorn that dyes with
shame the brow,
Will be as long-forgotten dreams a hundred years from now.

O patient hearts, that meekly bear your weary load of wrong!
O earnest hearts, that bravely dare, and, striving, grow more
strong!

Press on till perfect peace is won; you'll never dream of how
You struggled o'er life's thorny road a hundred years from
now.

Grand, lofty souls, who live and toil that freedom, right, and
truth

Alone may rule the universe, for you is endless youth!
When 'mid the blest with God you rest, the grateful land
shall bow

Above your clay in reverent love a hundred years from now.

Earth's empires rise and fall. Time! like breakers on thy
shore

They rush upon thy rocks of doom, go down, and are no more.
The starry wilderness of worlds that gem night's radiant brow
Will light the skies for other eyes a hundred years from now.

Our Father, to whose sleepless eyes the past and future stand
An open page, like babes we cling to thy protecting hand;
Change, sorrow, death are naught to us if we may safely bow
Beneath the shadow of thy throne a hundred years from now.

TWO BOOT-BLACKS.

A day or two ago, during a lull in business, two little boot-blacks, one white and one black, were standing at the corners doing nothing, when the white boot-black agreed to black the black boot-black's boots. The black boot-black was of course willing to have his boots blacked by his fellow boot-black, and the boot-black who had agreed to black the black boot-black's boots went to work.

When the boot-black had blacked one of the black boot-black's boots till it shone in a manner that would make any boot-black proud, this boot-black who had agreed to black the black boot-black's boots refused to black the other boot of the black boot-black until the black boot-black, who had consented to have the white boot-black black his boots, should add five cents to the amount the white boot-black had made blacking other men's boots. This the boot-black whose boot had been blacked refused to do, saying it was good enough for a black boot-black to have one boot blacked, and he didn't care whether the boot that the boot-black hadn't blacked was blacked or not.

This made the boot-black who had blacked the black boot-black's boot as angry as a boot-black often gets, and he vented his black wrath by spitting upon the blacked boot of the black boot-black. This roused the latent passions of the black boot-black, and he proceeded to boot the white boot-black with the boot which the white boot-black had blacked. A fight ensued, in which the white boot-black who had refused to black the unblackd boot of the black boot-black, blacked the black boot-black's visionary organ, and in which the black boot-black wore all the blacking off his blacked boot in booting the white boot-black.

BURNING OF THE LEXINGTON.—MILFORD BARD.

Night rested on the sea—the moon alone,
O'er the wide waste of rolling waters shone;
The glorious sun had sunk in western skies,
And the dim stars looked down like angels' eyes,

As if they wept in heaven the approaching doom,
And dropped their tears o'er that untimely tomb!
The warm hand pressed with many a generous token,
The long embrace once o'er, and farewell spoken,
The buoyant boat swift leaves the crowded shore;
To gaze on forms they shall behold no more,
Upon the deck, friends strain their anxious eyes,
Till evening drops her curtain o'er the skies.
Now o'er the waters, where the wanderers sleep,
Went forth that train upon the treacherous deep;
They thought of friends to whom they would return,
Nor thought, alas! those friends so soon would mourn.
In blissful dreams they think no more they roam,
But tread again the happy halls of home;
Childhood and age, and beauty brightly blest,
Thoughtless of danger on the dark wave rest;
When, lo! there comes upon the ear a cry,
And the word "Fire!" sweeps roaring through the sky;
The red flames flash upon the rolling flood,
Till the wide waters seem one sea of blood;
On the cold blast dread Azrael comes in ire,
Waves his dark wings, and fans the fearful fire;
Wild o'er the deck, and with disheveled hair,
Rush the sad victims, shrieking in despair:
"Where is my son?" the frantic father cries,
And "Where my sire?" the weeping son replies.
Amid that scene of terror and alarms,
Dear woman, wailing, throws her ivory arms;
And shall she perish? nay, one effort saves—
Quick, launch the boats upon the boiling waves;—
They're lost! O God! they sink to rise no more!
A hundred voices mingle in one roar.
From post to post the affrighted victims fly,
While the red flames illumine sea and sky;
The piteous look of infancy appeals
For help, but oh! what heart in danger feels?
None save a mother's; see her clasp her boy!
Floating she looks to find her second joy;
She sees him now, and with a transport wild,
"Save! save! oh, save!" she cries, "my drowning child!"
She lifts her arms, and in the next rude wave
The mother and her children find a grave;
Locked in her arms her boy sinks down to rest,
His head he pillows on her clay-cold breast;
A mother's love not death itself can part,
She hugs her dying children to her heart;
And fain would perish more than once to save
Her blooming boys from ocean's awful grave.
A sail! a sail! a hundred voices rave—
In the dim distance, on the brilliant wave,

She comes, and hope cheers up those hearts again,
 They shall be saved—alas! that hope is vain!
 The dastard wretch beholds the imploring crew,
 Looks on the blazing boat, then bids adieu;
 Leaves them to perish in a watery grave,
 Rather than stretch his coward hand to save.
 Go, thou inhuman being; be thy name
 A demon's watchword, and the mark of shame;
 Go teach the tiger what to thee is given,
 And be the scoff of man, the scorn of heaven;
 Be all those mourning mothers' tears thy own,
 Till human feelings melt thy heart of stone!

Now o'er the ice-cold sea the victims swim,
 Their limbs are helpless, and their eyes grow dim;
 With cries for help they yield their lingering breath,
 As one by one they close their eyes in death;
 The blazing wreck a moment shines more bright,
 One cry is heard, she sinks, and all is night.

The moon hath set—a darkness shrouds the lee,
 No voice is heard upon that moonless sea;
 Soft pity spreads her wings upon the gale,
 And few are left to tell the dreadful tale.
 From down-beds warm, and from their joyous sleep,
 Full many an eye afar shall wake to weep;
 Full many a heart a hapless parent mourn,
 From friends and home, alas! untimely torn.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.—ALEXANDER POPE.

Vital spark of heavenly flame,
 Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
 Oh! the pain, the bliss of dying.
 Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper: angels say,
 "Sister spirit, come away."
 What is this absorbs me quite,
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
 Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring!
 Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
 O grave! where is thy victory?
 O death! where is thy sting?

SPIKE THAT GUN.

The great struggle for victory on the heights of Inkerman was decided by a young officer bravely carrying out an order to spike a gun that was sweeping down the troops with its shot and shell. The battery had to be approached with great care, or the attacking party would be swept away before ever the gun could be reached. The officer in command led his men under the cover of some rising ground, and then waited his opportunity to face the battery. At first, a brother officer who accompanied the party said that it was perfect madness to attempt an attack, and the men began to feel that it was charging into the arms of death; but the officer who had received the order to spike the gun was determined to carry it out or die in the attempt, and addressing his small party, said: "If no man will stand by me, I shall go alone. Who'll volunteer?" and immediately he went out from the shelter of the rising ground where he had halted his men, and faced the battery. No sooner did the men see his brave determination to carry out his instructions than they rushed to the front, and with a victorious shout took the battery and spiked the gun. That brave deed turned the battle scales to victory in favor of the British. The Russians lost all heart when the battery, which had done such deadly mischief to the troops all that fearful day, was silenced and the gun spiked.

The great conflict between good and evil is still raging. Year after year rolls on, and the deadly strife continues. The ranks have been thinned, gaps made, homes desolated, families broken up, and thousands have passed away. One of the great (if not the greatest) difficulties in the progress of every good work is drink. It is one of the most prolific sources of evil that the civilized world has seen. It baffles our legislators. It startles the Church. It blights the progress of Christianity. It hinders the advance of missions. It degrades our army, and is found to be the chief agent in supplying pauperdom with starving beggars; mad-houses with the insane, and orphanages with the fatherless. Crime is fed by it; jails, reformatories, and penitentiaries are crowded

with its victims. Men have lost their honesty, and women their virtue, through the effects of drink. Good has been weakened, evil has been strengthened, by the baneful influence of drink.

Whether we speak of high or low, the educated or ignorant, the wealthy or poor, from each drink has claimed its victims, and scattered seeds of misery in all ranks, which have produced a sad harvest of wretchedness, woe, and death, sufficient for us to point out the danger in which every good work is placed, so long as that infernal weapon of evil is belching forth its deadly missiles against those enterprises which are making war upon sin, and the enormous disadvantage at which they war, so long as drink is allowed to decimate their ranks and destroy their hopes of success. For the sake of all that's good and true on earth, we raise the cry: *Spike that gun!*

JOHN AND TIBBIE DAVISON'S DISPUTE.

ROBERT LEIGHTON.

John Davison and Tibbie, his wife,
Sat toasting their taes ae nicht,
When something startit in the fluir,
And blinkit by their sicht.

"Guidwife," quoth John, "did ye see that moose?
Whar sorra was the cat?"

"A moose?" "Aye, a moose." "Na, na, guidman,
It was'na a moose, 'twas a rat."

"Ow, ow, guidwife, to think ye've been
Sae lang about the hoose,
An' no to ken a moose frae a rat!
Yon was'na a rat! 'twas a moose."

"I've seen mair mice than you, guidman—
An' what think ye o' that?
Sae haud your tongue an say nae mair
I tell ye, it was a rat."

"*Me* haud my tongue for *you*, guidwife!
I'll be mester o' this hoose—
I saw't as plain as een could seet,"
An' I tell ye, it was a moose!

"If you're the mester o' the hoose
It's I'm the mistress o't;

An' I ken best what's in the hoose,
Sae I tell ye, it was a rat."

"Weel, weel, guidwife, gae mak' the brose,
An' ca' it what ye please."
So up she rose, and made the brose,
While John sat toasting his taes.

They supit, and supit, and supit the brose,
And aye their lips played smack;
They supit, and supit, and supit the brose,
Till their lugs began to crack.

"Sic fules we were to fa' oot, guidwife,
About a moose—" "A what?
It's a lee ye tell, an' I say again,
It was'na a moose, 'twas a rat!"

"Wad ye ca' me a leear to my very face?
My faith, but ye craw croose!
I tell ye, Tib, I never will bear't—
'Twas a moose!" " 'Twas a rat!" " 'Twas a moose!"

Wi' her spoon she strack him ower the pow—
"Ye dour auld doit, tak' that;
Gae to your bed, ye canker'd sumph—
'Twas a rat!" " 'Twas a moose!" " 'Twas a rat!"

She sent the brose caup at his heels,
As he hirpled ben the hoose;
Yet he shoved oot his head as he steekit the door,
And cried, " 'Twas a moose! 'twas a moose!"

But when the carle was fast asleep
She paid him back for that,
And roared into his sleepin' lug,
" 'Twas a rat! 'twas a rat! 'twas a rat!"

The de'il be wi me if I think
It was a beast ava!—
Neist mornin', as she sweepit the fluir,
She faund wee Johnnie's ba'!

WHISTLING IN HEAVEN.

You're surprised that I ever should say so?
Just wait till the reason I've given
Why I say I shan't care for the music,
Unless there is whistling in heaven.

Then you'll think it no very great wonder,
Nor so strange, nor so bold a conceit,
That unless there's a boy there a-whistling,
Its music will not be complete.

It was late in the autumn of '40;
We had come from our far Eastern home
Just in season to build us a cabin,
Ere the cold of the winter should come;
And we lived all the while in our wagon
That husband was clearing the place
Where the house was to stand; and the clearing
And building it took many days.

So that our heads were scarce sheltered
In under its roof, when our store
Of provisions was almost exhausted,
And husband must journey for more;
And the nearest place where he could get them
Was yet such a distance away,
That it forced him from home to be absent
At least a whole night and a day.

You see, we'd but two or three neighbors,
And the nearest was more than a mile;
And we hadn't found time yet to know them,
For we had been busy the while.
And the man who had helped at the raising
Just staid till the job was well done;
And as soon as his money was paid him
Had shouldered his axe and had gone.

Well, husband just kissed me and started—
I could scarcely suppress a deep groan
At the thought of remaining with baby
So long in the house all alone;
For, my dear, I was childish and timid,
And braver ones might well have feared,
For the wild wolf was often heard howling,
And savages sometimes appeared.

But I smothered my grief and my terror
Till husband was off on his ride,
And then in my arms I took Josey,
And all the day long sat and cried,
As I thought of the long, dreary hours
When the darkness of night should fall,
And I was so utterly helpless,
With no one in reach of my call.

And when the night came with its terrors,
To hide ev'ry ray of light,

I hung up a quilt by the window,
And almost dead with affright,
I kneeled by the side of the cradle,
Scarce daring to draw a full breath,
Lest the baby should wake, and its crying
Should bring us a horrible death.

There I knelt until late in the evening,
And scarcely an inch had I stirred,
When suddenly, far in the distance,
A sound as of whistling I heard,
I started up dreadfully frightened,
For fear 'twas an Indian's call;
And then very soon I remembered
The red man ne'er whistles at all.

And when I was sure 'twas a white man,
I thought, were he coming for ill,
He'd surely approach with more caution—
Would come without warning, and still.
Then the sounds, coming nearer and nearer,
Took the form of a tune light and gay,
And I knew I needn't fear evil
From one who could whistle that way.

Very soon I heard footsteps approaching,
Then came a peculiar dull thump,
As if some one was heavily striking
An axe in the top of a stump;
And then, in another brief moment,
There came a light tap on the door,
When quickly I undid the fast'ning,
And in stepped a boy, and before

There was either a question or answer,
Or either had time to speak,
I just threw my glad arms around him,
And gave him a kiss on the cheek.
Then I started back, scared at my boldness,
But he only smiled at my fright,
As he said, "I'm your neighbor's boy, Elick,
Come to tarry with you through the night.

"We saw your husband go eastward,
And made up our minds where he'd gone,
And I said to the rest of our people,
'That woman is there all alone,
And I venture she's awfully lonesome,
And though she may have no great fear,
I think she would feel a bit safer
If only a boy were but near.'

"So, taking my axe on my shoulder,
 For fear that a savage might stray
 Across my path and need scalping,
 I started right down this way;
 And coming in sight of the cabin,
 And thinking to save you alarm,
 I whistled a tune, just to show you
 I didn't intend any harm.

"And so here I am, at your service;
 But if you don't want me to stay,
 Why, all you need do is to say so,
 And should'ring my axe, I'll away."
 I dropped in a chair and near fainted,
 Just at thought of his leaving me then,
 And his eye gave a knowing bright twinkle
 As he said, "I guess I'll remain."

And then I just sat there and told him
 How terribly frightened I'd been,
 How his face was to me the most welcome
 Of any I ever had seen;
 And then I lay down with the baby,
 And slept all the blessed night through,
 For I felt I was safe from all danger
 Near so brave a young fellow and true.

So now, my dear friend, do you wonder,
 Since such a good reason I've given,
 Why I say I shan't care for the music,
 Unless there is whistling in heaven?
 Yes, often I've said so in earnest,
 And now what I've said I repeat,
 That unless there's a boy there a-whistling,
 Its music will not be complete.

—*Harper's Magazine.*

AIRY NOTHING.—SHAKESPEARE.

Our revels now are ended. These, our actors,
 As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
 Are melted into air—into thin air;
 And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
 The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
 And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
 Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
 As dreams are made of, and our little life
 Is rounded with a sleep.

—*The Tempest.*

THE NEWSBOY'S DEBT.—H. R. HUDSON.

Only last year, at Christmas-time,
While pacing down a city street,
I saw a tiny, ill-clad boy—
One of the thousands that we meet—

As ragged as a boy could be,
With half a cap, with one good shoe;
Just patches to keep out the wind—
I know the wind blew keenly too:

A newsboy, with a newsboy's lungs,
A square Scotch face, an honest brow,
And eyes that liked to smile so well
They had not yet forgotten how:

A newsboy, hawking his last sheets
With loud persistence. Now and then
Stopping to beat his stiffened hands,
And trudging bravely on again.

Dodging about among the crowd,
Shouting his "Extras" o'er and o'er;
Pausing by whiles to cheat the wind
Within some alley, by some door.

At last he stopped—six papers left,
Tucked hopelessly beneath his arm—
To eye a fruiterer's outspread store:
Here products of some country farm,

And there confections, all adorned
With wreathed and clustered leaves and flowers,
While little founts, like frosted spires,
Tossed up and down their mimic showers.

He stood and gazed with wistful face,
All a child's longing in his eyes;
Then started, as I touched his arm,
And turned in quick, mechanic wise,

Raised his torn cap with purple hands,
Said, "Papers, Sir? *World! Herald! Times!*"
And brushed away a freezing tear
That marked his cheek with frosty rimes.

"How many have you? Never mind—
Don't stop to count—I'll take them all;
And when you pass my office here,
With stock on hand, give me a call."

He thanked me with a broad Scotch smile,
 A look half wondering and half glad.
 I fumbled for the proper "change,"
 And said, "You seem a little lad

"To rough it in the streets like this."
 "I'm ten years old this Christmas-time!"
 "Your name?" "Jim Hanley." "Here's a bill—
 I've nothing else, but this one dime—

"Five dollars. When you get it changed
 Come to my office—that's the place.
 Now wait a bit, there's time enough:
 You need not run a headlong race.

"Where do you live?" "Most any where.
 We hired a stable-loft to-day,
 Me and two others." "And you thought
 The fruiterer's window pretty, hey?

"Or were you hungry?" "Just a bit,"
 He answered, bravely as he might.
 "I couldn't buy a breakfast, Sir,
 And had no money left last night."

"And you are cold?" "Ay, just a bit.
 I don't mind cold." "Why, that is strange!"
 He smiled and pulled his ragged cap,
 And darted off to get the "change."

So, with a half-unconscious sigh,
 I sought my office desk again:
 An hour or more my busy wits
 Found work enough with book and pen.

But when the mantel clock struck five
 I started with a sudden thought,
 For there beside my hat and cloak
 Lay those six papers I had bought.

"Why, where's the boy? and where's the 'change'?"
 He should have brought an hour ago?
 Ah, well! ah, well! they're all alike!
 I was a fool to tempt him so.

"Dishonest! Well, I might have known!
 And yet his face seemed candid too.
 He would have earned the difference
 If he had brought me what was due.

"But caution often comes too late."
 And so I took my homeward way,
 Deeming distrust of human kind
 The only lesson of the day.

PPPP*

Just two days later, as I sat,
Half dozing, in my office chair,
I heard a timid knock, and called,
In my brusque fashion, "Who is there?"

An urchin entered, barely seven—
The same Scotch face, the same blue eyes—
And stood, half doubtful, at the door,
Abashed at my forbidding guise.

"Sir, if you please, my brother Jim—
The one you give the bill, you know—
He couldn't bring the money, Sir,
Because his back was hurt so.

"He didn't mean to keep the 'change';
He got runned over up the street:
One wheel went right across his back,
And t'other fore-wheel mashed his feet.

"They stopped the horses just in time,
And then they took him up for dead,
And all that day and yesterday
He wasn't rightly in his head.

"They took him to the hospital—
One of the newsboys knew 'twas Jim—
And I went too, because, you see,
We two are brothers, I and him

"He had that money in his hand,
And never saw it any more.
Indeed, he didn't mean to steal!
He never lost a cent before!

"He was afraid that you might think
He meant to keep it, any way;
This morning, when they brought him to,
He cried because he couldn't pay.

"He made me fetch his jacket here;
It's torn and dirtied pretty bad;
It's only fit to sell for rags,
But then, you know, it's all he had!

"When he gets well—it won't be long—
If you will call the money lent,
He says he'll work his fingers off
But what he'll pay you every cent."

And then he cast a rueful glance
At the soiled jacket where it lay.

"No, no, my boy! Take back the coat.
Your brother's badly hurt, you say?

"Where did they take him? Just run out
And hail a cab, then wait for me.
Why, I would give a thousand coats,
And pounds, for such a boy as he!"

A half hour after this we stood
Together in the crowded wards,
And the nurse checked the hasty steps
That fell too loudly on the boards.

I thought him smiling in his sleep,
And scarce believed her when she said,
Smoothing away the tangled hair
From brow and cheek, "The boy is dead."

Dead? dead so soon? How fair he looked!
One streak of sunshine on his hair.
Poor lad! Well, it is warm in heaven:
No need of "change" and jackets there!

And something rising in my throat
Made it so hard for me to speak,
I turned away, and left a tear
Lying upon his sunburned cheek.

TAKING UP CARPETS.

The annual ceremony of taking up and whipping and putting down carpets is upon us. It is one of the evils which flesh is heir to, and cannot be avoided. You go home some pleasant spring day, at peace with the world, and find the baby with a clean face, and get your favorite pudding for dinner. Then your wife tells you how much younger you are looking, and says she really hopes she can turn that walking-dress she wore last fall and save the expense of a new suit, and then she asks you if you can't just help her about taking up the carpet.

Then she gets a saucer for the tacks and stands and holds it, and you get the claw and go down on your knees and begin to help her. You feel quite economical about the first three tacks, and take them out carefully and put them in the saucer. Your wife is good about holding the saucer, and beguiles you with an interesting story about how your neighbor's little boy is not expected to live till morning.

Then you come to the tack with a crooked head, and you get the claw under, and the head comes off, and the leather comes off, and the carpet comes off, and as it won't do to leave the tack in the floor, because it will tear the carpet when it is put down, you go to work and skin your knuckle, and get a sliver under the thumb nail, and tell your wife to shut up about that everlasting boy, and make up your mind that it does not make any difference about that tack; and so you begin on the corner where the carpet is doubled two or three times and has been nailed down with a shingle nail.

You don't care a continental about saving the nail, because you find that it is not a good time for the practice of economy; but you do feel a little hurt when both claws break off from the claw, and the nail does not budge a peg. Then your manhood asserts itself, and you arise in your might and throw the carpet claw at the dog, and get hold of the carpet with both hands, and the air is full of dust and flying tacks, and there is a fringe of carpet yarn all along by the mop board, and the baby cries, and the cat goes anywhere—anywhere out of the world, and your wife says you ought to be ashamed of yourself to talk so,—but that carpet comes up.

Then you lift one side of the stove, and your wife tries to get the carpet from under it, but can't because you are standing on it. So you try a new hold; and just after your back breaks the carpet is clear. You are not through yet. Your wife don't tell you any more little stories, but she gets your old coat and hangs it on you, and smothers you with the carpet, and opens the back door and shoves you out, and intimates that the carpet needs whipping.

When you hang the tormenting thing across the clothesline the wrong way, and get it righted, and have it slide off into the mud, and hang it up again, and get half a pint of dust and three broken tacks snapped out of the northwest corner into your mouth by the wind, you make some observation which you neglected to mention while in the house. Then you hunt up a stick and go for that carpet. The first blow hides the sun and all the fair face of nature behind a cloud with the wind square in your face, no matter how you stand. You wield that cudgel until both hands are blistered, and the milk of human kindness curdles in your bosom.

You can whip the carpet a longer or shorter period, according to the size of your mad; it don't make any difference to the carpet; it is just as dusty and as fuzzy, and generally disagreeable after you have whipped it two hours as it was when you commenced. Then you bundle it up, with one corner dragging, and stumble into the house, and have more trouble with the stove, and fail to find any way of using the carpet stretcher while you stand on the carpet, and fail to find any place to stand off from the carpet, and you get on your knees once more, while your wife holds the saucer, and with blind confidence hands you broken tacks, crooked tacks, tacks with no points, tacks with no heads, tacks with no leathers, tacks with the biggest end at the point.

Finally the carpet is down, and the baby comes back, and the cat comes back, and the dog comes back, and your wife smiles sweetly, and says she is glad the job is off her hands.

BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN, 1800.—THOMAS CAMPBELL.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each warrior drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of Heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.

And redder yet those fires shall glow
On Linden's hills of blood-stained snow,
And darker yet shall be the flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn; but scarce yon lurid sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,

While furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave!
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Ah! few shall part where many meet;
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

UNCLE REMUS'S REVIVAL HYMN.

Oh! whar shall we go w'en de great day comes,
Wid de blowin' uv de trumpets an' de bangin' uv de drums!
How many po' sinners'll be cotched out late,
An' fine no latch to de goldin gate?

No use fer to wait 'twell to-morrer?
De sun musn't set on yo' sorrer.
Sin's ez sharp ez a bamboo brier—
O Lord! fetch the mo'ners up higher!

W'en de nashuns uv de earf is a stannin' all aroun',
Who's a gwine ter be choosen fer ter war de Glory crown?
Who's a gwine fer ter stan' stiff-kneed an' bol',
An' answer to dere name at de callin' uv de roll.

You better come now ef you comin'—
Ole Satan is loose an's a bummin'—
De weels uv destrucshun is a hummin'—
Oh, come along sinner, ef you comin'.

De song uv salvation is a mighty sweet song,
An' de Pairadise win' blo' fur an' blo' strong;
An' Aberham's buzzum is saf' an' it's wide,
An' dat's de place whar de sinner orter hide.

No use ter be stoppin' an' a lookin',
Ef you fool wid Satan you'll git took in,
You'll hang on de edge an' git shook in,
Ef you keep on a stoppin' an' a lookin'.

De time is right now an' dis here's de place—
Let de salvashun sun shine squar' in yo' face,
Fight de battles uv de Lord, fight soon an' fight late,
An' you'll allers fine a latch on de goldin gate,

No use fer ter wait 'twell to-morrer—
De sun mus'n't set on yo' sorrer.
Sin's ez sharp ez a bamboo brier—
Ax de Lord fer ter fetch you up higher.

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

THE PURITANS.—F. B. MACAULAY.

The Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging, in general terms, an overruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know him, to serve him, to enjoy him was with them the great end of existence. They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring veil, they aspired to gaze full on his intolerable brightness, and to commune with him face to face. Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions. The difference between the greatest and the meanest of mankind seemed to vanish, when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whole race from him on whom their own eyes were constantly fixed. They recognized no title to superiority but his favor; and, confident of that favor, they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge of them.

Their palaces were houses not made with hands; their diadems crowns of glory which should never fade away. On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt: for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language—nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged, on whose slightest action the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest, who had been destined, before heaven and earth were cre-

ated, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away. Events which shortsighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes, had been ordained on his account. For his sake empires had risen, and flourished, and decayed. For his sake the Almighty had proclaimed his will by the pen of the evangelist and the harp of the prophet. He had been wrested by no common deliverer from the grasp of no common foe. He had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It was for him that the sun had been darkened, that the rocks had been rent, that the dead had risen, that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring God.

Thus the Puritan was made up of two different men,—the one all self-abasement, penitence, gratitude, passion; the other proud, calm, inflexible, sagacious. He prostrated himself in the dust before his Maker; but he set his foot on the neck of his king. In his devotional retirement he prayed with convulsions and groans and tears. He was half-maddened by glorious or terrible illusions. He heard the lyres of angels or the tempting whispers of fiends. He caught a gleam of the Beatific Vision, or woke screaming from dreams of everlasting fire. Like Vane, he thought himself entrusted with the sceptre of the millennial year. Like Fleetwood, he cried in the bitterness of his soul that God had hid his face from him. But when he took his seat in the council, or girt on his sword for war, these tempestuous workings of the soul had left no perceptible trace behind them. People who saw nothing of the godly but their uncouth visages, and heard nothing from them but their groans and their whining hymns, might laugh at them. But those had little reason to laugh who encountered them in the hall of debate or in the field of battle.

THE EAGLE.—ALFRED TENNYSON.

He clasps the crag with hookéd hands,
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure world he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls:
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunder-bolt he falls.

ROMANCE OF A CARPET.

Basking in peace in the warm spring sun
South Hill smiled upon Burlington.

The breath of May! and the day was fair,
And the bright motes danced in the balmy air,
And the sunlight gleamed where the restless breeze
Kissed the fragrant blooms on the apple trees.

His beardless cheek with a smile he spanned
As he stood with a carriage whip in hand,

And he laughed as he doffed his bobtail coat,
And the echoing folds of the carpet smote.

And she smiled as she leaned on her busy mop,
And said she'd tell him when to stop.

So he pounded away till the dinner-bell
Gave him a little-breathing spell;

But he sighed when the kitchen clock struck one,
And she said the carpet wasn't done.

But he lovingly put in his biggest licks,
And he pounded like mad till the clock struck six

And she said, in a dubious kind of way,
That she guessed he could finish it up next day.

Then all that day, and the next day, too,
That fuzz from the dirtless carpet flew.

And she'd give it a look at eventide,
And say, "Now beat on the other side."

And the new days came as the old days went,
And the landlord came for his regular rent,

And the neighbors laughed at the tireless broom,
And his face was shadowed with clouds of gloom.

Till at last, one cheerless winter day,
He kicked at the carpet and slid away.

Over the fence and down the street,
Speeding away with footsteps fleet,

And never again the morning sun
Smiled upon him beating his carpet-drum.

And South Hill often said with a yawn,
"Where's the carpet martyr gone?"

Years twice twenty had come and past,
And the carpet swayed in the autumn blast,

For never yet, since that bright spring-time,
Had it ever been taken down from the line.
Over the fence a gray-haired man
Cautiously clim, clome, clem, clum, clamb—
He found him a stick in the old woodpile,
And he gathered it up with a sad, grim smile,—
A flush passed over his face forlorn
As he gazed at the carpet, tattered and torn;
And he hit it a most resounding thwack,
Till the startled air gives his echoes back.
And out of the window a white face leaned
And a palsied hand the pale face screened;
She knew his face, she gasped, and sighed,
“A little more on the under side.”
Right down on the ground his stick he throwed,
And he shivered and said, “Well, I am blowed!”
And he turned away, with a heart full sore,
And he never was seen not more, not more.

IPHIGENIA AND AGAMEMNON.—W. S. LANDOR.

Iphigenia, when she heard her doom
At Aulis, and when all beside the king
Had gone away, took his right hand, and said:
“O father! I am young and very happy.
I do not think the pious Calchas heard
Distinctly what the goddess spake; old age
Obscures the senses. If my nurse, who knew
My voice so well, sometimes misunderstood,
While I was resting on her knee both arms,
And hitting it to make her mind my words,
And looking in her face, and she in mine,
Might not he, also, hear one word amiss,
Spoken from so far off, even from Olympus?”
The father placed his cheek upon her head,
And tears dropt down it; but the king of men
Replied not. Then the maiden spake once more:
“O father! sayest thou nothing? Hearest thou not
Me, whom thou ever hast, until this hour,
Listened to fondly, and awakened me
To hear my voice amid the voice of birds,
When it was inarticulate as theirs,
And the down deadened it within the nest?”
He moved her gently from him, silent still;
And this, and this alone, brought tears from her,

Although she saw fate nearer. Then with sighs:
 "I thought to have laid down my hair before
 Benignant Artemis, and not dimmed
 Her polished altar with my virgin blood;
 I thought to have selected the white flowers
 To please the nymphs, and to have asked of each
 By name, and with no sorrowful regret,
 Whether, since both my parents willed the change,
 I might at Hymen's feet bend my clipt brow;
 And (after these who mind us girls the most)
 Adore our own Athene, that she would
 Regard me mildly with her azure eyes,—
 But, father, to see you no more, and see
 Your love, O father! go ere I am gone!"
 Gently he moved her off, and drew her back,
 Bending his lofty head far over hers,
 And the dark depths of nature heaved and burst;
 He turned away,—not far, but silent still.
 She now first shuddered; for in him, so nigh,
 So long a silence seemed the approach of death,
 And like it. Once again she raised her voice:
 "O father! if the ships are now detained,
 And all your vows move not the gods above,
 When the knife strikes me there will be one prayer
 The less to them; and purer can there be
 Any, or more fervent, than the daughter's prayer
 For her dear father's safety and success?"
 A groan that shook him shook not his resolve.
 An aged man now entered, and without
 One word stepped slowly on, and took the wrist
 Of the pale maiden. She looked up, and saw
 The fillet of the priest, and calm, cold eyes.
 Then turned she where her parent stood, and cried:
 "O father! grieve no more; the ships can sail."

HUMILITY.

The bird that soars on highest wing
 Builds on the ground her lowly nest,
 And she that doth most sweetly sing
 Sings in the shade when all things rest;
 In lark and nightingale we see
 What honor hath humility.

The saint that wears Heaven's brightest crown
 In lowliest adoration bends;
 The weight of glory bows him down
 The most, when most his soul ascends;
 Nearest the throne itself must be
The footstool of humility.

BUDGE'S VERSION OF THE FLOOD.—J. HABBERTON.

A CHAPTER FROM "HELEN'S BABIES."

That afternoon I devoted to making a bouquet for Miss Mayton, and a most delightful occupation I found it. It was no florist's bouquet, composed of only a few kinds of flowers, wired upon sticks, and arranged according to geometric pattern. I used many a rare flower, too shy of bloom to recommend itself to florists; I combined tints almost as numerous as the flowers were, and perfumes to which city bouquets are utter strangers.

At length it was finished, but my delight suddenly became clouded by the dreadful thought, "What will people say?" Ah! I had it. I had seen in one of the library-drawers a small pasteboard box, shaped like a bandbox; doubtless *that* would hold it. I found the box; it was of just the size I needed. I dropped my card into the bottom—no danger of a lady not finding the card accompanying a gift of flowers—neatly fitted the bouquet in the center of the box, and went in search of Mike. He winked cheerfully as I explained the nature of his errand, and he whispered:

"I'll do it as clane as a whistle, yer honor. Mistress Clarkson's cook an mesilf understhand each other, an' I'm used to goin' up the back way. Niver a man can see but the angels, an' they won't tell."

"Very well, Mike; here's a dollar for you; you'll find the box on the hat-rack, in the hall."

Toddie disappeared somewhere, after supper, and came back very disconsolate.

"Can't find my dolly's k'adle," he whined.

"Never mind, old pet," said I, soothingly. "Uncle will ride you on his foot."

"But I *want* my dolly's k'adle," said he, piteously rolling out his lower lip.

"Don't you want me to tell you a story?"

For a moment Toddie's face indicated a terrible internal conflict between old Adam and mother Eve; but curiosity finally overpowered natural depravity, and Toddie murmured:

"Yesh."

"What shall I tell you about?"

"'Bout Nawndeark."

"About *what*?"

"He means Noah an' the ark," exclaimed Budge.

"Datsh what *I* shay—Nawndeark," declared Toddie.

"Well," said I, hastily refreshing my memory by picking up the Bible—for Helen, like most people, is pretty sure to forget to pack her Bible when she runs away from home for a few days—"well, once it rained forty days and nights, and everybody was drowned from the face of the earth excepting Noah, a righteous man, who was saved with all his family, in an ark which the Lord commanded him to build."

"Uncle Harry," said Budge, after contemplating me with open eyes and mouth for at least two minutes after I had finished, "do you think that's Noah?"

"Certainly, Budge; here's the whole story in the Bible."

"Well, *I* don't think it's Noah one single bit," said he, with increasing emphasis.

"I'm beginning to think we read different Bibles, Budge; but let's hear *your* version."

"Hub?"

"Tell *me* about Noah, if you know so much about him."

"I will, if you want me to. Once the Lord felt so uncomfortable cos folks was bad that he was sorry he ever made anybody, or any world or anything. But Noah wasn't bad; the Lord liked him first-rate, so he told Noah to build a big ark, and then the Lord would make it rain so everybody should be drowned but Noah an' his little boys an' girls, an' doggies an' pussies an' mamma-cows an' little-boy-cows an' little-girl-cows an' hosses an' everything; they'd go in the ark an' wouldn't get wetted a bit when it rained. An' Noah took lots of things to eat in the ark—cookies an' milk an' oatmeal an' strawberries an' porgies an'—oh, yes, plum-puddings an' pumpkin-pies. But Noah didn't want everybody to get drowned, so he talked to folks an' said, 'It's goin' to rain *awful* pretty soon; you'd better be good, an' then the Lord'll let you come into my ark.' An' they jus' said, 'Oh! if it rains we'll go in the house till it stops;' an' other folks said, '*We* ain't afraid of rain; we've got an umbrella.' An' some more said they wasn't goin' to be afraid of just a rain. But it *did* rain though, an' folks went in their

houses, an' the water came in, an' they went upstairs, an' the water came up there, an' they got on the tops of the houses, an' up in big trees, an' up in mountains, an' the water went after 'em everywhere an' drowned everybody, only just except Noah an' the people in the ark. An' it rained forty days an' nights, an' then it stopped, an' Noah got out of the ark, an' he an' his little boys an' girls went wherever they wanted to, an' everything in the world was all theirs; there wasn't anybody to tell 'em to go home, nor no kindergarten schools to go to, nor no bad boys to fight 'em, nor nothin'. Now tell us 'nother story."

"An' I want my dolly's k'adle. Ocken Hawwy, I wants my dolly's k'adle, taouse my dolly's in it, an' I wan to shee her," interrupted Toddie.

Just then came a knock at the door. "Come in!" I shouted.

In stepped Mike, with an air of the greatest secrecy, handed me a letter and the identical box in which I had sent the flowers to Miss Mayton. What *could* it mean? I hastily opened the envelope, and at the same time Toddie shrieked:

"Oh, darsh my dolly's k'adle—dare tizh!" snatched and opened the box, and displayed—his doll! My heart sickened, and did *not* regain its strength during the perusal of the following note:

"Miss Mayton herewith returns to Mr. Burton the package which just arrived, with his card. She recognizes the contents as a portion of the apparent property of one of Mr. Burton's nephews, but is unable to understand why it should have been sent to her.

"JUNE 20, 1875."

"Toddie," I roared, as my younger nephew caressed his loathsome doll, and murmured endearing words to it, "where did you get that box?"

"On the hat-wack," replied the youth, with perfect fearlessness. "I keeps it in ze book-case djawer, an' somebody took it 'way an' put nasty ole flowers in it."

"Where are those flowers?" I demanded.

Toddie looked up with considerable surprise, but promptly replied:

"I froed 'em away—don't want no ole flowers in my dolly's k'adle. That's ze way she wocks—see?"

THE GRATEFUL PREACHER.—JOHN G. SAXE.

A strolling preacher, "once upon a time,"
 Addressed a congregation rather slim
 In numbers, yet his subject was sublime
 ('Twas "Charity"); sonorous was the hymn;
 Fervent the prayer; and though the house was small,
 He pounded lustily the Sacred Word,
 And preached an hour as loud as he could bawl,
 As one who meant the Gospel should be heard.
 And now, behold, the preacher's hat is sent
 Among the pews for customary pence,
 But soon returns as empty as it went!
 Whereat—low bowing to the audience—
 He said, "My preaching is not all in vain;
Thank God! I've got my beaver back again!"

AN HONEST RUM-SELLER'S ADVERTISEMENT.

A. McWIGHT.

All hail, friends and neighbors, I've opened a shop,
 At which I invite you, politely, to stop!
 I keep liquid fire to sell to you all,
 I therefore beseech you to give me a call!
 I've purchased indulgence from Court, and begin
 Dealing out to my neighbors rum, brandy, and gin.
 I expect to make paupers for you to support,
 And to help on the business your custom I court.
 I'll also make drunkards and beggars likewise,
 But then I am honest and need no disguise.
 I shall deal in foul spirits, and hope to excite
 Men to rob and to murder, by day and by night.
 I shall drive away comfort, expenses augment,
 I shall stir up contention, on this I'm intent.
 At a very short notice and for a small sum,
 By the wonderful magic of brandy and rum,
 I will fill your asylums and poor-houses too;
 To your prisons and scaffolds I'll send not a few.
 I will sell you, kind neighbors, if you will but call,
 A drink that will poison and ruin you all;
 Make accidents frequent, diseases increase,—
 Or those in existence more fatal at least.
 The goods I shall deal in will take away life,
 Deprive some of reason; fill the country with strife;

Make widows and orphans; of fathers make fiends;—
 The loud wail of thousands my business attends.
 I will see that the youth are in ignorance kept;
 Their morals corrupted, nor shall I forget
 Of natural affection the parent to rob.
 I'll incite insurrection and stir up the mob.
 I will uproot religion, the soul I'll destroy;
 For none of my votaries shall heaven enjoy.
 Though spirits are priceless I'll send them to hell—
 Compel them in torment forever to dwell.
 Should any one ask me my reason to give,
 My answer is, "*money—and money I'll have!*"
 By trading in spirits I can it obtain,
 And if I keep trading no one should complain;
Legislators sustain me, my business support,
 And then I have license directly from Court.
 Judges assure me my business is just;
 Though it ruins my neighbor and grinds him to dust.
 I've purchased indulgence from them, and I hope
 It's as good as indulgences sold by the Pope.
 My trade then is lawful, and I'm not ashamed
 To push it for money. Nor should I be blamed;
 If I don't pursue it some other one will,
 Those croakers against me should therefore be still.
 I live in a country where liberty (!!) reigns;
 I've purchased the right to augment the pains
 Of those who surround me; to prostrate their health,
 Bring them down to the grave and prey on their wealth.
 I know that the Bible says, "Thou shalt not kill,"
 But the *Court* says I *may*—with the juice of the still.
 I know that no drunkard shall Paradise gain,
 And as I make drunkards no doubt I'd be slain,
Did not Legislators step in to my aid,
And by their enactments take the guilt of my trade;
 But I must make money though thousands I slay.
 Come, then, friends and neighbors! come, call every day.

SIM'S LITTLE GIRL.—MARY HARTWELL.

Come out here, George Burks. Put that glass down—can't
 wait a minute. Business particular—concerns the Company.
 I don't often meddle in other folks' business, do I? When

a tough old fellow like me sets out to warn a body, you may know its because he sees sore need of it.

Just takin' drinks for good fellowship? Yes, I know all 'bout that. Been there myself. Sit down on the edge of the platform here.

Of all the men in the world, I take it, engineers ought to be the last to touch the bottle. We have life and property trusted to our hands. Ours is a grand business; I don't think folks looks at it as they ought to. Remember when I was a young fellow like you, just set up with an engine, I used to feel like a strong angel, or somethin', rushin' over the country, makin' that iron beast do just as I wanted him to. The power sort of made me think fast.

I was doin' well when I married, and I did well long afterwards. We had a nice home, the little woman and me: our hearts was set on each other, and she was a little proud of her engineer—she used to say so, anyhow. She was sort of mild and tender with her tongue. Not one of your loud ones. And pretty, too. But you know what it is to love a woman, George Burks, I saw you walking with a blue-eyed little thing last Sunday.

And after awhile we had the little girl. We talked a good deal about what we should call her, my wife and I. We went clean through the Bible, and set down all the fine story names we heard of. But nothin' seemed to suit. I used to puzzle the whole length of my route to find a name for that little girl. My wife wanted to call her Endora Isabel. But that sounded like folderol. Then we had up Rebeccar, and Maud, and Amanda Ann, and what not. Finally, whenever I looked at her, I seemed to see "Katie." She looked Katie. I took to callin' her Katie, and she learned it, so Katie she was.

I tell you, George, that was a child to be noticed. She was rounder and prettier made'n a wax figger; her eyes was bigger and blacker'n any grown woman's you ever saw, set like stars under her forehead: and her hair was that light kind, that all runs to curls and glitter.

Soon's she could toddle, she used to come dancin' to meet me. I've soiled a-many of her white pinafores, buryin' my face in them before I was washed, and sort of prayin' soft

QQQQ

like under the roof of my heart, "God bless my baby!—God bless my little lamb!"

As she grew older, I used to talk to her about engin'—even took her into my cab, and showed the 'tachments of the engin', and learned her signals and such things. She tuk such an interest, and was the smartest little thing! Seemed as if she had always knowed 'em. She loved the road. Remember once hearing her say to a playmate, "There's my papa. He's an engineer. Don't you wish he was your papa?"

My home was close by the track. Often and often the little girl stood in our green yard, waving her mite of a hand as we rushed by.

Well, one day I started on my home trip, full of that good fellowship you was imbibin' awhile ago. Made the engine whizz! We was awful jolly, the fireman and me. Never was drunk when I got on my engine before, or the Company would have shipped me. Warn't no such time made on that road before nor since. I had just sense enough to know what I was about, but not enough to handle an emergency. We fairly roared down on the trestle that stood at the entrance of our town.

I had a tipsy eye out, and, George, as we was flyin' through the suburbs, I see my little girl on the track ahead, wavin' a red flag and standin' stock still!

The air seemed full of Katies. I could have stopped the engine, if I'd only had sense enough to know what to take hold of to reverse her! But I was too drunk! And that grand little angel stood up to it, trying to warn us in time, and we just swept right along into a pile of ties some wretch had placed on the track!—right over my baby!—Oh, my baby!—Go away, George.

There! And do you want me to tell you how that mangled little mass killed her mother? And do you want me to tell you I walked alive a murderer of my own child, who stood up to save me? And do you want me to tell you the good fellowship you were drinkin' a while ago brought all this on me?

You'll let this pass by, makin' up your mind to be moderate. Hope you will. I was a moderate un.

(O God! Oh, my baby!)

THE SCHOOL-MASTER'S GUESTS.—WILL CARLETON.

The district school-master was sitting behind his great book-laden desk,
Close-watching the motions of scholars, pathetic and gay
and grotesque.
As whisper the half-leafless branches, when Autumn's brisk breezes have come,
His little scrub-thicket of pupils sent upward a half-smothered hum.
Like the frequent sharp bang of a wagon, when treading a forest path o'er,
Resounded the feet of his pupils, whenever their heels struck the floor.
There was little Tom Timms on the front seat, whose face was withstanding a drouth,
And jolly Jack Gibbs just behind him, with a rainy new moon for a mouth;
There were both of the Smith boys, as studious as if they bore names that could bloom,
And Jim Jones, a heaven-built mechanic, the slyest young knave in the room,
With a countenance grave as a horse's, and his honest eyes fixed on a pin,
Queer-bent on a deeply-laid project to tunnel Joe Hawkins's skin.
There were anxious young novices, drilling their spelling-books into the brain,
Loud-puffing each half-whispered letter, like an engine just starting its train;
There was one fiercely muscular fellow, who scowled at the sums on his slate,
And leered at the innocent figures a look of unspeakable hate,
And set his white teeth close together, and gave his thin lips a short twist,
As to say, "I could whip you, confound you! could such things be done with the fist!"
There were two knowing girls in the corner, each one with some beauty possessed,
In a whisper discussing the problem which one the young master likes best.
A class in the front, with their readers, were telling, with difficult pains,
How perished brave Marco Bozzaris while bleeding at all of his veins;
And a boy on the floor to be punished, a statue of idleness stood,

Making faces at all of the others, and enjoying the scene all he could.

Around were the walls gray and dingy, which every old school-sanctum hath,

With many a break on their surface, where grinned a wood-grating of lath.

A patch of thick plaster, just over the school-master's rickety chair,

Seemed threat'ningly o'er him suspended, like Damocles' sword, by a hair.

There were tracks on the desks where the knife-blades had wandered in search of their prey;

Their tops were as duskily spattered as if they drank ink every day.

The square stove it puffed and it crackled, and broke out in red-flaming sores,

Till the great iron quadruped trembled like a dog fierce to rush out-o'-doors.

White snow-flakes looked in at the windows; the gale pressed its lips to the cracks;

And the children's hot faces were streaming, the while they were freezing their backs.

Now Marco Bozzaris had fallen, and all of his suff'rings were o'er,

And the class to their seats were retreating, when footsteps were heard at the door;

And five of the good district fathers marched into the room in a row,

And stood themselves up by the fire, and shook off their white cloaks of snow;

And the spokesman, a grave squire of sixty, with countenance solemnly sad,

Spoke thus, while the children all listened, with all of the ears that they had:

"We've come here, school-master, intendin' to cast an inquirin' eye 'round,

Concernin' complaints that's been entered, an' fault that has lately been found;

To pace off the width of your doin's, an' witness what you've been about,

An' see if it's payin' to keep you, or whether we'd best turn ye out.

The first thing I'm bid for to mention is, when the class gets up to read,

You give 'em too tight of a reinin', an' touch 'em up more than they need;

You're nicer than wise in the matter of holdin' the book in one han',

An' you turn a stray *g* in their doin's, an' tack an odd *d* on their *an'*;

There ain't no great good comes of speakin' the words so
polite, as I see,
 Providin' you know what the facts is, an' tell 'em off jest as
 they be.
 An' then there's that readin' in cornert, is censured from
 first unto last;
 It kicks up a heap of a racket, when folks is a-travelin' past.
 Whatever is done as to readin', providin' things go to *my* say,
 Shan't hang on no new-fangled hinges, but swing in the old-
 fashioned way."

And the other four good district fathers gave quick the con-
 sent that was due,
 And nodded obliquely, and muttered, "*Them 'ere is my senti-
 ments tew.*"

"Then, as to your spellin': I've heern tell, by them as has
 looked into this,
 That you turn the *u* out o' your labour, an' make the word
 shorter than 'tis;
 An' clip the *k* off o' yer musick, which makes my son Ephra-
 im perplexed,
 An' when he spells out as he ought'r, you pass the word on
 to the next.
 They say there's some new-grafted books here that don't
 take them letters along;
 But if it is so, just depend on't, them new-grafted books is
 made wrong.
 You might just as well say that Jackson didn't know all
 there was about war,
 As to say that old Spellin'-book Webster didn't know what
 them letters was for."

And the other four good district fathers gave quick the con-
 sent that was due,
 And scratched their heads slyly and softly, and said, "*Them's
 my sentiments tew.*"

"Then, also, your 'rithmetic doin's, as they are reported
 to me,
 Is that you have left Tare an' Tret out, and also the old Rule
 o' Three;
 An' likewise brought in a new study, some high-steppin'
 scholars to please,
 With saw-bucks an' crosses and pot-hooks, an' *w*'s, *x*, *y*'s
 an' *z*'s.
 We ain't got no time for such foolin'; there ain't no great
 good to be reached
 By tiptoein' childr'n up higher than ever their fathers was
 taught."

And the other four good district fathers gave quick the consent that was due,
And cocked one eye up to the ceiling, and said, "*Them's my sentiments tew.*"

"Another thing, I must here mention, comes into the question to-day,
Concernin' some things in the grammar you're teachin' our gals for to say.
My gals is as steady as clockwork, and never give cause for much fear,
But they come home from school t'other evenin' a-talkin' such stuff as this here:
'*I love,*' an' '*Thou lovest,*' an' '*He loves,*' an' '*Ye love,*' an' '*You love,*' an' '*They—*'
An' they answered my questions, '*It's grammar*'—'twas all I could get 'em to say.
Now if, 'stead of doin' your duty, you're carryin' matters on so
As to make the gals say that they love you, it's just all that I want to know;—"

Now Jim, the young heaven-built mechanic, in the dusk of the evening before,
Had well-nigh unjointed the stove-pipe, to make it come down on the floor;
And the squire bringing smartly his foot down, as a clincher to what he had said,
A joint of the pipe fell upon him, and larruped him square on the head.
The soot flew in clouds all about him, and blotted with black all the place,
And the squire and the other four fathers were peppered with black in the face.
The school, ever sharp for amusement, laid down all their cumbersome books,
And, spite of the teacher's endeavors, laughed loud at their visitor's looks.
And the squire, as he stalked to the doorway, swore oaths of a violet hue;
And the four district fathers, who followed, seemed to say,
"*Them's my sentiments tew.*"

Part Fifteenth.

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*Each of the Four Numbers of
"100 Choice Selections" contained
in this volume is paged separately,
and the Index is made to corres-
pond therewith. See EXPLANATION on
first page of Contents.*

*The entire book contains nearly
1000 pages.*

100
CHOICE SELECTIONS.
No. 15.

WHO ARE THE FREE.—JOHN C. PRINCE.

Who are the Free ?

They who have scorned the tyrant and his rod,
And bowed in worship unto none but God ;
They who have made the conqueror's glory dim,
Unchained in soul, though manacled in limb,
Unwarped by prejudice, unawed by wrong,
Friends to the weak, and fearless of the strong ;
They who could change not with the changing hour,
The self-same men in peril and in power ;
True to the law of right, as warmly prone
To grant another's as maintain their own ;
Foes of oppression, wheresoe'er it be ;—

These are the proudly free !

Who are the Great ?

They who have boldly ventured to explore
Unsounded seas, and lands unknown before ;
Soared on the wings of science, wide and far,
Measured the sun, and weighed each distant star ;
Pierced the dark depths of ocean and of earth,
And brought uncounted wonders into birth ;
Repelled the pestilence, restrained the storm,
And given new beauty to the human form ;
Waken'd the voice of reason and unfurled
The page of truthful knowledge to the world :
They who have toiled and studied for mankind,
Aroused the slumbering virtues of the mind ;
Taught us a thousand blessings to create ;—

These are the nobly great !

Who are the Wise?

They who have governed with a self control,
 Each wild and baneful passion of the soul;
 Curbed the strong impulse of all fierce desires,
 But kept alive affection's purer fires:
 They who have passed the labyrinth of life,
 Without one hour of weakness or of strife;
 Prepared each change of fortune to endure,—
 Humble though rich, and dignified though poor,
 Skilled in the latent movements of the heart,
 Learned in the love which nature can impart,—
 Teaching that sweet philosophy aloud,
 Which sees the "silver lining" of the cloud,
 Looking for good in all beneath the skies;—
 These are the truly wise'

Who are the Blest?

They who have kept their sympathies awake,
 And scattered joy for more than custom's sake;
 Steadfast and tender in the hour of need,
 Gentle in thought, benevolent in deed;
 Whose looks have power to make dissension cease,
 Whose smiles are pleasant and whose words are peace;
 They who have lived as harmless as the dove,
 Teachers of truth and ministers of love;—
 Love for all moral power, all mental grace—
 Love for the humblest of the human race—
 Love for that tranquil joy that virtue brings—
 Love for the giver of all goodly things;
 True followers of that soul-exalting plan
 Which Christ laid down to bless and govern man;
 They who can calmly linger to the last,
 Survey the future and recall the past,
 And with that hope which triumphs over pain,—
 Full well assured they have not lived in vain—
 Then wait in peace their hour of final rest;—
 These are the *only* blest!

 ADVICE TO THE YOUNG.

My son, be this thy simple plan:
 Serve God, and love thy brother man;
 Forget not, in temptation's hour,
 That sin lends sorrow double power;
 Count life a stage upon thy way,
 And follow conscience, come what may;
 Alike with earth and heaven sincere,
 With hand and brow and bosom clear,
 "Fear God, and know no other fear."

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.—ELIHU BURRITT.

There are new developments of human character, which, like the light of distant stars, are yet to visit the eye of man and operate upon human society. Ever since the image of the Godhead was first sketched in Eden, its great Author and angels have been painting upon it; men have tried their hands upon it; influences like the incessant breath of heaven have left each its line upon the canvas; still the finishing stroke of the pencil will not be accomplished until the last, lingering survivor of "the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds" is changed in "the twinkling of an eye."

The hemisphere of the present age is studded all over with such pearls "and patines of bright gold," as never shone before in the heavens of the human soul. In these latter days, the waves of time have washed up from depths that angels never fathomed, "gems of purer light serene" than were ever worn before in the crown of man. We are now but half way advanced in a new cycle of human history. The race is but just emerging from the long-reaching shadows of an iron age, and coming out into the starlight and sunlight of new influences.

If, as we are assured, scores of new stars have taken rank with the heavenly host, during the last two centuries, stars brighter than they, have, in the same period, kindled up new lights in the moral firmament. Among these new stars, one, a little lower than that of Bethlehem, has just appeared above the horizon. It is the Star of *Woman's Influence*. Influential woman is a being of scarcely two centuries: up to that period, and almost hitherto, her influences have fallen upon human character and society, like the feeble rays of a rising winter's sun upon polar fields of ice. But *her* sun is reaching upward. There is a glorious meridian to which she shall as surely come as to-morrow's rising sun shall reach his in our natural heavens. What man will be, when she shall shine upon him then and thence, we are unable to divine; but we can found an anticipation from the influences of her dawning rays. Her morning light has gilded the visions of human hope, and silvered over the night shadows

of human sorrow. There has been no depth of human misery beyond the reach of her ameliorating influence, nor any height of human happiness which she has not raised still higher. Whoever has touched at either of these extremities or at any of their intervening points, could attest that "neither height, nor depth, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present or to come," could divert or vitiate the accents and anodynes of her love. Whether we trace the lineaments of her character in the mild twilight of her morning sun, or in the living beams of her risen day, we find that she has touched human society like an angel. It would be irreverent to her worth to say in what walks of life she has walked most like an angel of light and love; in what vicissitudes, in what joys or sorrows, in what situations or circumstances, she has most signally discharged the heavenly ministrations of her mission; what ordeals have best brought out the radiance of her hidden jewels; what fruitions of earthly bliss, or furnaces of affliction, have best declared the fineness of her gold,—still there is a scene, which has escaped "the vulture's eye," and almost every other eye, where she has cast forth her costliest pearls, and shown such qualities of her native character as almost merit our adoration. This scene has been allotted to the *drunkard's wife*. How she has filled this most desperate outpost of humanity, will be revealed when the secrets of human life shall be disclosed "to more worlds than this." When the history of hovels and of murky garrets shall be given in; when the career of the enslaved inebriate shall be told, from the first to the lowest degree of his degradation—there will be a memorial made of woman, worthy of being told and heard in heaven. From the first moment she gave up her young and hoping heart, and all its treasures into the hands of him she loved, to the luckless hour when the charmer, wine, fastened around the loved one all the serpent spells of its sorcery—down through all the crushing of her young-born hopes—through years of estrangement and strange insanity—when harsh unkindness bit at her heartstrings with an adder's tooth—thence down through each successive depth of disgrace and misery, until she bent over the drunkard's grave; through all these scenes, a halo of divinity has gath-

ered around her, and stirred her to angel-deeds of love. When the maddened victim tried to cut himself adrift from the sympathy and society of God and man, she has clung to him, and held him to her heart "with hooks of steel." And when he was cast out, all defiled with his leprous pollution—when he was reduced to such a *thing* as the beasts of the field would bellow at—there was one who still kept him throned in her heart of hearts; who could say over the fallen, driveling creature: "Although you are nothing to the *world* you are all the world to *me*." When that awful insanity of the drunkard set in upon him, with all its fiendish shapes of torture; while he lay writhing beneath the scorpion stings of the fiery phantasies and furies of *delirium tremens*—there was woman by his side, adorned with all the attributes of her loveliness. There was her tearful, love-beaming eye, that never dimmed but with tears when the black spirits were at him.

There she stood alone, and in lone hours of night, to watch his breathings with her heart braced up with the omnipotence of her love. No! brute as he was, not a tie which her young heart had thrown around him in his bright days, had ever given way, but had grown stronger as he approached the nadir of his degradation. And if he sank into that dark, hopeless grave, she enswathed him in her broken heart, and laid it in his coffin; or if some mighty angel's arm or voice brought him up from the grave of drunkenness, the deepest ever dug for man, he came forth Lazarus-like, bound fast and forever within the cerements of her deathless affection.

Such is the sceptre; such are the cords which she throws around the wayward and wandering, and leads him back to virtue and to heaven, saying as she gives him in: "*Here am I and he whom thou gavest me.*"

THE FORCE OF HABIT.

Habits are stubborn things;
And by the time a man is turned of forty,
His ruling passion's grown so naughty
There is no clipping of its wings.

This truth will best be shown
By a familiar instance of our own.

Dick Strype
Was a dear friend and lover of the pipe;
He used to say, "One pipe of Kirkman's best
Gave life a zest."

To him 'twas meat, and drink, and physic,
To see the friendly vapor
Curl round his midnight taper,
And the black fume
Clothe all the room
In clouds as dark as science metaphysic.
So still he smoked and drank, and cracked his joke;
And had he single tarried,
He might have smoked, and still grown old in smoke,

But--Richard married.
His wife was one who carried
The cleanly virtues almost to a vice,
She was so nice;
And, thrice a week, above, below,
The house was scoured from top to toe,
And all the floors were rubbed so bright
You dared not walk upright,
For fear of sliding;
But that she took a pride in.

Of all things else, Rebecca Strype
Could least endure a pipe;
She railed upon the filthy herb, tobacco;
Protested that the noisome vapor
Had spoiled her best chintz curtains and the paper,
And cost her many a pound in stucco:
And then she quoted old King James, who saith
"Tobacco is the Devil's breath."
When wives *will* govern, husbands *must* obey;
For many a day
Dick mourned, and missed his favorite tobacco,
And cursed Rebecca.

At length the day approached his wife must die.
Imagine now the doleful cry
Of female friends, and aunts, and cousins,
Who to the funeral came by dozens:
The undertakers, men and mutes,
Stood at the gate in sable suits,
With doleful looks,
Just like so many melancholy rooks.

Now cakes and wine are handed round:
Folks sigh and drink, and drink and sigh--
For grief makes people dry--

But Dick is missing, nowhere to be found,
 Above, below, about.
 They searched the house throughout,
 Each hall and secret entry,
 Quite from the garret to the pantry,
 In every cupboard, corner, nook, and shelf,
 And all concluded he had hanged himself.
 At last they found him—Reader, guess you where?
 'Twill make you stare:—
 Perched on Rebecca's coffin, at his rest,
 Smoking a pipe of Kirkman's best!

ALEXANDER TAMING BUCEPHALUS.

PARK BENJAMIN.

"The Young Prince astonished his father and the court by his dexterity in managing the horse, Bucephalus."—SUPPLEMENT TO QUINTIUS CURTIUS.

"Bring forth the steed!" It was a level plain
 Broad and unbroken as the mighty sea,
 When in their prison caves the winds lie chained.
 There Philip sat, pavilioned from the sun;
 There, all around, thronged Macedonia's hosts,
 Bannered and plumed and armed—a vast array.
 There too among an undistinguished crowd,
 Distinguished not himself by pomp, or dress,
 Or any royal sign, save that he wore
 A god-like aspect like Olympian Jove,
 And perfect grace and dignity,—a youth,—
 A simple youth scarce sixteen summers old,
 With swift impatient step walked to and fro.
 E'en from their monarch's throne, they turned to view—
 Those countless congregations,—that young form;
 And when he cried again, "Bring forth the steed!"
 Like thunder rolled the multitudinous shout
 Along the heavens,—*"LIVE, ALEXANDER!"*

Then Philip waved his sceptre,—silence fell
 O'er all the plain.—'Twas but a moment's pause,
 While every gleaming banner, helm, and spear
 Sunk down like ocean billows, when the breeze
 First sweeps along and bends their silvery crests—
 Ten thousand trumpets rung amid the hail
 Of armies, as in victory,—*"Live the King!"*
 And Philonicus, the Pharsalian, kneeled:
 From famous Thessaly a horse he brought,
 A matchless horse. Vigor and beauty strove
 Like rival sculptors carving the same stone,
 To win the mastery; and both prevailed.

His hoofs were shod with swiftness; where he ran
Glided the ground like water; in his eye
Flashed the strange fire of spirits still untamed,
As when the desert owned him for its lord.
Mars! what a noble creature did he seem!
Too noble for a subject to bestride,—
Worth gold in talents; chosen for a prince,
The most renowned and generous on earth.

"Obey my son, Pharsalian! bring the steed!"
The Monarch spoke. A signal to the grooms,
And on the plain they led Bucephalus.
"Mount, vassal, mount! Why pales thy cheek with fear?
Mount—ha! art slain? Another! mount again!"
'Twas all in vain.—No hand could curb a neck
Clothed with such might and grandeur, to the rein:
No thong or spur could make his fury yield.—
Now bounds he from the earth; and now he rears,
Now madly plunges, strives to rush away,
Like that strong bird—his fellow, king of air!

"Quick take him hence; cried Philip, he is wild!"
"Stay, father, stay!—lose not this gallant steed,
For that base grooms cannot control his ire!
Give me the bridle!" Alexander threw
His light cloak from his shoulders, and drew nigh.
The brave steed was no courtier: prince and groom
Bore the same mien to him.—He started back,
But with firm grasp the youth retained and turned
His fierce eyes from his shadow to the sun,
Then with that hand, in after years which hurled
The bolts of war among embattled hosts:
Conquered all Greece, and over Persia, swayed
Imperial command,—which on Fame's Temple
Graved, *Alexander, Victor of the World!*—
With that same hand he smoothed the flowing mane,
Patted the glossy skin with soft caress,
Soothingly speaking in low voice the while.
Lightly he vaulted to his first great strife.
How like a Centaur looked the youth and steed!
Firmly the hero sat; his glowing cheek
Flushed with the rare excitement; his high brow
Pale with a stern resolve; his lip as smiling
And his glance as calm, as if, in dalliance,
Instead of danger, with a girl he played.
Untutored to obey, how raves the steed!
Champing the bit, and tossing the white foam,
And struggling to get free, that he might dart,
Swift as an arrow from the shivering bow—
The rein is loosened. "Now, Bucephalus!"
Away—away! he flies; away—away!

The multitude stood hushed in breathless awe,
And gazed into the distance.

Lo! a speck,—

A darksome speck on the horizon! 'Tis—
'Tis he! Now it enlarges: now are seen
The horse and rider; now, with ordered pace,
The horse approaches, and the rider leaps
Down to the earth and bends his rapid pace
Unto the King's pavilion.—The wild steed
Unled, uncalled, is following his subduer.
Philip wept tears of joy; "My son, go seek
A larger empire; for so vast a soul,
Too small is Macedonia!"

THE THREE HORSEMEN.—[*Trans. from the German.*]

Three horsemen halted the inn before,
Three horsemen entered the oaken door,
And loudly called for the welcome cheer
That was wont to greet the traveler here.

"Good woman," they cried, as the hostess came,
A buxom, rosy, portly old dame,
"Good woman, how's your wine and beer?
And how's your little daughter dear?"

"My house is ever supplied with cheer,
But my daughter lieth upon her bier."

A shadow over the horsemen fell;
Each wrapped in thoughts he could never tell;
And silently one by one they crept
To the darkened room where the maiden slept.

The golden hair was rippling low
Over a forehead pure as snow,
And the little hands so closely pressed
Clasping a cross to the pulseless breast.

"I loved thee ere the death-chill lay
On thee, sweet child," and one turned away;
"I would have loved thee," the second said,
"Hadst thou learned to love me, and lived to wed."

"I loved thee always, I love thee now,"
The third one cried as he kissed her brow;
"In the heavens to come our souls shall wed,
I have loved thee living, I love thee dead."

Then silently out from the oaken door,
Three horsemen went to return no more.

THE DIAMOND WEDDING.

Come sit close by my side, my darling,
Sit up very close to-night:
Let me clasp your tremulous fingers
In mine, as tremulous quite.
Lay your silvery head on my bosom,
As you did when 'twas shining gold:
Somehow I know no difference,
Though they say we are very old.

'Tis seventy-five years to-night, wife,
Since we knelt at the altar low,
And the fair young minister of God
(He died long years ago,)
Pronounced us one, that Christmas eve—
How short they've seemed to me,
The years—and yet I'm ninety-seven,
And you are ninety-three.

That night I placed on your finger
A band of purest gold;
And to-night I see it shining
On the withered hand I hold.
How it lightens up the memories
That o'er my vision come!
First of all is the merry children
That once made glad our home.

There was Benny, our darling Benny,
Our first-born pledge of bliss,
As beautiful a boy as ever
Felt a mother's loving kiss.
'Twas hard—as we watched him fading
Like a floweret day by day—
To feel that He who had lent him
Was calling him away.

My heart it grew very bitter
As I bowed beneath the stroke;
And yours, though you said so little,
I knew was almost broke.
We made him a grave 'neath the daisies
(There are five now, instead of one),
And we've learned, when our Father chastens,
To say, "Thy will be done."

Then came Lillie and Allie—twin cherubs,
Just spared from the courts of heaven—
To comfort our hearts for a moment:
God took as soon as he'd given.

Then Katie, our gentle Katie!
We thought her very fair,
With her blue eyes soft and tender,
And her curls of auburn hair.

Like a queen she looked at her bridal
(I thought it were you instead):
But her ashen lips kissed her first-born,
And mother and child were dead.
We said that of all our number
We had two, our pride and stay—
Two noble boys, Fred and Harry;—
But God thought the other way.

Far away, on the plains of Shiloh,
Fred sleeps in an unknown grave:
With his ship and noble sailors
Harry sank beneath the wave.
So sit closer, darling, closer—
Let me clasp your hand in mine:
Alone we commenced life's journey,
Alone we are left behind.

Your hair, once gold, to silver
They say by age has grown;
But I know it has caught its whiteness
From the halo round His throne.
They give us a diamond wedding
This Christmas eve, dear wife;
But I know your orange-blossoms
Will be a crown of life.

'Tis dark; the lamps should be lighted;
And your hand has grown so cold,
Has the fire gone out? how I shiver!
But, then, we are very old.
Hush! I hear sweet strains of music:
Perhaps the guests have come.
No—'tis the children's voices—
I know them, every one.

On that Christmas eve they found them,
Their hands together clasped;
But they never knew their children
Had been their wedding guests.
With her head upon his bosom,
That had never ceased its love,
They held their diamond wedding
In the mansion house above.

MARK TWAIN'S WATCH.—S. L. CLEMENS.

My beautiful new watch had run eighteen months without losing or gaining, and without breaking any part of its machinery, or stopping. I had come to believe it infallible in its judgments about the time of day, and to consider its constitution and its anatomy imperishable. But at last, one night, I let it run down. I grieved about it as if it were a recognized messenger and forerunner of calamity. But by-and-by I cheered up, set the watch by guess, and commanded my bodings and superstitions to depart. Next day I stepped into the chief jeweler's to set it by the exact time, and the head of the establishment took it out of my hand and proceeded to set it for me. Then he said, "She is four minutes slow—regulator wants pushing up." I tried to stop him—tried to make him understand that the watch kept perfect time. But no; all this human cabbage could see was that the watch was four minutes slow, and the regulator *must* be pushed up a little; and so, while I danced around him in anguish, and implored him to let the watch alone, he calmly and cruelly did the shameful deed. My watch began to gain. It gained faster and faster day by day. Within the week it sickened to a raging fever, and its pulse went up to a hundred and fifty in the shade. At the end of two months it had left all the timepieces of the town far in the rear, and was a fraction over thirteen days ahead of the almanac. It was away into November enjoying the snow, while the October leaves were still turning. It hurried up house rent, bills payable, and such things, in such a ruinous way that I could not abide it. I took it to the watchmaker to be regulated. He asked me if I had ever had it repaired. I said no, it had never needed any repairing. He looked a look of vicious happiness and eagerly pried the watch open, and then put a small dice box into his eye and peered into its machinery. He said it wanted cleaning and oiling, besides regulating—come in a week. After being cleaned, and oiled, and regulated, my watch slowed down to that degree that it ticked like a tolling bell. I began to be left by trains, I failed all appointments, I got to missing my

dinner; my watch strung out three days' grace to four and let me go to protest; I gradually drifted back into yesterday, then day before, then into last week, and by-and-by the comprehension came upon me that all solitary and alone I was lingering along in week before last, and the world was out of sight. I seemed to detect in myself a sort of sneaking fellow-feeling for the mummy in the museum, and a desire to swop news with him. I went to a watchmaker again. He took the watch all to pieces while I waited, and then said the barrel was "swelled." He said he could reduce it in three days. After this the watch *averaged* well, but nothing more. For half a day it would go like the very mischief, and keep up such a barking and wheezing and whooping and sneezing and snorting, that I could not hear myself think for the disturbance; and as long as it held out there was not a watch in the land that stood any chance against it. But the rest of the day it would keep on slowing down and fooling along until all the clocks it had left behind caught up again. So at last, at the end of twenty-four hours, it would trot up to the judges' stand all right and just in time. It would show a fair and square average, and no man could say it had done more or less than its duty. But a correct average is only a mild virtue in a watch and I took this instrument to another watchmaker. He said the kingbolt was broken. I said I was glad it was nothing more serious. To tell the plain truth, I had no idea what the kingbolt was, but I did not choose to appear ignorant to a stranger. He repaired the kingbolt, but what the watch gained in one way it lost in another. It would run awhile and then stop awhile, and then run awhile again, and so on, using its own discretion about the intervals. And every time it went off it kicked back like a musket. I padded my breast for a few days, but finally took the watch to another watchmaker. He picked it all to pieces, and turned the ruin over and over under his glass; and then he said there appeared to be something the matter with the hair-trigger. He fixed it, and gave it a fresh start. It did well now, except that always at ten minutes to ten the hands would shut together like a pair of scissors, and from that time forth they would travel together. The oldest man in the world could not make out

the time of day by such a watch, and so I went again to have the thing repaired. This person said that the crystal had got bent, and that the mainspring was not straight. He also remarked that part of the works needed half-soling. He made these things all right, and then my timepiece performed unexceptionably, save that now and then she would reel off the next twenty-four hours in six or seven minutes, and then stop with a bang. I went with a heavy heart to one more watchmaker, and looked on while he took her to pieces. Then I prepared to cross-question him rigidly, for this thing was getting serious. The watch had cost two hundred dollars originally, and I seemed to have paid out two or three thousand for repairs. While I waited and looked on I presently recognized in this watchmaker an old acquaintance—a steamboat engineer of other days, and not a good engineer either. He examined all the parts carefully, just as the other watchmakers had done, and then delivered his verdict with the same confidence of manner.

He said—

“She makes too much steam—you want to hang the monkey-wrench on the safety-valve!”

I floored him on the spot.

My uncle William (now deceased, alas!) used to say that a good horse was a good horse until it had run away once, and that a good watch was a good watch until the repairers got a chance at it.

THOSE EVENING BELLS.—THOMAS MOORE.

Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime!

Those joyous hours are passed away;
And many a heart that then was gay
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone,—
That tuneful peal will still ring on;
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

BETTER IN THE MORNING.—LEANDER S. COAN.

"You can't help the baby, parson,
But still I want ye to go
Down an' look in upon her,
An' read an' pray, you know,
Only last week she was skippin' 'round
A pullin' my whiskers 'n' hair,
A climbin' up to the table
Into her little high chair.

"The first night that she took it
When her little cheeks grew red,
When she kissed good night to papa,
And went away to bed—
Sez she, 'Tis headache, papa,
Be better in mornin'—bye;
An' somethin' in how she said it,
Just made me want to cry.

"But the mornin' brought the fever,
And her little hands were hot,
An' the pretty red uv her cheeks
Grew into a crimson spot,
But she laid there jest ez patient
Ez ever a *woman* could,
Takin' whatever we give her
Better 'n a grown woman would.

"The days are terrible long an' slow,
An' she's growin' wus in each;
And now she's jest a slippin'
Clear away out uv our reach.
Every night when I kiss her,
Tryin' hard not to cry,
She says in a way that kills me—
'Be better in mornin'—bye.'

"She can't get thro' the night, parson,
So I want ye to come an' pray,
And talk with mother a little—
You'll know jest what to say;—
Not that the baby needs it,
Nor that we make any complaint
That God seems to think He's needin'
The smile uv the little saint."

I walked along with the Corporal
To the door of his humble home,

To which the silent messenger
 Before me had also come,
 And if I had been a titled prince,
 I would not have been honored more
 Than I was with his heartfelt welcome
 To his lowly cottage door.

Night falls again in the cottage;
 They move in silence and dread
 Around the room where the baby
 Lies panting upon her bed.
 "Does baby know papa, darling?"
 And she moves her little face
 With answer that she knows him;
 But scarce a visible trace

Of her wonderful infantile beauty
 Remains as it was before—
 The unseen, silent messenger
 Had waited at the door.
 "Papa—kiss—baby ;—I'se so tired."
 The man bows low his face,
 And two swollen hands are lifted
 In baby's last embrace.

And into her father's grizzled beard
 The little red fingers cling,
 While her husky whispered tenderness
 Tears from a rock would wring,
 "Baby—is—so—sick—papa—
 But—don't—want you to cry ;"
 The little hands fall on the coverlet—
 "Be—better—in—mornin'—bye."

And night around the baby is falling,
 Settling down hard and dense ;
 Does God need their darling in heaven
 That He must carry her hence ?
 I prayed, with tears in my voice
 As the Corporal solemnly knelt
 With grief such as never before
 His great warm heart had felt.

Oh, frivolous men and women !
 Do you know that round you, and nigh—
 Alike from the humble and haughty
 Goeth up evermore the cry :
 "My child, my precious, my darling,
 How *can* I let you die !"
 Oh ! hear ye the white lips whisper—
 "Be—better—in—mornin'—bye."

THE FALL OF THE PEMBERTON MILL.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

The following is a vivid description of the terrible disaster which took place at Lawrence, Mass., January 10, 1860. It is taken from "The Tenth of January," a story of love, jealousy, and heroism, ending in the awful sacrifice here portrayed. The entire story can be found in a work by the same author, entitled "MEN, WOMEN AND GHOSTS," published by James R. Osgood & Co.

[The writer describes Lawrence as "unique in its way," and says,—“Of the twenty-five thousand souls who inhabit that city, ten thousand are operatives in the factories. Of these ten thousand two-thirds are girls.

Asenath Martyn was slightly built and undersized. The children used to cry out, "Humpback! Humpback!" and people in passing would say, "Look at that girl!" Her face was gravely lined, but womanly and pleasant. The author says, "She puzzled one at the first glance, and at the second. An artist, meeting her musing on a canal-bridge one day, went home and painted a May-flower budding in February." The world had, indeed, dealt harshly with her. Her deformity had been caused by a blow at the hands of a drunken mother. Sene remembered that, and her unhappy childhood,—and when the wretched mother had met a violent death,—she also remembered having heard some one say at the funeral, "How glad Sene must be!" Since that, life had meant three things,—her father, the mills, and Richard Cross. The latter had, by chance, become a resident of the same home with Sene and her old father. A tender sympathy, combined with a oneness of interests, soon ripened into love and resulted in an engagement.

After a time, Sene discovered that Dick's affections were being drawn away from herself and centered upon Del Ivory, a pretty, fascinating, giddy creature, whose beauty she sometimes envied, but whose frivolity she despised. Dick, not knowing his secret was discovered, was too honorable to think of breaking his engagement, and consequently attempted to resist and suppress his new love by avoiding Del and redoubling his attentions to Sene. The latter had long been trying to release him but could not find the courage to do so; and he, seeing that she suffered, wearied himself with plans to make her eyes shine; and did she try to speak her wretched secret, he suffocated her with kindness, and struck her dumb with tender words. It was the morning after the last of these ineffectual attempts on Sene's part that this reading opens.]

The silent city steeped and bathed itself in rose-tints; the river ran red, and the snow crimsoned on the distant New Hampshire hills; Pemberton, mute and cold, frowned across the disk of the climbing sun, and dripped, as she had seen it drip before, with blood.

The day broke softly, the snow melted, the wind blew warm from the river. The factory-bell chimed cheerily, and a few sleepers, in safe, luxurious beds, were wakened by hearing the girls sing on their way to work.

* * * * *

Sene was a little dizzy that morning,—the constant palpi-tation of the floors always made her dizzy after a wakeful night,—and so her colored cotton threads danced out of place, and troubled her.

Del Ivory, working beside her, said, "How the mill shakes! What's going on?"

RRRR

"It's the new machinery they're h'isting in," observed the overseer, carelessly. "Great improvement, but heavy, very heavy; they calc'late on getting it all into place to-day; you'd better be tending to your frame, Miss Ivory."

* * * * *

Years before, an unknown workman in South Boston, casting an iron pillar upon its core, had suffered it to "float" a little, a very little more, till the thin, unequal side cooled to the measure of an eighth of an inch. That man had provided Asenath's way of escape.

She went out at noon with her luncheon, and found a place upon the stairs, away from the rest, and sat there awhile, with her eyes upon the river, thinking. She could not help wondering a little, after all, why God need to have made her so unlike the rest of his fair handiwork. Del came bounding by, and nodded at her carelessly. Two young Irish girls, sisters,—the beauties of the mill,—magnificently colored creatures,—were singing a little love-song together, while they tied on their hats to go home.

"There *are* such pretty things in the world!" thought poor Sene.

Did anybody speak to her after the girls were gone? Into her heart these words fell suddenly, "*He* hath no form nor comeliness. *His* visage was so marred more than any man."

They clung to her fancy all the afternoon. She liked the sound of them. She wove them in with her black and dun colored threads.

The wind began at last to blow chilly up the staircases, and in at the cracks; the melted drifts out under the walls to harden; the sun dipped above the dam; the mill dimmed slowly; shadows crept down between the frames.

"It's time for lights," said Meg Match, and swore a little at her spools.

Sene, in the pauses of her thinking, heard snatches of the girls' talk.

"Going to ask out to-morrow, Meg?"

"Guess so, yes; me and Bob Smith we thought we'd go to Boston, and come up in the theatre train."

"Del Ivory, I want the pattern of your zouave."

"Did I go to church? No, you don't catch me! If I slave all the week, I'll do what I please on Sunday."

"Hush-sh! There's the boss looking over here!"

"Kathleen Donnavon, be still with your ghost-stories. There's one thing in the world I never will hear about, and that's dead people."

"Del," said Sene, "I think to-morrow—"

She stopped. Something strange had happened to her frame; it jarred, buzzed, snapped; the threads untwisted and flew out of place.

"Curious!" she said, and looked up.

Looked up to see her overseer turn wildly, clap his hands to his head, and fall; to hear a shriek from Del that froze her blood; to see the solid ceiling gape above her; to see the walls and windows stagger; to see iron pillars reel, and vast machinery throw up its helpless, giant arms, and a tangle of human faces blanch and writhe!

She sprang as the floor sunk. As pillar after pillar gave way, she bounded up an inclined plane, with the gulf yawning after her. It gained upon her, leaped at her, caught her; beyond were the stairs and an open door; she threw out her arms, and struggled on with hands and knees, tripped in the gearing, and saw, as she fell, a square, oaken beam above her yield and crash; it was of a fresh red color; she dimly wondered why,—as she felt her hands slip, her knees slide, support, time, place, and reason, go utterly out.

"At ten minutes before five, on Tuesday, the tenth of January, the Pemberton Mill, all hands being at the time on duty, fell to the ground."

So the record flashed over the telegraph wires, sprang into large type in the newspapers, passed from lip to lip, a nine days' wonder, gave place to the successful candidate, and the muttering South, and was forgotten.

Who shall say what it was to the seven hundred and fifty souls who were buried in the ruins? What to the eighty-eight who died that death of exquisite agony? What to the wrecks of men and women who endure unto this day a life that is worse than death? What to that architect and engineer who, when the fatal pillars were first delivered to them for inspection, had found one broken under their eyes, yet accepted the contract, and built with them a mill whose thin

walls and wide, unsupported stretches might have tottered over massive columns and on flawless ore?

Sene's father, working at Meg Match's shoes,—she was never to wear those shoes, poor Meg!—heard, at ten minutes before five, what he thought to be the rumble of an earthquake under his very feet, and stood with bated breath, waiting for the crash. As nothing further appeared to happen, he took his stick and limped out into the street.

A vast crowd surged through it from end to end. Women with white lips were counting the mills,—Pacific, Atlantic, Washington,—Pemberton! Where was Pemberton?

Where Pemberton had winked its many eyes last night, and hummed with its iron lips this noon, a cloud of dust, black, silent, horrible, puffed a hundred feet into the air.

Asenath opened her eyes after a time. Beautiful green and purple lights had been dancing about her, but she had had no thoughts. It occurred to her now that she must have been struck upon the head. The church-clocks were striking eight. A bonfire which had been built at a distance, to light the citizens in the work of rescue, cast a little gleam in through the *debris* across her two hands, which lay clasped together at her side. One of her fingers, she saw, was gone; it was the finger which held Dick's little engagement ring. The red beam lay across her forehead, and drops dripped from it upon her eyes. Her feet, still tangled in the gearing which had tripped her, were buried beneath a pile of bricks.

A broad piece of flooring, that had fallen slantwise, roofed her in, and saved her from the mass of ironwork overhead, which would have crushed the breath out of Hercules. Fragments of looms, shafts, and pillars were in heaps about. Some one whom she could not see was dying just behind her. A little girl who worked in her room—a mere child—was crying, between her groans, for her mother. Del Ivory sat in a little open space, cushioned about with reels of cotton; she had a shallow gash upon her cheek; she was wringing her hands. They were at work from the outside, sawing entrances through the labyrinth of planks. A dead woman lay close by, and Sene saw them draw her out. It was Meg Match. One of the pretty Irish girls was crushed quite out of sight; only one hand was free; she moved it feebly. They

could hear her calling for Jimmy Mahoney, Jimmy Manoney! and would they be sure and give him back the handkerchief? Poor Jimmy Mahoney! By-and-by she called no more; and in a little while the hand was still. On the other side of the slanted flooring some one prayed aloud. She had a little baby at home. She was asking God to take care of it for her. "For Christ's sake," she said. Sene listened for the Amen, but it was never spoken. Beyond, they dug a man out from under a dead body, unhurt. He crawled to his feet, and broke into furious blasphemies.

Del cried presently, that they were cutting them out. The glare of the bonfires struck through an opening; saws and axes flashed; voices grew distinct.

"They never can get at me," said Sene. "I must be able to crawl. If you could get some of those bricks off of my feet, Del!"

Del took off two or three in a frightened way; then, seeing the blood on them, sat down and cried.

A Scotch girl, with one arm shattered, crept up and removed the pile, then fainted.

The opening broadened, brightened; the sweet night-wind blew in; the safe night-sky shone through. Sene's heart leaped within her. Out in the wind and under the sky she should stand again, after all! Back in the little bright kitchen, where the sun shone, and she could sing a song, there would yet be a place for her. She thought of her father, of Dick, of the supper-table set for three. Life—even her life—grew sweet, now that it was slipping from her. She worked her head from under the beam, and raised herself upon her elbow. At that moment she heard a cry:

"Fire! fire! GOD ALMIGHTY HELP THEM,—THE RUINS ARE ON FIRE!"

A man working over the *debris* from the outside had taken the notion—it being rather dark just there—to carry a lantern with him.

"For God's sake", a voice cried from the crowd, "don't stay there with that light!"

But before the words had died upon the air, it was the dreadful fate of the man with the lantern to let it fall,—and it broke upon the ruined mass.

That was at nine o'clock. What there was to see from then till morning could never be told or forgotten.

A network twenty feet high, of rods and girders, of beams, pillars, stairways, gearing, roofing, ceiling, walling; wrecks of looms, shafts, twisters, pulleys, bobbins, mules, locked and interwoven; wrecks of human creatures wedged in; a face that you know turned up at you from some pit which twenty-four hours' hewing could not open; a voice that you know crying after you from God knows where; a mass of long, fair hair visible here, a foot there, three fingers of a hand over there; the snow bright-red under foot; charred limbs and headless trunks tossed about; strong men carrying covered things by you, at sight of which other strong men have fainted; the little yellow jet that flared up, and died in smoke, and flared again, leaped out, licked the cotton-bales, tasted the oiled machinery, crunched the netted wood, danced on the heaped-up stone, threw its cruel arms high into the night, roared for joy at helpless firemen, and swallowed wreck, death, and life together out of your sight,—the lurid thing stands alone in the gallery of tragedy.

"Del," said Sene, presently, "I smell the smoke." And in a little while, "How red it is growing away over there at the left!"

To lie here and watch the hideous redness crawling after her, springing at her!—it had seemed greater than reason could bear, at first.

Now it did not trouble her. She grew a little faint, and her thoughts wandered. She put her head down upon her arm, and shut her eyes. Dreamily she heard them saying a dreadful thing outside, about one of the overseers; at the alarm of fire he had cut his throat, and before the flames touched him he was taken out. Dreamily she heard Del cry that the shaft behind the heap of reels was growing hot. Dreamily she saw a tiny puff of smoke struggle through the cracks of a broken fly-frame.

They were working to save her, with rigid, stern faces. A plank snapped, a rod yielded; they drew out the Scotch girl; her hair was singed; then a man with blood upon his face and wrists held down his arms.

"There's time for one more! God save the rest of ye,—can't!"

Del sprang; then stopped,—even Del,—stopped ashamed, and looked back at the cripple.

Asenath at this sat up erect. The latent heroism in her awoke. All her thoughts grew clear and bright. The tangled skein of her perplexed and troubled winter unwound suddenly. This, then, was the way. It was better so. God had provided himself a lamb for the burnt offering.

So she said, "Go, Del, and tell him I sent you with my dear love, and that it's all right."

And Del at the first word went.

Sene sat and watched them draw her out; it was a slow process; the loose sleeve of her factory sack was scorched.

Somebody at work outside turned suddenly and caught her. It was Dick. The love which he had fought so long broke free of barrier in that hour. He kissed her pink arm where the burnt sleeve fell off. He uttered a cry at the blood upon her face. She turned faint with the sense of safety; and, with a face as white as her own, he bore her away in his arms to the hospital, over the crimson snow.

Asenath looked out through the glare and smoke with parched lips. For a scratch upon the girl's smooth cheek, he had quite forgotten her. They had left her, tombed alive here in this furnace, and gone their happy way. Yet it gave her a curious sense of relief and triumph. If this were all that she could be to him, the thing which she had done was right, quite right. God must have known. She turned away, and shut her eyes again.

When she opened them, neither Dick, nor Del, nor crimsoned snow, nor sky, were there; only the smoke writhing up a pillar of blood-red flame.

The child who had called for her mother began to sob out that she was afraid to die alone.

"Come here, Molly," said Sene. "Can you crawl around?"

Molly crawled around.

"Put your head in my lap, and your arms about my waist, and I will put my hands in yours,—so. There! I guess that's better."

But they had not given them up yet. In the still unburnt rubbish at the right, some one had wrenched an opening within a foot of Sene's face. They clawed at the solid iron pintles like savage things. A fireman fainted in the glow.

"Give it up!" cried the crowd from behind. "It can't be done! Fall back!"—then hushed, awe-struck.

An old man was crawling along upon his hands and knees over the heated bricks. He was a very old man. His gray hair blew about in the wind.

"I want my little gal!" he said. "Can't anybody tell me where to find my little gal?"

A rough-looking young fellow pointed in perfect silence through the smoke.

"I'll have her out yet. I'm an old man, but I can help. She's my little gal, ye see. Hand me that there dipper of water; it'll keep her from choking, may be. Now! keep cheery, Sene! Your old father'll get ye out. Keep up good heart, child! That's it!"

"It's no use, father. Don't feel bad, father. I don't mind it very much."

He hacked at the timber; he tried to laugh; he bewildered himself with cheerful words.

"No more ye needn't, Senath, for it'll be over in a minute. Don't be downcast yet! We'll have ye safe at home before ye know it. Drink a little more water,—do now! They'll get at ye now, sure!"

But above the crackle and roar a woman's voice rang out like a bell:—

"We're going home, to die no more."

A child's notes quavered in the chorus. From sealed and unseen graves, white young lips swelled the glad refrain,—

"We're going, going home."

The crawling smoke turned yellow, turned red. Voice after voice broke and hushed utterly. One only sang on like silver. It flung defiance down at death. It chimed into the lurid sky without a tremor. For One stood beside her in the furnace, and His form was like unto the form of the Son of God. Their eyes met. Why should not Asenath sing?

"Senath!" cried the old man out upon the burning bricks; he was scorched now, from his gray hair to his patched boots.

The answer came triumphantly,—

"To die no more, no more, no more!"

"Sene! little Sene!"

But some one pulled him back.

THE CAT EATER.

A HORRIBLE STORY FOR THE BENEFIT OF STRETCHERS.

Tim Weeks, who was a man precise,
And of his fame most wondrous nice,
Was, one fine morning, sitting down
Close to the docks of our old town,
Just to enjoy the salt sea air
That very often bloweth there;
And, as he pondered, two rude sirs,
Smoking their nasty, strong cigars,
Up to him came, and, with a stare,
Cried, "Timothy, we're glad to meet you,
Give us your hand; we joy to greet you!"
"I'm glad to see you, Mr. Brown,"
Said Timothy.

“Right glad to see *you* well, am I,”
Said Brown—“I thought you dead and done for,
And wondered what you were begun for,
To throw your precious life away
In such a fray.”

“Dead! you’re mad,” said Tim, “Why dead? You cannot be quite right i’ the head.”
 “I’m right enough,” Brown smiling said,
 “But *you*, I wonder how you are;
 Some have fallen sick on milder fare.
 Old Jones declares, who saw the sight,
 You ate up three *live cats* last night!”
 “Ate three live cats! Did Jones say that?”
 “He did; and called you a great flat.”
 “The rogue! the liar!” said Tim,—“I’ll go
 And punch his nose and blood shall flow
 To wash the stain! the slanderous stain
 Stamped in my heart, and in my brain!”

So off he goes, and meets with Jones,
 "I'll knock your nose, and pound your bones!
 How dare you say, you lying wight,
 That I ate three *live cats* last night!"
 "I did not say," quoth Jones, "that you
 Ate *three*, I only spoke of *two*!"
 "Two! in the name of truth, and who
 Dared to say that? It is a spanker!"
 "Well, it comes retail from Bob Danker."
 "I'll Danker him," so off goes Weeks,
 The blood high mounting in his cheeks.
 He meets Bob in the market place—
 "Vile caitiff! come! we're face to face,

RRR*

How dare you say, to gull the flats,
 That I last night, ate two *live cats*?"
 "Two," replied Danker—"that's rare fun,
 I promise you, I said but *one*!"
 "Well, one, you slanderer, why say that?
 How *dare* you say I ate a cat?"
 "'Twas Taylor told me so," said Bob.
 "If so," says Tim, "I'll knock his nob."
 So off he set, brim full of rage,
 Vowing the fiercest war to wage
 Against old Taylor—soon he meets him.
 And with a dreadful poke he greets him—
 "Taylor!" he cried, with flashing eye,
 "How could you utter such a lie?
 You've told the folks I *ate a cat*!"
 "Oh! no, I never did say that!
 So pray your savage sputter spare,
 I said a *Puss*, that is, a *hare*.
 Your mother told me so, now there!"
 "'Tis false," said Tim, "I do declare,
 'I've never seen or touched a hare!"
 He sought his mother—"Oh! mother, mot! *er*,
 Your tongue has made a shocking bother;
 You said I *ate a hare*—folks blab it."
 "I didn't," said she, "I said a *rabbit*."
 "And that's not true!" "It is," said she,
 "For your own wife told it to me."
 "My wife" says Tim—"Then 'tis a bouncer,
 And I'll go home and soundly trounce her."
 So Tim goes home, most sorely riled,
 With flashing eye and visage wild,
 "Wife! you have no love for your soul,
 To say I ate a rabbit whole!"
 "And so *you did*," "'Tis false," he cried,
 "'Tis true, indeed," she quick replied,
 "You supped, as you have supped before,
 On a *Welsh rabbit*, nothing more!"
 Tim ope'd his eyes with wild surprise,
 His breath he scarce could fetch it,
 Aloud he cried, half petrified,
 "Good gracious, how folks *STRETCH IT*!"

THE LIGHTKEEPER'S DAUGHTER.—MYRA A. GOODWIN.

The pale moon hid her face; the glittering stars
 Retired above the blackness of the night.
 The wild winds moaned, as if some human soul
 In fetters bound was struggling to be free;

The ocean leaped and swayed his long white arms
 Up in the darkness with a sullen roar.
 Across the heavy gloom of night there came
 The faint light from the tower, and when the moon
 Peeped from her floating veil of clouds, she sent
 A gleam across the waters, rushing mad.

Against the angry sky
 The lighthouse stood, whose beacon light foretold
 The danger to bold ships that neared the rocks
 While daylight slept.

In the tower by the sea, there, all alone,
 The keeper's pretty daughter trimmed the lamp.
 And as the water sparkled in the light,
 "God save the sailors on the sea," she prayed;
 "The night is wild; my father gone, and near
 Are rocks which vessels wreck when storms are high;
 I will not sleep, but watch beside the light,
 For some may call for help."

And so she sat
 Beside the window o'er the sea, and scanned
 With large dark eyes the troubled water's foam,
 Unheeding as the wind her tresses tossed,
 Or spray baptized her brow.

A muffled sound
 Trembles upon the air, above the storm;
 Why strain her eager eyes far in the night?
 Was it the wind, or but the ocean's heart
 Beating against the cliffs?

Ah, no! Ah, no!
 It was the signal-gun—the cry for help!
 Now seen, now lost, the lights upon the ship
 Glimmer above the wave.
 Her inmost soul, with anguish stirred, sobs out,
 "A vessel on the rocks, and none to save!"
 Again that far, faint death-knell of the doomed
 Upon her young heart falls. "They shall not die!
 I rescue them, or perish in their grave!"
 Her strong arms, nerved by heart long trained
 To suffer and to dare for highest good,
 Conquers in spite of warring elements;
 The boat is launched; one instant does she pause
 And lift her soul in prayer. 'Tis silent,
 But angels hear, and bear it on their wings
 To the All-Father, and the strength comes down.

The wind howls loud; the cruel, sullen waves
 Toss the frail bark as children toss a toy;
 All nature tries to baffle one brave soul
 As, beautiful and bold, she still toils on,

Unheeding all except one thought, one hope.
She nears the vessel, beating 'gainst the rocks;
A wave sweeps o'er her, but her heart is stayed
By cries for "help" from hearts half dead with fear;
Upon the tossing ship they watch and pray,
While nearer draws deliverance. One more bound,
The ship is reached, and not a moment lost.
The boat is filled. Again she braves the sea,
This time with precious freight, the while the waves,
Thus cheated of their prey, mourn in revenge.
The moon between the clouds in pity smiles,
The waves are broken into tears above
The boat of life; resisting wind and wave,
They near the land, an unseen Hand directs,
And one Eye, never sleeping, watches all.

Upon the shore the fishers' wives knelt down
And clasped their loved ones, given from the grave.
Young children sobbed their gratitude, and clung
To fathers they had never hoped to kiss;
Strong men were not afraid of tears, which fell
Like April rain, as with their wives and babes
They knelt upon the bleak seashore, to pray.
Up to the sky a glad thanksgiving rose;
The wind ceased wailing, and the stars came out;
Joy filled all hearts, and noble Grace was blessed.
The earth grew brighter, for the angels sang,
In heaven, to God a glad, sweet song of praise.

THE TWO GLASSES.

There sat two glasses filled to the brim,
On a rich man's table, rim to rim,
One was ruddy and red as blood,
And one as clear as the crystal flood.

Said the glass of wine to the paler brother:
"Let us tell the tales of the past to each other;
I can tell of banquet and revel and mirth,
And the proudest and grandest souls on earth
Fell under my touch as though struck by blight,
Where I was king, for I ruled in might;
From the heads of kings I have torn the crown,
From the heights of fame I have hurled men down;
I have blasted many an honored name;
I have taken virtue and given shame;
I have tempted the youth with a sip, a taste
That has made his future a barren waste.

Greater, far greater than king am I,
 Or than any army beneath the sky.
 I have made the arm of the driver fail,
 And sent the train from the iron rail;
 I have made good ships go down at sea,
 And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me,
 For they said, 'Behold how great you be!
 Fame, strength, wealth, genius before you fall,
 For your might and power are over all.'
 Ho! ho! pale brother," laughed the wine,
 "Can you boast of deeds as great as mine?"

Said the water glass: "I cannot boast
 Of a king dethroned or a murdered host;
 But I can tell of a heart once sad,
 By my crystal drops, made light and glad;
 Of thirsts I've quenched, of brows I've laved,
 Of hands I have cooled, and souls I have saved;
 I have leaped through the valley, dashed down the mountain,
 Flowed in the river and played in the fountain,
 Slept in the sunshine and dropped from the sky,
 And everywhere gladdened the landscape and eye.
 I have eased the hot forehead of fever and pain;
 I have made the parched meadows grow fertile with grain;
 I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill,
 That ground out the flour and turned at my will.
 I can tell of manhood debased by you,
 That I have lifted and crowned anew.
 I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid;
 I gladden the heart of man and maid;
 I set the chained wine-captive free;
 And all are better for knowing me."

These are the tales they told each other,
 The glass of wine and the paler brother,
 As they sat together filled to the brim,
 On the rich man's table, rim to rim.

THE NOBLE NATURE.—BEN JONSON.

It is not growing like a tree
 In bulk, doth make man better be;
 Or standing long an oak, (three hundred year,)
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear:
 A lily of a day
 Is fairer far in May,
 Although it fall and die that night,—
 It was the plant and flower of light.
 In small proportions we just beauties see;
 And in short measures life may perfect be.

MR. O'HOO LAHAN'S MISTAKE.

An amusing scene occurred in Justice Young's court-room an evening or two since. Two sons of the "ould sod," full of "chain-lightning" and law, rushed in, and, advancing to the justice's little law-pulpit at the head of the court-room, both began talking at once.

"One at a time, if you please," said the judge.

"Judge—yer—honor—will I sphake thin?" said one of the men.

"Silence!" roared his companion. "I am here! Let me talk! Phwat do you know about law?"

"Keep still yourself, sir," said the judge. "Let him say what he wants."

"Well, I want me naime aff the paiper. That's phwat I want," said the man.

"Off what paper?" said the judge.

"Well, aff the paiper: ye ought to know what paiper. Sure, ye married me, they say."

"To whom?" asked the judge.

"Some female, sir; and I don't want her, sir. It don't go! and I want me naime aff the paiper."

"Silence!" roared the friend, bringing his huge fist down upon the little pulpit, just under the judge's nose, with a tremendous thwack. "Silence! I am here. Phwat do you know about law? Sure, yer honor, it was Tim McCloskey's wife that he married--his widdy, I mane. You married thim, yer honor."

"And I was dhrunk at the time, sir. Yis, sir; an' I was not a free aigent; an' I don't know a thing about it, sir—do ye see? I want me naime aff the paiper—I repudiate, sir."

"Silence! Let me spake. Phwat do you know about law?" bringing his fist down upon the judge's desk.

"But I was dhrunk: I was not at the time a free aigent."

"Silence! I am here to spake. It does not depind on that at all. It depinds—and there is the whole pint, both in law and equity—it depinds whether was the woman a sole thrader or not at the time this marriage was solemnated. That is the pint, both in law and equity!"

"But I was dhrunk at the time. Divil roawst me if I knowed I was gittin' married. I was not a free aigent. I want the judge to taik me naime aff the paiper. It don't go."

The judge tried to explain to the man that, drunk or sober, he was married to the woman fast enough, and, if he wanted a divorce, he must go to another court.

"Burn me up!" cried the man, "if I go to another court. Ye married me, and ye can unmarry me. Taik me naime aff the paiper!"

"Silence!" cried the friend, bringing his fist down in close proximity to the judge's nose. "Phwat do you know about law? I admit, judge, that he must go to a higher court; that is (down comes the fist) if the woman can prove (whack) that she was at the time the marriage wassolemnated (whack) a regularly ordained sole thrader (whack). On this pint it depinds, both in law and equity."

"I have had enough of this!" cried the judge: "I cannot divorce you. You are married, and married you must remain, for all I can do."

"Ye won't taik me naime aff the paiper, thin!"

"It would not mend the matter," said the judge.

"Ye won't taik it aff?"

"No: I won't!" fairly yelled the judge.

"Silence!" cried the partner, bringing down his fist, and raising a cloud of dust under the judge's nose. "It depinds whether, at the time, the woman was a regular sole—"

"Get out of here," cried the judge. "I've had about enough of this!" at the same time rising.

"Ye won't taik it aff? Very well, thin, I'll go hoam and devorce myself. I'll fire the thatch! I will—"

Here he glanced toward the front door: his under jaw drooped, he ceased speaking, and in a half-stooping posture he went out of the back door of the office like a shot.

The valiant friend and legal adviser also glanced toward the door, when he too, doubled up and *scooted* in the footsteps of his illustrious principal.

A look at the door showed it darkened by a woman about six feet in height, and so broad as to fill it almost from side to side.

The judge took a look at this mountain of flesh, doubled

up, and was about to take the back track, but thought better of it, and took refuge behind his little law-pulpit.

The mountain advanced, gave utterance in a sort of internal rumble, and then, amid fire, smoke, and burning lava, belched out,—

“Did I, or did I not see Michael O’Hoolahan sneak out of your back doore?”

“I believe O’Hoolahan is the name of one of the gentlemen who just went out,” said the judge.

Advancing upon the pulpit, behind which the judge settled lower and lower, the mountain belched,—

“You be-e-lave! You *know* it was Michael O’Hoolahan! Now, what is all this connivin’ in here about? Am I a widdy agin? Did ye taik his naime aff the paiper? Did ye taik it aff?”

“N-no,” said the judge.

“Ye didn’t? Don’t ye desave me!”

“No: I give you my word of honor I didn’t, couldn’t—I had no right.”

“It’s well for ye ye didn’t. I’ll tache him to be rinnin’ about counvin’ to lave me a lone widdy agin’, whin I’m makin’ a jintleman of him!”

With this she sailed back to the door, where she turned, and, shaking her fist, thus addressed the tip of the judge’s nose, which alone was visible above the little pulpit,—

“Now, do ye mind that ye lave his naime on the paiper! I want no meddlin’ wid a man waust I git him. No more connivin’!”

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.—ROBT. BROWNING.

You know we French stormed Ratisbon:

A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow,
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, “My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,

Let once my army-leader Lannes
 Waver at yonder wall,"—
 Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
 A rider, bound on bound
 Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
 Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
 And held himself erect
 By just his horse's mane, a boy :
 You hardly could suspect,
 (So tight he kept his lips compressed,
 Scarce any blood came through,)
 You looked twice ere you saw his breast
 Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
 We've got you Ratisbon !
 The marshal's in the market-place,
 And you'll be there anon
 To see your flag-bird flap his vans.
 Where I, to heart's desire,
 Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
 Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
 Softened itself, as sheathes
 A film the mother-eagle's eye
 When her bruised eaglet breathes:
 "You're wounded!" "Nay," his soldier's pride
 Touched to the quick, he said:
 "I'm killed, sire!" And, his chief beside,
 Smiling, the boy fell dead.

JAMIE DOUGLAS.

It was in the days when Claverhouse
 Was scouring moor and glen,
 To change, with fire and bloody sword,
 The faith of Scottish men,

They had made a covenant with the Lord
 Firm in their faith to bide,
 Nor break to Him their plighted word,
 Whatever might betide.

The sun was well-nigh setting,
 When o'er the heather wild,
 And up the narrow mountain-path,
 Alone there walked a child.

He was a bonny, blithesome lad,
Sturdy and strong of limb—
A father's pride, a mother's love,
Were fast bound up in him.

His bright blue eyes glanced fearless round,
His step was firm and light;
What was it underneath his plaid
His little hands grasped tight?

It was bannocks which, that very morn,
His mother made with care,
From out her scanty store of meal;
And now, with many a prayer,

Had sent by Jamie her ane boy,
A trusty lad and brave,
To good old Pastor Tammous Roy,
Now hid in yonder cave.

And for whom the bloody Claverhouse
Had hunted long in vain,
And swore they would not leave that glen
Till old Tam Roy was slain.

So Jamie Douglas went his way
With heart that knew no fear;
He turned the great curve in the rock,
Nor dreamed that death was near.

And there were bloody Claverhouse men,
Who laughed aloud with glee,
When, trembling now within their power,
The frightened child they see.

He turns to flee, but all in vain,
They drag him back apace
To where their cruel leader stands,
And set them face to face.

The cakes concealed beneath his plaid
Soon tell the story plain—
"It is old Tam Roy the cakes are for,"
Exclaimed the angry man.

"Now guide me to his hiding place
And I will let you go."
But Jamie shook his yellow curls,
And stoutly answered—"No!"

"I'll drop you down the mountain-side,
And there upon the stones

The old gaunt wolf and carrion crow
Shall battle for your bones."

And in his brawny, strong right hand
He lifted up the child,
And held him where the clefted rocks
Formed a chasm deep and wild.

So deep it was, the trees below
Like stunted bushes seemed.
Poor Jamie looked in frightened maze,
It seemed some horrid dream.

He looked up at the blue sky above,
Then at the men near by;
Had *they* no little boys at home,
That they could let him die?

But no one spoke and no one stirred,
Or lifted hand to save
From such a fearful, frightful death,
The little lad so brave.

"It is woeful deep," he shuddering cried,
"But oh! I canna tell,
So drop me down then, if you will—
It is nae so deep as hell!"

A childish scream, a faint, dull sound,
Oh! Jamie Douglas true,
Long, long within that lonely cave
Shall Tam Roy wait for you.

Long for your welcome coming
Waits the mother on the moor,
And watches and calls, "Come, Jamie, lad,"
Through the half-open door.

No more adown the rocky path
You come with fearless tread,
Or, on moor or mountain, take
The good man's daily bread.

But up in heaven the shining ones
A wond'rous story tell,
Of a child snatched up from a rocky gulf
That is nae so deep as hell.

And there before the great white throne,
Forever blessed and glad,
His mother dear and old Tam Roy
Shall meet their bonny lad.

WRECK OF THE HURON—NOVEMBER 24, 1877.

Extract from a lecture by the Rev. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, at the Brooklyn Tabernacle.

A few days ago there went out from our Brooklyn Navy Yard a man-of-war, the Huron. She steamed down to Hampton Roads, dropped anchor for further orders, and then went on southward—one hundred and thirty-six souls on board—and the life of the humblest boy in sailor's jacket as precious as the life of the commander.

There were storms in the air, the jib-stay had been carried away, but what cares such a monarch of the deep for a hurricane! All's well at twelve o'clock at night! Strike eight bells! All's well at one o'clock in the morning! Strike two bells! How the water tosses from the iron prow of the Huron as she seems moving irresistibly on! If a fishing smack came in her way she would ride it down and not know she touched it.

But, alas! through the darkness she is aiming for Nag's Head! What is the matter with the compasses? At one o'clock and forty minutes there is a harsh grating on the bottom of the ship, and the cry goes across the ship, "What's the matter?" Then the sea lifts up the ship to let her fall on the breakers—shock! shock! shock! The dreadful command of the captain rings across the deck and is repeated among the hammocks, "All hands save the ship!" Then comes the thud of the axe in answer to the order to cut away the mast. Overboard go the guns. They are of no use in this battle with the wind and wave.

Heavier and heavier the vessel falls till the timbers begin to crack. The work of death goes on, every surge of the sea carrying more men from the forecastle, and reaching up its briny fingers to those hanging in the rigging. Numb and frozen, they hold on and lash themselves fast, while some, daring each other to the undertaking, plunge into the beating surf and struggle for the land. Oh, cruel sea! Pity them, as bruised, and mangled, and with broken bones, they make desperate effort for dear life. For thirty miles along the beach the dead of the Huron are strewn, and throughout the land there is weeping and lamentation and great woe.

A surviving officer of the vessel testifies that the conduct of the men was admirable. It is a magnificent thing to see a man dying at his post, doing his whole duty. It seems that every shipwreck must give to the world an illustration of the doctrine of vicarious sacrifice—men daring all things to save their fellows. Who can see such things without thinking of the greatest deed of these nineteen centuries, the pushing out of the Chieftain of the universe to take the human race off the wreck of the world?

DOT BABY OFF MINE.—CHARLES F. ADAMS.

A BROTHER OF "LEEDLE YAWCOP STRAUSS."*

Mine cracious! Mine cracious! shust look here und see
 A Deutscher so habby as habby can pe.
 Der beoples all dink dat no prains I haf got,
 Vas grazzy mit trinking, or someding like dot;
 Id wasn't pecause I trinks lager und vine,
 Id vas all on aggount off dot baby off mine.

Dot schmall leedle vellow I dells you vas qveer;
 Not mooch pigger roundt as a goot glass off beer,
 Mit a bare-footed hed, and nose but a schpeck,
 A mout dot goes most to der pack off his neck,
 Und his leedle pink toes mit der rest all combine
 To gife sooch a charm to dot baby off mine.

I dells you dot baby vas von off der poys,
 Und beats leedle Yawcop for making a noise;
 He shust has pecun to shbeak goot English, too,
 Says "mama," und "bapa," und somedimes "ah—goo!"
 You don'd find a baby den dimes out off nine
 Dot vos qvite so schmart as dot baby off mine.

He grawls der vloer ofer, und drows dings aboutt,
 Und poots efryding he can find in his mout;
 He dumbles der shtairs down, und falls vrom his chair,
 Und gifes mine Katrina von derrible sckare;
 Mine hair shtands like shquills on a mat borcubine
 Ven I dinks off dose pranks off dot baby off mine.

Dere vas someding, you pet, I don'd likes pooty vell;
 To hear in der nighdt-dimes dot young Deutscher yell,
 Und dravel der ped-room midout many clo'es
 While der chills down der shpine off mine pack quickly goes;
 Dose leedle shimnasdic dricks wasn't so fine,
 Dot I en's oop at nighdt mit dot baby off mine.

* See No. 13, page 54.

Vell, dese leedle schafers vas goin' to pe men,
 Und all off dese droubles vill peen ofer den ;
 Dey vill vare a vHITE shirt vront inshted off a bib,
 Und wouldn't got tucked oop at nighdt in deir crib—
 Vell! vell! ven I'm feeple und in life's decline,
 May mine oldt age pe cheered py dot baby off mine.

PHIL BLOOD'S LEAP.—ROBERT BUCHANAN.

A TALE OF THE GOLD-SEEKERS.

"There's some think Injins pison . . ." [It was Parson
 Pete that spoke,
 As we sat there, in the camp-fire glare, like shadows among
 the smoke.

'Twas the dead of night, and in the light our faces shone
 bright red,
 And the wind all round made a screeching sound, and the
 pines roared overhead.

Ay, Parson Pete was talking: we called him Parson Pete,
 For you must learn he'd a talking turn, and handled things
 so neat:

He'd a preaching style, and a winning smile, and, when all
 talk was spent,
 Six-shooter had he, and a sharp bowie, to point his argument.

Some one had spoke of the Injin folk, and we had a guess,
 you bet,
 They might be creeping, while we were sleeping, to catch us
 in the net;
 And the half-asleep were snoring deep, while the others
 vigil kept,
 But never a one let go his gun, whether he woke or slept.]

"There's some think Injins pison, and others fancy 'em scum,
 And most would slay them out of the way, clean into King-
 dom Come;
 But don't you go and make mistakes, like many dern'd fools
 I've known,
 For dirt is dirt, and snakes is snakes, but an Injin's flesh
 and bone!"

We were seeking gold in the Texan hold, and we'd had a
 blaze of luck,
 More rich and rare the stuff ran there at every foot we struck;
 Like men gone wild we toiled and toiled, and never seemed
 to tire,
 The hot sun glared, and our faces flared, with the greed o'
 gain, like fire.

I was Captain then of the mining men, and I had a precious
life,
For a wilder set I never met at derringer and at knife;
Nigh every day there was some new fray, and a shot in some
one's brain,
And the blackest sheep in all the heap was an Imp of Sin,
from Maine,

Phil Blood. Well, he was six foot three, with a squint to
make you skear'd,
His face all scabb'd, and twisted and stabb'd, with carrotty
hair and beard,
Sour as the drink in Bitter Chink, sharp as a grizzly's squeal,
Limp in one leg, for a leaden egg had nicked him in the heel.

He was the primest workman there!—'twas a sight to see
him toil!
To the waist all bare, all devil and dare, the sweat on his
cheeks like oil;
With pickaxe and spade in sun and shade he labored like
the nation,
But when his spell was over,—Well, he liked recreation.

And being a crusty kind of cuss, the only sport he had
When work was over seemed to us a bit too rough and bad;
For to put some lead in a fellow's head was the greatest fun
in life,
And the only joke he liked to poke was the point of his
precious knife.

But game to the bone was Phil, I'll own, and he always
fought most fair,
With as good a will to be killed as kill, true grit as any there:
Of honor too, like me or you, he'd a scent, though not so
keen,
Would rather be riddled through and through, than do what
he thought mean.

But his eddication to his ruination had not been over nice,
And his stupid skull was choking full of vulgar prejudice;
For a white man *he* was an ekal, free to be fought in open
fray,
But an *Injin* a snake (make no mistake!) to scotch in any
way.

"A serpent's hide has pison inside, and an *Injin* heart's as
bad,—
He'll seem your friend for to gain his end, but they hate the
white like mad;
Worse than the least of bird or beast, never at peace till dead,
A spotted snake, and no mistake!" that's what he always
said.

Well, we'd just struck our bit of luck, and were wild as rav-
ing men,
When who should stray to camp one day, but Black Panther,
the Cheyenne;
Dressed like a Christian, all a-grin, the old one joins our band,
And though the rest looked black as sin, he shakes me by
the hand.

Now, the poor old cuss had been known to us, and I knew
that he was true,—
I'd have trusted him with life and limb as soon as I'd trust
you;
For though his wit was gone a bit, and he drank like any fish,
His heart was kind, he was well-inclined, as even a white
could wish.

Food had got low, for we didn't know the run of the hunt-
ing-ground,
And our hunters were sick, when just in the nick, the friend
in need was found;
For he knew the place like his mother's face (or better, a
heap, you'd say,
Since she was a squaw of the roaming race, and himself a
cast-away).

Well, I took the Panther into camp, and the critter was well
content,
And off with him, on the hunting tramp, next day our party
went,
And I reckon that day and the next we didn't hunger for
food,
And only one in the camp looked vexed—that Imp of Sin,
Phil Blood.

Nothing would please his contrairy idees! an Injin made
him boll!
But he said nought, and he scowling wrought from morn till
night at his toil,
And I knew his skin was hatching sin, and I kept the Pan-
ther apart,
For the Injin he was too weak to see the depths of a white
man's heart.

One noon-day, when myself and the men were resting by
the creek,
The red sun blazed, and we lay half-dazed, too tired to stir
or speak;
'Neath the alder trees we stretched at ease, and we couldn't
see the sky,
For the lien-flowers in bright blue showers hung through
the branches high.

It was like the gleam of a fairy-dream, and I felt like earth's
first Man,
In an Eden bower with the yellow flower of a cactus for a fan;
Oranges, peaches, grapes, and figs, clustered, ripened, and fell,
And the cedar scent was pleasant, blent with the soothing
'cacia smell.

The squirrels red ran overhead, and I saw the lizards creep,
And the woodpecker bright with the chest so white tapt like
a sound in sleep;
I lay and dozed with eyes half closed, and felt like a
three-year child,
And, a plantain blade on his brow for a shade, even Phil
Blood looked mild.

Well, back jest then came our hunting men, with the Pan-
ther at their head,
Full of his fun was every one, and the Panther's eyes were red,
And he skipt about with grin and shout, for he'd had a drop
that day,
And he twisted and twirled, and squealed and skirled, in the
foolish Injin way.

To the waist all bare Phil Blood lay there, with only his
knife in his belt,
And I saw his bloodshot eye-balls flare, and I knew how
fierce he felt,
When the Injin dances with grinning glances around him
as he lies,
With his painted skin and his monkey grin,—and 'eers into
his eyes.

Then before I knew what I should do Phil Blood was on his
feet,
And the Injin could trace the hate in his face, and his heart
began to beat,
And "Get out o' the way," he heard them say, "for he means
to hev your life!"
But before he could fly at the warning cry, he saw the flash
of the knife.

"Run, Panther, run!" cried every one, and the Panther took
the track,
With a wicked glare, like a wounded bear, Phil Blood sprang
at his back.
Up the side so steep of the canyon deep the poor old crit-
ter sped,
And after him ran the devil's limb, till they faded overhead.

Now, the spot of ground where our luck was found was a
queerish place, you'll mark,
Jest under the jags of the mountain crags and the precipices
dark,
ssss

And the water drove from a fall above, and roared both day
and night,
And those that waded beneath were shaded by crags to left
and right.

Far up on high, close to the sky, the two crags leant together,
Leaving a gap, like an open trap, with a gleam of golden
weather,
And now and then when at work the men looked up they
caught the bounds
Of the deer that leap from steep to steep, and they seemed
the size o' hounds.

A pathway led from the beck's dark bed up to the crags on
high,
And up that path the Injin fled, fast as a man could fly.
Some shots were fired, for I desired to keep the white cuss
back;
But I missed my man, and away he ran on the flying Injin's
track.

Now all below is thick, you know, with 'cacia, alder, and pine,
And the bright shrubs deck the side of the beck, and the
lien-flowers so fine,
For the forest creeps all under the steeps, and feathers the
feet of the crags
With boughs so thick that your path you pick, like a steamer
among the snags.

But right above you, the crags, Lord love you! are bare as
this here hand,
And your eyes you wink at the bright blue chink, as looking
up you stand.
If a man should pop in that trap at the top, he'd never rest
hand or leg,
Till neck and crop to the bottom he'd drop—and smash on
the stones like an egg!

Now, the breadth of the trap, though it seemed so small from
the place below, d'ye see,
Was what a deer could easily clear, but a man—well, not
for me!
And it happened, yes! the path, I guess, led straight to that
there place,
And if one of the two didn't leap it, whew! they must meet
there face to face.

"Come back, you cuss! come back to us! and let the critter be!"
I screamed out loud, while the men in a crowd stood gazing
at them and me;
But up they went, and my shots were spent, and I shook
as they disappeared,—
One minute more, and we gave a roar, for the Injin had
leapt,—and cleared!

A leap for a deer, not a man, to clear,—and the bloodiest
grave below!
But the critter was smart and mad with fear, and he went
like a bolt from a bow.
Close after him came the devil's limb, with his eyes as wild
as death,
But when he came to the gulch's brim, I reckon he paused
for breath.
For breath at the brink! but—a white man shrink, when a
red had passed so neat?
I knew Phil Blood too well to think he'd turn his back dead
beat!
He takes one run, leaps up in the sun, and bounds from the
slippery ledge,
And he clears the hole, but—God help his soul! just touches
the other edge!
One scrambling fall, one shriek, one call, from the men that
stand and stare,—
Black in the blue where the sky looks through, he staggers,
dwarfed up there;
The edge he touches, then sinks, and clutches the rock—my
eyes grow dim—
I turn away—what's that they say?—he's a-hanging on to
the brim?
. . . On the very brink of the fatal chink a wild thin shrub
there grew,
And to that he clung, and in silence swung betwixt us and
the blue,
And as soon as a man could run I ran the way I'd seen
them flee,
And I came mad-eyed to the chasm's side and—what do you
think I see?
All up? Not quite. Still hanging? Right! But he'd torn
away the shrub;
With lolling tongue he clutched and swung—to what? ay,
that's the rub!
I saw him glare and dangle in air,—for the empty hole, you
know,—
Helped by a *pair of hands* up there!—The Injin's? Yes,
that's so!
Now, boys, look here! for many a year I've roughed in this
here land—
And many a sight both day and night I've seen that I think
grand;
Over the whole wide world I've been, and I know both
things and men,
But the biggest sight I've ever seen was the sight I saw just
then.

I held my breath—so nigh to death the cuss swung hand
and limb,
And it seemed to me that down he'd flee, with the Panther
after him;
But the Injin at length puts out his strength, and another
minute passed,
—And safe and sound to the solid ground he drew Phil Blood
at last.

Saved? True for you! By an Injin too!—and the man he
meant to kill!
There all alone, on the brink of stone, I see them standing
still;
Phil Blood gone white, with the struggle and fright, like a
great mad bull at bay,
And the Injin meanwhile, with a half-skeered smile, ready
to spring away.

What did Phil do? Well, I watched the two, and I saw Phil
Blood turn back,
Then he leant to the brink and took a blink into the chasm
black,
Then, stooping low for a moment or so, he drew his bowie
bright,
And he chucked it down the gulf with a frown, and whistle,
and lounged from sight.

Hands in his pockets, eyes downcast, silent, thoughtful, and
grim,
While the Panther, grinning as he passed, still kept his eyes
on him;
Phil Blood strolled slow to his mates below, down by a moun-
tain track,
With his lips set tight and his face all white, and the Pan-
ther at his back.

I reckon they stared when the two appeared! but never a
word Phil spoke,
Some of them laughed and others jeered,—but he let them
have their joke;
He seemed amazed, like a man gone dazed, the sun in his
eyes too bright,
And, in spite of their cheek, for many a week, he never of-
fered to fight.

And after that day he changed his play, and kept a civiler
tongue,
And whenever an Injin came that way, his contrairy head
he hung;
But whenever he heard the lying word, "*It's a lie!*" Phil
Blood would groan;
"*A Snake is a Snake, make no mistake! but an Injin's flesh and
bone!*"

SOME TIME.

Some time, when all life's lessons have been learned,
 And suns and stars forevermore have set,
 The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,
 The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
 Will flash before us amid life's dark night,
 As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
 And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
 And what most seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,
 God's plans go on as best for you and me—
 How, when we called, He heeded not our cry,
 Because His wisdom to the end could see;
 And e'en as prudent parents disallow
 Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
 So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
 Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
 Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friend,
 And that sometimes the sable pall of death
 Conceals the fairest boon His love can send;
 If we could push ajar the gates of life,
 And stand within, and all God's working see,
 We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
 And for each mystery find there a key.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart!
 God's plans, like lilies pure and white, unfold;
 We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart—
 Time will reveal the calyxes of gold;
 And, if, through patient toil, we reach the land
 Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may rest,
 Where we shall clearly know and understand,
 I think that we shall say, "God knew the best."

 THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE.—CAROLINE NORTON.

Word was brought to the Danish king
 (Hurry!)
 That the love of his heart lay suffering,
 And pined for the comfort his voice would bring.
 (Oh, ride as though you were flying!)
 Better he loves each golden curl
 On the brow of that Scandinavian girl,
 Than his rich crown jewels of ruby and pearl;
 And his rose of the isles is dying!

Thirty nobles saddled with speed;
(Hurry!)
Each one mounting a gallant steed
Which he kept for battle and days of need.
(Oh, ride as though you were flying!)
Spurs were struck in the foaming flank;
Worn-out chargers staggered and sank;
Bridles were slackened and girths were burst,
But, ride as they would, the king rode first,
For his rose of the isles lay dying!

His nobles are beaten one by one;
(Hurry!)
They have fainted and faltered and homeward gone;
His little fair page now follows alone,
For strength and for courage trying!
The king looked back at that faithful child;
Wan was the face that answering smiled;
They passed the drawbridge with clattering din,
Then he dropped; and only the king rode in
Where his rose of the isles lay dying!

The king blew a blast on his bugle-horn;
(Silence!)
No answer came, but faint and forlorn
An echo returned on the cold, gray morn,
Like the breath of a spirit sighing.
The castle portal stood grimly wide—
None welcomed the king from that weary ride;
For dead, in the light of the dawning day,
The pale, sweet form of the welcomer lay,
Who had yearned for his voice while dying.

The panting steed, with a drooping crest,
Stood weary.
The king returned from her chamber of rest,
The thick sobs choking in his breast;
And, that dumb companion eying,
The tears gushed forth which he strove to check;
He bowed his head on his charger's neck;
"O steed, that every nerve didst strain—
Dear steed, our ride hath been in vain
To the halls where my love lay dying!"

MUMFORD'S PAVEMENT.

Some person accidentally upset a bucket of water on Mumford's pavement one of those snapping cold evenings last week, and Jack Frost slipping along soon after transformed it into a sheet of glistening, bone-breaking ice.

Mumford, wholly unconscious of the pitfall in front of his door, had just taken his seat at the basement window, when a stout old gentleman came along, carrying a half-peck of cranberries tied up in brown paper, and softly humming to himself:

"I wish I was a turtle-dove,
I wish I was a sparrow,
I'd fly away to——"

Je—ru—sa—lem!" he exclaimed, as his legs spread themselves suddenly apart. A frightened, dazed look crept into his eyes, and a minute later he had burst the suspender buttons off his pantaloons, and hopelessly ruined a new eight-dollar silk hat trying to butt a barrel of ashes into the gutter, while the air in that vicinity was filled with blue profanity and red cranberries.

Owing to the thermometer being down one flight of stairs below zero, and the old gentleman not having a calcium light in his vest pocket, he concluded not to pick the eighty-eight-thousand-and-odd scattered cranberries, but contented himself by shaking his fist violently in Mumford's direction and yelling as he moved away:

"I can lick the stuffing out of a hull cart-load of such 'smartys' as you!"

"Mercy, what a funny old gentleman! first he falls down, and then he jumps up and blames me for it," remarked Mumford to his wife, who was sitting by the light, sewing.

He can't to this hour recollect what reply his wife made, his whole attention being suddenly riveted upon a very tall, thin woman with a long nose and big bustle, who was dragging a fat, dumpling-built little boy along by the hand. She had reached about the same spot where the old gentleman a moment before had been performing, when she stopped suddenly, clutched wildly at vacancy, tried to kick her bonnet off, missed it by a few of the shortest kind of inches, tripped up the boy and sat down on him with a force that threatened to drive him through the earth to China.

The prompt use of the boy preserver saved her bones and bustle from destruction, but it flattened the sacrificing youth to a thickness of a Jack of Clubs in a euchre deck.

"Don't you grin at me, you nasty big baboon, you!" she screamed, nodding her head at Mumford, while she groped

around for her false teeth that had slipped out of her mouth in the confusion.

"She must certainly be drunk," soliloquized Mumford, watching her actions with amazement.

"If I was a man I'd skin you alive for this, you wretch!" she shouted, when she had got her teeth back, her bonnet on, and her bustle propped up.

"Drunk, and a lunatic both. What've I got to do with her slamming herself around on the sidewalk, I'd like to know?" he asked himself, as he watched her fading away in the darkness with her flattened boy in tow.

A few moments later, as he was flattening his nose against the window-pane, a pair of lovers came tripping along.

"And, Amy, love," said the gentleman, "I can hardly realize that soon you are to be my own little darling ducksey—Suffering alligator!" he shrieked, as his legs opened like a pair of compasses, and he struck the sidewalk with a jar that loosened his back teeth, lifted his scalp an inch or two, cooled his love, ripped his pantaloons, started his eyes full of tears, and made him regret bitterly that he'd forgotten so much of his boyhood's profanity.

"O Fred!" exclaimed his *fiance*, trying to lift him up by his paper collar, and the next instant his charmer's feet slipped on the ice, and after swaying to and fro violently for a moment, she attempted to turn a back somersault which her lover did not look upon as a success, owing probably to the fact of her kicking him in the ear as she went over him, with more of the force of a yellow mule or a dynamite cartridge, than that of the cardinal-stocked idol of his heart.

They got up, glanced sheepishly around to see if any one had noticed them, tried to coax up a sickly smile, and limped away trying to look as if they didn't want to rub themselves.

"Hang it all! why don't you sprinkle some ashes on that ice?" called out a grocer, who had skated off into the gutter, and mashed two dozen eggs, the back of his head, and a bottle of olive oil, in falling.

"Oh! there's ice there; so that accounts for the gymnastics," said Mumford, filling a scuttle with hot coals and ashes, and hurrying out.

Some of the neighbors, who happened to be looking out of their front windows about this time, have said since that

it was grand and awe-inspiring to see Mumford, after remaining for a second on the back of his neck, pointing at the twinkling stars with his heels, and emptying his pockets out on to the walk, suddenly collapse into a tangled, scorched and bruised heap, and fill the air with shrieks and more sparks than a firework explosion would make.

A policeman helped his wife and the cook carry him into the house, and he has informed the doctor who is attending him, that as soon as he can cultivate enough skin to cover the burned places, he's going to move to a climate where it don't freeze once in a billion years. His wife thinks she has read of such a place in the Bible.

THE RAINBOW.

The evening was glorious, and light through the trees
Played the sunshine, the rain-drops, the birds, and the breeze;
And the landscape, outstretching in loveliness, lay
In the lap of the year, in the beauty of May;
For the queen of the spring as she passed down the vale,
Left her robe on the trees and her breath in the gale;
And the smile of her presence gave joy to the hours,
And flush in her footsteps sprang herbage and flowers.
The skies, like a banner, in sunset unrolled,
O'er the west threw their splendor of azure and gold;
But one cloud at a distance rose dense, and increased,
Till its margin of black touched the zenith and east.
Then forth from its depths, in their fearful array,
Came the thunder-peal's voice and the lightning's fierce play,
When the rain in swift torrents poured down from the sky,
And then ceased, as the storm, with the moment, passed by.
We gazed on the scene as around us it glowed,
When a vision of beauty appeared on the cloud;
It was not like the sun which at midday we view,
Nor the moon that rolls nightly through star-light of blue,
Like a spirit it came in the path of the storm,
And the eye and the heart hailed its beautiful form;
For it looked not severe, like an angel of wrath,
But a garment of glory illumined its path.
In the hues of its grandeur sublimely it stood
O'er the river, the village, the field and the wood;
And river, field, village, and woodland grew bright,
As conscious they felt and afforded delight.
'Twas the bow of Omnipotence, bent by His hand,
Whose grasp, at creation, the universe spanned;

'Twas the presence of God in a symbol sublime,
His vow from the flood to the exit of time!
Not dreadful, as when in the whirlwind He pleads,
When storms are His chariot and lightnings His steeds,
The black cloud His banner of vengeance unfurled,
And thunder His voice to a guilt-stricken world,—
At the breath of His anger when thousands expire,
And seas boil in fury and rocks burn with fire,
And the sword and the plague-spot with death strew the plain,
And vultures and wolves are the graves of the slain;—
Not such was the rainbow, that beautiful one,
Whose arch was refraction, its keystone the sun,
A pavilion it seemed by the Deity graced,
While justice and mercy met there and embraced.
Awhile, and it sweetly bent over the gloom,
Like love o'er a death-couch, or hope o'er a tomb:
Then left the dark scene whence it slowly retired,
As love has just vanished or hope has expired.
I gazed not alone on that source of my song;
To all who beheld it these verses belong;
Its presence to all was the path of the Lord,
Each full heart expanded, grew warm, and adored.
Like a visit, the converse of friends, or a day,
That bow from the sight passed forever away;
Like that visit, that converse, that day to my heart,
That bow from remembrance can never depart.
'Tis a picture in memory distinctly defined,
In the strong and imperishing colors of mind,
A part of my being beyond my control,
Beheld on that cloud, and transcribed on my soul.

THE CIRCUS CLOWN.—NATHAN D. URNER.

There he stands, in his pitiful parti-hues,
With his painted face, and his coxcomb crest,
And his shrill, cracked voice, for his nightly dues—
The crowd's rough laugh at his senseless jest,
His ribald puns, and his antics strange
That make the little ones roar again,
Till you'd deem his life but a merry change
From laugh to laugh, and devoid of pain.

But follow me, upon fancy's wing,
To the dim tent corner he swiftly seeks,
When he tumbles off from the lighted ring
For a respite brief. Lo! his painted cheeks
Are wet and furrowed with coursing tears,
The hollow groan from his breast ascends,

As there by a pallet, whereon appears
The wasted form of his wife, he bends.

He holds her hand—like a man he strives
To choke the sobs from her dying ear;
While before his fancy their wretched lives
Unroll their length like a desert sere.
And she, poor soul! while his faithful hand
She presses in token of love and pride,
How the dying eyes for a space expand
As the roar comes in from the ring outside!

What queen of the saddle or spangled prince
Calls forth those plaudits that once were hers,
Ere the illness crept to her lungs that since
Hath dragged her down with its subtle curse?
But hush! the gloom in those eyes returns,
Her hand grows icy, the pulse flies fast,—
Nearer he bends, while the life-light burns
At its last wild flicker: 'tis out at last!

Alone with his dead! Now, dazed, appalled,
The sobs burst forth—he would voice his grief;
But no, his name from the flies is called;
His cue is on—there is no relief!
A moment more, and he's there again,
With the cap and bells, in the cirque's expanse;
Though little they guess with what awful strain
Quip, joke, and jest for their laughter glance.

And how many and many there are, think you,
In the world's arena, whose heavy task
Is ever hidden from searching view
By the jester's garb, as a laughing mask?
Masks and faces together go;
Ill would it fare with us, rich or poor,
To unveil the heart, with the secret woe,
The cares and troubles, that most endure.

THE CORONATION-PAGEANT OF ANNE BOLEYN.

J. A. FROUDE.

Glorious as the spectacle was, perhaps, however it passed unheeded. Those eyes were watching all for another object, which now drew near. In an open space behind the constable there was seen approaching "a white chariot," drawn by two palfreys in white damask which swept the ground,

a golden canopy borne above it making music with silver bells: and in the chariot sat the observed of all observers, the beautiful occasion of all this glittering homage; fortune's plaything of the hour, the Queen of England—queen at last!—borne along upon the waves of this sea of glory, breathing the perfumed incense of greatness which she had risked her fair name, her delicacy, her honor, her self-respect, to win; and she had won it.

There she sat, dressed in white tissue robes, her fair hair flowing loose over her shoulders, and her temples circled with a light coronet of gold and diamonds—most beautiful—loveliest—most favored, perhaps, as she seemed at that hour, of all England's daughters. Alas! "within the hollow round of that coronet—

"Kept Death his court, and there the antick sate
Scoffing her state and grinning at her pomp;
Allowing her a little breath, a little scene
To monarchize, be feared, and kill with looks,
Infusing her with self and vain conceit,
As if the flesh which wall'd about her life
Were brass impregnable; and humored thus,
Bored thro' her castle walls; and farewell, Queen!"

Fatal gift of greatness! so dangerous ever! so more than dangerous in those tremendous times when the fountains are broken loose of the great deeps of thought, and nations are in the throes of revolution; when ancient order and law and traditions are splitting in the social earthquake; and as the opposing forces wrestle to and fro, those unhappy ones who stand out above the crowd become the symbols of the struggle, and fall the victims of its alternating fortunes. And what if into an unsteady heart and brain, intoxicated with splendor, the outward chaos should find its way, converting the poor silly soul into an image of the same confusion—if conscience should be deposed from her high place, and the Pandora box be broken loose of passions and sensualities and follies; and at length there be nothing left of all which man or woman ought to value, save hope of God's forgiveness.

Three short years have yet to pass, and again, on a summer morning, Queen Anne Boleyn will leave the Tower of London—not radiant then with beauty on a gay errand of coronation, but a poor, wandering ghost, on a sad, tragic errand, from which she will never more return, passing away out of an earth where she may stay no longer, into a pres-

once where, nevertheless, we know that all is well—for all of us—and therefore for her.

Did any twinge of remorse, any pang of painful recollection, pierce at that moment the incense of glory which she was inhaling? Did any vision flit across her of a sad, mourning figure which once had stood where she was standing, now desolate, neglected, sinking into the darkening twilight of a life cut short by sorrow? Who can tell? At such a time, that figure would have weighed heavily upon a noble mind, and a wise mind would have been taught by the thought of it, that, although life be fleeting as a dream, it is long enough to experience strange vicissitudes of fortune.

But Anne Boleyn was not noble and was not wise—too probably she felt nothing but the delicious, all-absorbing, all-intoxicating present; and if that plain, suffering face presented itself to her memory at all, we may fear that it was rather as a foil to her own surpassing loveliness. Two years later she was able to exult over Katharine's death; she is not likely to have thought of her with gentler feelings in the first glow and flush of triumph.

MILTIADES PETERKIN PAUL.—JOHN BROWNJOHN.

Little Miltiades Peterkin Paul
Had been heard to declare he feared nothing at all.
"There's Abiathar Ann"—he would say—"now, at *her* age,
One *would* think she might show a little more courage.
Why, I really believe she would fall dead with fright,
If she came down the lane by herself in the night.
I can tell you, though, that's not the stuff I am made of!
I never saw anything *I* was afraid of!"

But one warm summer evening it chanced to befall
That little Miltiades Peterkin Paul,
Having been to the village for John Henry Jack,
Found it growing quite dark when he came to start back.
But he thought, "Pooh! I don't care for *that* in the least!"
And he winked at the full moon, just up in the east;
Then with hands in his pockets he swaggered along,
While he kept up his courage with whistle and song.

All at once young Miltiades Peterkin Paul,
As he turned down the lane, perceived, close by the wall,
Right before him, a dark, ghostly shape, crouching low,
Which frightened poor little Miltiades so

That he turned cold all over—our valiant young hero—
Just as though the thermometer 'd dropped down to zero;
Then, his heart beating loudly, he covered his face
With his hands, and trudged on at a much quicker pace.

But little Miltiades Peterkin Paul
Had not gone many steps, when he thought, "After all,
I may be mistaken; perhaps I mistook
Some old stump, or a rock, or the cow, for a 'spook.'
Why, what *could* I be thinking of?" Then growing bolder.
He ventured to cast a glance over his shoulder,
When what was his wonder and horror to find
That the spectre was following close behind.

For one moment Miltiades Peterkin Paul
Was so terribly frightened he thought he would fall:
Then he flung his checked apron up over his head
To shut out the dread sight, and ingloriously fled.
But, alas! by the footsteps behind he soon knew
That his ghostly pursuer began to run, too;
And he uttered a shriek, and sped on without knowing
(With his eyes covered up) just which way he was going.

But little Miltiades Peterkin Paul,
Though he ran like the wind, found 'twas no use at all.
The footsteps grew louder behind, and at last
He suddenly found himself caught and held fast.
Whereupon, faint with terror, he sank to his knees,
And in piteous accents besought, "Oh, sir, please,
Good, *kind* Mr. Ghost, let me go! Oh, *please* do!
I am sure I would do as much, gladly, for you!"

But just then the ghost spoke and soothed his alarms,
And he found he'd rushed into his own brother's arms.
"Why," cried John Henry Jack, "what does this mean, my
lad? Oh,
I see. Ha, ha, ha! Why, sir, *that's your own shadow!*"
And, sure enough, when he uncovered his face,
Our hero saw plainly that such was the case.
'Well,' said little Miltiades Peterkin Paul,
"Please don't tell our Abiathar Ann—that is all!"
—*The Wide Awake.*

THERE'S WORK ENOUGH TO DO.

The black-bird early leaves its rest,
To meet the smiling morn,
And gather fragments for its nest,
From upland wood and lawn.

The busy bee, that wings its way
'Mid sweets of varied hue,
And every flower would seem to say,
"There's work enough to do."

The cowslip and the spreading vine,
The daisy in the grass,
The snow-drop and the eglantine,
Preach sermons as we pass.
The ant, within its cavern deep,
Would bid us labor too,
And writes upon his tiny heap—
"There's work enough to do."

The planets, at their Maker's will,
Move onward in their course,
For nature's will is never still—
'Tis progress, labor, force!
The leaves that flutter in the air,
And summer breezes woo,
One solemn truth to man declare—
"There's work enough to do."

Who then can sleep, when all around
Is active, fresh, and free?
Shall man—creation's lord be found
Less busy than the bee?
Our courts and alleys are the field,
If men would search them through,
That richest sweets of labor yield,
And there's enough to do.

To have a heart for those who weep,
The sottish drunkard win;
To rescue all the children, deep
In ignorance and sin;
To help the poor, the hungry feed,
To give him coat and shoe;
To see that all can write and read—
"Is work enough to do."

The time is short—the world is wide,
And much has to be done;
This wondrous earth and all its pride
Will vanish with the sun!
The moments fly on lightning's wings,
And life's uncertain, too;
We've none to waste on foolish things—
"There's work enough to do."

MARION'S DINNER.—EDWARD C. JONES.

A British officer, sent to negotiate an exchange of prisoners, was conducted into Marion's encampment. There the scene took place which is here commemorated. The young officer was so deeply affected by the sentiments of Marion, that he subsequently resigned his commission and retired from the British service.

They sat on the trunk of a fallen pine,
And their plate was a piece of bark,
And the sweet potatoes were superfine,
Though bearing the embers' mark ;
But Tom, with the sleeve of his cotton shirt,
The embers had brushed away,
And then to the brook, with a step alert,
He hied on that gala day.

The British officer tried to eat,
But his nerves were out of tune,
And ill at ease on his novel seat,
While absent both knife and spoon,
Said he, you give me but Lenten fare,
Is the table thus always slim ?
Perhaps with a Briton you will not share
The cup with a flowing brim !

Then Marion put his potato down,
On the homely plate of bark—
He had to smile, for he could not frown,
While gay as the morning lark ;—
'Tis a royal feast I provide to-day,
Upon roots we rebels dine,
And in Freedom's service we draw no pay,
Is that code of ethics thine ?

Then, with flashing eye and with heaving breast,
He looked to the azure sky,
And, said he, with a firm, undaunted crest,
Our trust is in God on high !
The hard, hard ground, is a downy bed,
And hunger its fang foregoes,
And noble and firm is the soldier's tread,
In the face of his country's foes.

The officer gazed on that princely brow,
Where valor and genius shone,
And upon that fallen pine, his vow,
Went up to his Maker's throne,
I will draw no sword against men like these,
It would drop from a nerveless hand,
And the very blood in my heart would freeze,
If I faced such a Spartan band.

From Marion's camp, with a saddened mien,
He hastened with awe away,
The Sons of Anak, his eyes had seen,
And a giant race were they.
No more on the tented field was he,
And rich was the truth he learned,
That men who could starve for Liberty,
Can neither be crushed, nor spurned.

SONG OF MARION'S MEN.—W. C. BRYANT.

Our band is few, but true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good greenwood,
Our tent the cypress-tree;
We know the forest round us,
As seamen know the sea;
We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery
That little dread us near!
On them shall light at midnight
A strange and sudden fear;
When, waking to their tents on fire,
They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again;
And they who fly in terror deem
A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
From danger and from toil;
We talk the battle over,
And share the battle's spoil.
The woodland rings with laugh and shout
As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry songs we mock the wind
That in the pine-top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
The band that Marion leads,—
The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds.
'Tis life to guide the fiery barb
Across the moonlit plain;
'Tis life to feel the night-wind
That lifts his tossing mane.
A moment in the British camp—
A moment—and away
Back to the pathless forest,
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
Grave men with hoary hairs;
Their hearts are all with Marion,
For Marion are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band
With kindest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer,
And tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms,
And lay them down no more
Till we have driven the Briton
Forever from our shore.

SHE MEANT BUSINESS.

There is no reason why the inventor of a remedy to "cure the worst case of catarrh inside of five minutes" shouldn't feel it his duty to place a bottle of the same in every person's hand—"price twenty-five cents; no cure, no pay." Therefore, the long-legged chap who pulled a door-bell on John R. Street yesterday had none of that timidity in his bearing which characterizes rag-buyers, lightning-rod men, and solicitors for the fire sufferers. He had a good thing, and he knew it, and he wanted other folks to know it. When the door opened and a hard-featured woman about forty years of age confronted him, he pleasantly went to business, and asked:

"Madam, is your husband ever troubled with the catarrh?"

"Can a man who has been dead seven years be troubled with the catarrh?" she grimly replied.

"But the children are liable to be attacked at any hour this season," he remarked.

"Whose children?"

"Yours, madam."

"I never had any, sir! What brought you here, anyhow? Why do you come asking those questions?"

"Madam, I have compounded a remedy for the catarrh. It is a good thing. I'll warrant it to knock any case of catarrh sky-high in less than five minutes."

"Well, sir, what's all this to me?"

"Why, madam—why—" he stammered.

"Do I look as if I needed any catarrh remedies?" she demanded, as she stepped out on the platform.

"Madam, I would not for the world have you think that I thought you had the catarrh, but I suppose the fair and lovely can be attacked, as well as the strong and brave."

"And what have I got to do with all that rigmarole? Who are you, sir, and what do you want?"

"Madam," he whispered, backing down one step, "I have compounded a remedy for the catarrh."

"Whose catarrh?"

"Madam, I am selling my catarrh—"

"Where is your catarrh—where is it?" she interrupted.

He got down on the second step and softly began:

"Madam, I have a sure cure for the catarrh, and I am selling lots of it."

"Well, what do I care! Must you ring my door-bell to tell me that you are selling lots of catarrh medicine?"

He got down on the walk, clear of the steps, and he tried hard to look beautiful around the mouth as he explained:

"Madam, didn't I ask you if your husband was ever troubled with catarrh?"

"Yes, sir, and didn't I reply that he was dead? Do you want to see his grave, sir?"

"No, madam, I do not. I am sorry he's dead, but my catarrh remedy can't help him any. Good-by, madam."

"Here, sir, hold on a minute!" she called, "what was your business with me?"

"Why, I have a remedy for the catarrh."

"So you said before."

"I asked you if you didn't want to purchase, and—"

"You are a falsifier, sir, you never asked me to purchase!"

"Do—you—want—a—bottle?" he slowly asked.

"Yes, sir: give me two of them: here's your money! Next time you want to sell your catarrh remedy, don't begin to talk around about the discovery of America. Here you've bothered me fifteen minutes, and put all my work behind, and it's good for you I didn't bring the broom to the door!"

He retreated backward through the gate, his left eye squinted up and his mouth open. He shut the gate, leaned over it and looked long at the front door. By-and-by he said:

"Well, well! You can never tell where to find 'em."

—*Detroit Free Press.*

TALE OF A TEMPTATION.—ALICE HORTON.

His love was mine no more, mother, I saw it in his eyes;
I did not heed his tender words, I knew that they were lies;
I could not be deceived, mother, my love had made me wise.

You wondered why my cheek was pale; I would not tell a lie;
And yet how could I speak a truth which almost made
me die?
So I lay on your heart and cried, mother, an exceeding bitter
cry.

A maiden's heart is lightly won—he won mine in a day;
How could I know he wanted it to break and cast away?
He had such a noble face, mother, and yet he could betray.

My world had never seemed so fair—he was the world to me;
I feared no future day, because my only future he;
I fled to him as to my rest, and loved him utterly.

There are who pray, "From sudden death deliver us, good
Lord."

I dare not pray that prayer, lest God should take me at my
word,
And send me awful lingering, with pains of death deferred.

I saw the rosy dawn, mother, cloud over gradually;
I saw the shadows deepen, and the last sunbeam fly;
And then I said, "It is enough; would God that I could die!"

He came at last to blame himself for having long delayed;
I must not think he loved me less—"No, surely no," he said;
He kissed me with a Judas-kiss; I felt myself betrayed.

I would be strong, I would live on, and in the end forget;
But sometimes, in the night, I woke and found my pillow wet,
And knew that all the years to come would be a long regret.

Soon tidings came that turned my love to gall and wounded
pride;

He who had knelt, and sworn to love *me* only, none beside,
Had pledged his perjured word again, and won another bride.

I hated him, I hated her; I hugged my misery;
I writhed against God, earth, and heaven; I cursed my sun-
less sky.

"They shall not build their bliss," I cried, "upon my agony."

Then came a day, from weariness I slept till after dawn,
And started at the clang of bells—it was his bridal-morn;
The whole world seemed to keep a feast, and I was so forlorn.

I watched the clock, I told each beat, and as the hours
went by,

I knew I must have cherished hope, for some hope seemed
to die;

They to be building up their bliss upon my misery.

I would go gliding up the church, right to the altar-stair,
And steal a spectre to the feast, and break upon the prayer,
And throw him back his ring, in sight of all the people there.

Small pity had he had for me, that I should spare his bride;
Nay, I would laugh to see the girl grow pallid at his side.
No mercy had been shown to me, I would show none, I cried.

Then quick as thought, my cruel thought, I rushed into the
street,

And plucked my shawl about my face, and never turned to
greet,

But passed, like vengeance, through the crowd, with evil-
wingéd feet.

The solemn, solemn church, it soothed and healed me un-
aware;

The holy light came flooding in, like balm on my despair:
How could I harbor evil thoughts when Jesus Christ was there?

And then I heard the organ peal—no gorgeous hurst of sound,
But a low, pleading, human voice, soul-thrilling, passion-
bound,

That seemed to say, "My child is dead; behold the lost is
found!"

I looked upon her face, poor bride! so young, so true, so fair,
And blushing, half with love and half to see the people stare;
I sank my shafts, I hid my face, and clasped my hands in
prayer.

I heard their vows, I heard his voice, I heard the priest who
prayed.

I suffered still, but, Christ be praised! the thunder-storm
was laid:

God had said, "Peace, be still," and lo! the stormy heart
obeyed.

Through tears I looked upon my love, in sadness, not in hate;
It was not he that worked my woe—not he, but only fate:
Sorrowing, not sinful, bruised, not lost, I left the church's gate.

DEATH AND THE DRUNKARD.

His form was fair, his cheek was health:
His word a bond, his purse was wealth;
With wheat his field was covered o'er,
Plenty sat smiling at his door.
His wife, the fount of ceaseless joy;
Now laughed his daughter, played his boy:
His library, though large, was read
Till half its contents decked his head.
At morn, 'twas health, wealth, pure delight;
'Twas health, wealth, peace, and bliss at night.
I wished not to disturb his bliss:
'Tis gone! but all the fault is his.

The social glass I saw him seize,
The more with festive wit to please,
And to increase his love of cheer:
Ah, little thought he *I* was near!
Gradual indulgence on him stole,
Frequent became the midnight bowl.
I, in that bowl, the *headache* placed,
Which, with the juice, his lips embraced.
Shame next I mingled with the draught:
Indignantly he drank, and laughed.

In the bowl's bottom, *bankruptcy*
I placed: he drank with tears and glee.
Remorse did I into it pour:
He only sought the bowl the more.
I mingled, next, *joint torturing pain*:
Little the more did he refrain.
The *dropsy* in the cup I mixed:
Still to his mouth the cup was fixed.
My emissaries thus in vain
I sent, the mad wretch to restrain.

On the bowl's bottom, then, *myself*
I threw: the most abhorrent elf

Of all that mortals hate or dread;
 And thus in horrid whispers said,
 "Successless ministers I've sent,
 Thy hastening ruin to prevent;—
 Their lessons naught—then here am I:
 Think not my threatenings to defy!
 Swallow this, this thy last will be,
 For with it, thou must swallow me!"

Haggard his eyes, upright his hair,
 Remorse his lips, his cheeks despair:
 With shaking hands the bowl he clasped,
 My meatless limbs his carcass grasped
 And bore it to the church-yard, where
 Thousands, ere I would call, repair.

Death speaks: ah! reader, dost thou hear?
 Hast thou no lurking cause to fear?
 Has yet o'er *thee* the sparkling bowl,
 Constant, commanding, sly control?
 Betimes reflect, betimes beware,
 Though ruddy, healthful now, and fair!
 Before slow reason lose the sway,
 Reform: postpone another day,
 You soon may mix with common clay.

FALSE WITNESS DETECTED.—J. S. KNOWLES.

"Do you entertain any ill-will toward the prisoner?" asked
 Therese's counsel of the attendant.

"None," said the witness.

"Have you ever quarreled with her?"

"No."

"Do you truly believe that she deposited the jewel in her
 trunk?"

"I do not like to think ill of any one."

"That is not an answer to my question:—do you believe
 that she put it there?"

"How else could it have come there?"

"Answer me, Yes or No," said the advocate. "Do you be-
 lieve that Therese secreted the jewel in her trunk? Yes
 or No?"

"Yes!" at last faltered out the attendant.

"Now, my girl," continued the advocate, "pay heed to what
 you say; remember you are upon your oath! Will you

swear that you did not put it there yourself?" There was a pause and a profound silence. After about a minute had elapsed, "Well," said the advocate. Another pause; while, in an assembly where hundreds of human hearts were throbbing, not an individual stirred, or even appeared to breathe, such was the pitch of intensity to which the suspense of the court was wound up. "Well," said the advocate, a second time; "will you answer me? Will you swear, that you yourself did not put the jewel into Therese's trunk?"

"I will!" at last said the attendant, boldly.

"You swear it?"

"I do."

"And why did you not answer me at once?"

"I do not like such questions to be put to me," replied the attendant.

For a moment the advocate was silent. A feeling of disappointment seemed to pervade the whole court; now and then a half-suppressed sigh was heard, and here and there a handkerchief was lifted to an eye, which was no sooner wiped than it was turned again upon Therese with an expression of the most lively commiseration. The maid herself was the only individual who appeared perfectly at her ease; even the baroness looked as if her firmness was on the point of giving way, as she drew closer to Therese, round whose waist she now had passed her arm.

"You have done with the witness?" said the advocate for the prosecution.

"No," replied the other, and reflected for a moment or two longer. At length, "Have you any keys of your own?" said he.

"I have!"

"I know you have," said the advocate. "Are they about you?"

"Yes."

"Is not one of them broken?"

After a pause,—"Yes."

"Show them to me."

The witness, after searching some time in her pocket, took the keys out and presented them.

"Let the trunk be brought into the court," said the advocate. "Now, my girl," he sternly resumed, "attend to the questions which I am going to put to you, and deliberate well

before you reply; because I have those to produce who will answer them truly, should you fail to do so. Were you ever in the service of a Monsieur St. Ange?"

"Yes," replied the attendant, evidently disconcerted.

"Did you not open, in that gentleman's house, a trunk that was not your own?"

"Yes,"—with increased confusion.

"Did you not take from that trunk an article that was not your own?"

"Yes; but I put it back again."

"I know you put it back again," said the advocate. "You see, my girl, I am acquainted with the whole affair; but, before you put it back again, were you not aware that you were observed?"

The witness was silent.

"Who observed you? Was it not your mistress? Did she not accuse you of intended theft? Were you not instantly discharged? successively asked the advocate, without eliciting any reply. "Why do you not answer, girl?" peremptorily demanded he.

"If you are determined to destroy my character," said the witness, bursting into tears, "I can not help it."

"No," rejoined the advocate; "I do not intend to destroy a character; I mean to save one,—one which, before you quit the court, I shall prove to be as free from soil as the snow of the arm which is leaning upon that bar!" continued the advocate, pointing toward Therese.

The trunk was here brought in. "You know that trunk?"

"Yes."

"Whose is it?"

"It belongs to the prisoner."

"And these are your keys?"

"Yes."

"Were these keys out of your possession the day before that trunk was searched, and the jewel found in it?"

"No."

"Nor the day before that?"

"No."

"Now mind what you are saying. You swear, that, for two days preceding the morning upon which that trunk was searched, these keys were never once out of your possession?"

TTTT

"I do."

"Will not one of these keys open that trunk?" The witness was silent. "Never mind! we shall try. As readily as if it had been made for it!" resumed the advocate, applying the key and lifting the lid.

"There may be fifty keys in the court that would do the same thing," interposed the public prosecutor.

"True," rejoined his brother; "but this is not one of them," added he, holding up the other key, "for she tried this key first and broke, as you see, the ward in the attempt."

"How will you prove that?" inquired the prosecutor.

"By producing the separate part."

"Where did you find it?"

"In the lock!" emphatically exclaimed the advocate.

A groan was heard; the witness had fainted. She was instantly removed, and the innocence of Therese was as clear as the noonday.

MY WIFE AND I.

We never fight, my wife and I,
As other couples do;
Our little matrimonial sky
Is of the brightest blue.
She never beards me in my den
(My study, I should say);
She vows I am the best of men,
But then—she has her way!

Some wives are never pleased unless
They wring from you a cheque,
Wherewith to buy some costly dress
Or jewels for their neck.
My little witch ne'er asks from me
The value of a pin—
She is so good and true, you see,
But then—*she* keeps the tin!

"'Twas not!" "It was!" "It was!" "'Twas not!"
Thus ever scold and fight
Full many a luckless pair, I wot,
From morning until night.
If e'er *we* have a word or two,
The skirmish soon is past,
The words are mild and very few,
But then—*SHE* has the last!

LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE.—ALFRED TENNYSON.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
Of me you shall not win renown:
You thought to break a country heart
For pastime, ere you went to town.
At me you smiled, but unbeguiled
I saw the snare, and I retired:
The daughter of a hundred Earls,
You are not one to be desired.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
I know you proud to bear your name,
Your pride is yet no mate for mine,
Too proud to care from whence I came.
Nor would I break for your sweet sake
A heart that dotes on truer charms.
A simple maiden in her flower
Is worth a hundred coats-of-arms.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
Some meeker pupil you must find,
For were you queen of all that is,
I could not stoop to such a mind.
You sought to prove how I could love,
And my disdain is my reply.
The lion on your old stone gates
Is not more cold to you than I.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
You put strange memories in my head.
Not thrice your branching limes have blown
Since I beheld young Laurence dead.
Oh, your sweet eyes, your low replies:
A great enchantress you may be:
But there was that across his throat
Which you had hardly cared to see.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
When thus he met his mother's view,
She had the passions of her kind,
She spake some certain truths of you.
Indeed, I heard one bitter word
That scarce is fit for you to hear;
Her manners had not that repose
Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
There stands a spectre in your hall:
The guilt of blood is at your door:
You changed a wholesome heart to gall.

You held your course without remorse,
To make him trust his modest worth,
And, last, you fixed a vacant stare,
And slew him with your noble birth.

Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
From yon blue heavens above us bent,
The grand old gardener and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.
Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

I know you, Clara Vere de Vere :
You pine among your halls and towers:
The languid light of your proud eyes
Is wearied of the rolling hours.
In glowing health, with boundless wealth,
But sickening of a vague disease,
You know so ill to deal with time,
You needs must play such pranks as these.

Clara, Clara Vere de Vere,
If time be heavy on your hands,
Are there no beggars at your gate,
Nor any poor about your lands?
Oh ! teach the orphan-boy to read,
Or teach the orphan-girl to sew,
Pray Heaven for a human heart,
And let the foolish yeoman go.

THE SAILOR-BOY'S DREAM.—WM. DIMOND.

In slumbers of midnight the sailor-boy lay,
His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind ;
But watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.

He dreamed of his home, of his dear native bowers,
And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn ;
While memory stood sideways half covered with flowers,
And restored every rose, but secreted its thorn.

Then fancy her magical pinions spread wide,
And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise ;
Now far, far behind him the green waters glide,
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.

The jessamine clammers in flowers o'er the thatch,
And the swallow sings sweet from her nest in the wall;
All trembling with transport he raises the latch,
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight;
His cheek is impearled with a mother's warm tear;
And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite
With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast;
Joy quickens his pulses,—his hardships seem o'er;
And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest,—
"O God! thou hast blest me,—I ask for no more."

Ah! whence is that flame which now bursts on his eye;
Ah! what is that sound which now 'larums his ear?
'Tis the lightning's red glare, painting hell on the sky!
'Tis the crashing of thunder, the groan of the sphere!

He springs from his hammock, he flies to the deck;
Amazement confronts him with images dire;
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a wreck;
The masts fly in splinters; the shrouds are on fire.

Like mountains the billows tremendously swell;
In vain the lost wretch calls on mercy to save;
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,
And the death-angel flaps his broad wings o'er the wave.

O sailor-boy, woe to thy dream of delight!
In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work of bliss.
Where now is the picture that fancy touched bright,—
Thy parents' fond pressure, and love's honeyed kiss?

O sailor-boy! sailor-boy! never again
Shall home, love, or kindred thy wishes repay;
Unblessed and unhonored, down deep in the main,
Full many a fathom, thy frame shall decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee,
Or redeem form or frame from the merciless surge;
But the white foam of waves shall thy winding-sheet be,
And winds, in the midnight of winter, thy dirge!

On a bed of green sea-flowers thy limbs shall be laid,—
Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow;
Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made,
And every part suit to thy mansion below.

Days, months, years, and ages, shall circle away,
And still the vast waters above thee shall roll;
Earth loses thy pattern forever and aye,—
O sailor-boy! sailor-boy! peace to thy soul.

WHOM WILT THOU LIVE FOR?

Live for thyself! let each successive morn
Rouse thee to plans of self-indulgent ease;
And every hour some new caprice be born,
Till all be thrown aside that does not please;
So shalt thou learn how shallow is the fount
Whose glittering waves all wholesome thirst destroy,
And, heart-sick, even in youth, begin to count
Springs without hope, and summers blank of joy.

Live for thy fellow-men! let all thy soul
Be given to serve and aid, to cheer and love;
Make sacrifice of self, and still control
All meaner motives which the heart might move;
The sting of disappointment shall be thine;
The meed of base ingratitude be won:
Rare veins of gold illumine the labored mine,
And toil and sadness cloud thy setting sun.

Live for thy God! Thine anchor shall be cast
Where no false quicksands shift its hold away;
Through the clear future, from the sunrise past,
Glow the calm light along the even way.
The loss of human hopes shall vex no more
Than the quick withering of earth's common flowers,
For well thou know'st, when pain and death are o'er,
Eternal spring shall glad the heavenly bowers.

MR. PERKINS AT THE DENTIST'S.—JAS. M. BAILEY.

I think I must have caught cold by injudiciously sleeping on the floor during the period the house was being rinsed out. I had so much room that I must have become careless in the night, and got to trifling with the draft from a door. As I am a little bald the effect was disastrous. Through the day I felt a little stiff about the shoulders, with a sensation between the eyes as if I had been trying to inhale some putty.

I observed to Maria (Mrs. Perkins's name is Maria), that I had caught a bad cold, and would probably regret it in time. But she treated the matter lightly by remarking that I had "caught my granny." As that estimable lady has been dead thirteen years, the reference to my catching her, with such a start in her favor, was of course a joke. Not a joke to be

laughed at, I don't mean, but one to carry around with you, to draw out once in a while to blow on—a sort of intellectual handkerchief.

When I went to bed that night, I apprehended trouble. Along one jaw, the left one, occasionally capered a grumbling sensation. It kept me awake an hour or so trying to determine whether that was all there was of it, or whether there was something to come after which would need my wakeful presence to contend against. Thus pondering I fell asleep, and forgot all about the trouble. I don't know how long I slept, but I fell to dreaming that I had made a match of fifty dollars a side to fight a crosscut-saw in a steam mill, and was well to work on the job, when the saw got my head between its teeth. I thought this was a favorable time to wake up, and I did so. It immediately transpired that I might better have stayed where I was, and taken my chances with the saw.

I found myself sitting straight up in bed with one hand spasmodically grasping my jaw, and the other swaying to and fro without any apparently definite purpose.

It was an awful pain. It bored like lightning through the basement of my jaw, darted across the roof of my mouth, and then ran lengthwise of the teeth. If every flying pang had been a drunken plow chased by a demon across a stump lot, I think the observer would understand my condition. I could no more get hold of the fearful agony that was cavorting around in me, than I could pick up a piece of wet soap when in a hurry.

Suddenly it stopped. It went off all at once, giving me a parting kick that fairly made me howl.

"What on earth is the matter with you," said a voice from one corner of the room.

I looked out into the dark astonished.

"Maria, is that you?" said I.

"What there is left of me," was the curt reply, followed by a fumbling about the mantel.

Presently a light was struck and Mrs. Perkins appeared before me. She had on her short-stop clothes. Her hair stuck up in all directions. Her nose was very red, and her eyes were expanded to their fullest capacity.

"Well, I declare, Cyrus Davidson, if ~~this~~ hasn't been a night of it! What in the name of mercy is the matter with you? Are you gone clean crazy, or have you sat on a pin? For one whole hour you have been cavorting around on that bed, groaning like a dead man, and flopping your bony arms in all directions. I was literally knocked out of bed, and here I have been doubled up in a corner, the very life frightened out of me, and wondering whether you were going to set fire to the house, or bust out my brains with a hatchet. If you have got through with your contortions I'll come to bed, and try to get a wink of sleep."

I had got through, there was no doubt of it, and felt, in the relief I experienced, that it would be a comparatively easy matter to forgive Mrs. Perkins the suspicions of her alarm; as for braining her with a hatchet, I never thought of it. We haven't got one.

I thought I was rid of the teeth ache, but a grumbling set in again next morning. It was just like the feeling of the night before, and a still voice said to me, "Look out, Perkins."

I did. I went right away to the dentist who had pulled the teeth of our family and knew our peculiarities. There was an uneasy smell about his office. It was very suggestive of trouble, and as I snuffed it in I experienced a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach. I looked at him and sickly smiled. He was never, even on a holiday, the handsomest of men, but now his appearance was very, very depressing. He looked like a corpse with a lighted candle inside of it.

I told him what was the matter with me, how that I had been up all night with a four-story pain; how my wife had been thrown out of bed by the violence of my suffering, how—

He asked me if I wouldn't sit down. I sat down on what was once a hogshead but was now cut down and newly carpeted. He held back my head, opened my mouth, and went to fishing around inside with a piece of watch spring.

And while he angled he conversed. Said he,—

"You have caught a cold."

"I have."

"It seems the trouble is with one of the bicuspid," he remarked.

Of course I didn't know what a bicuspid was, but thought

it wouldn't look well in the head of a family being stuck with so short a word as that, and so I asked, with some vigor:

"Which one?"

"The tumorous," he said.

"I am glad it ain't any worse," I replied, throwing in a sigh of relief.

"The frontal bone," he went on to say, "is not seriously affected. The submaxillary gland is somewhat enlarged, but it does not necessarily follow that parotitis will ensue."

"I am proud to hear that," said I, which I certainly was, although if the parotitis had ensued it isn't at all likely I should have minded it much, unless it was something that would spill, and I was dressed up.

He kept on talking and angling.

"The œsophagus isn't loose," he next remarked.

"Ah," said I, winking at him.

"O, no; the ligaments are quite firm. I might say—"

"Murder! fire!" I shouted, in bewilderment.

"Did it hurt you?" he asked, looking as calm and cool as the lid of an ice-cream freezer.

"Hurt me? Great heavens! did you expect to split me open with a watch spring, and not have it hurt me? What was the matter—did you slip?"

"Certainly not," he said; "I was simply getting hold of the tooth. Just hold your head back an instant, and I will have it out at once."

"I guess I won't try it again," said I, with a shiver. "The toothache is bad enough, but it is heaven alongside of that watch spring. You may come up sometime and pull it out when I ain't at home. I think I could endure the operation with necessary calmness if I was off about eight blocks. Come up when you can."

And I left. I hope he will come. I am boiling some pure spring water for him.

—*Life in Danbury.*

FAITH AND WORKS.

Good Dan and Jane were man and wife,
And lived a loving kind of life;
One point, however, they disputed,
And each by turns his mate confuted.

TTTT*

'Twas faith and works. This knotty question,
They found not easy of digestion.
While Dan for faith alone contended,
Jane equally good works defended.
"They are not Christians, sure, but Turks,
Who build on faith and scoff at works,"
Quoth Jane; while eager Dan replied,
"By none but heathens, faith's denied."

I'll tell you, wife," one day quoth Dan,
"A story of a right good man;
A patriarch sage, of ancient days,
A man of faith, whom all must praise.
In his own country he possessed
Whate'er can make a wise man blessed;
His were the flock, the field, the spring,
In short, a little rural king.
Yet pleased he quits his native land,
By faith in the Divine command.
God bade him go; and he, content,
Went forth, not knowing where he went;
He trusted in the promise made,
And, undisputing, straight obeyed;
The heavenly word he did not doubt,
But proved his faith by going out."

Jane answered with some little pride:
"I've an example on my side;
And though my tale be somewhat longer,
I trust you'll find it vastly stronger.
I'll tell you, Daniel, of a man,
The holiest since the world began;
Who now God's favor is receiving,
For prompt obeying,—not believing.
One only son this man possessed,
In whom his righteous age was blessed;
And more to mark the grace of heaven,
This son by miracle was given.
And from this child, the word Divine,
Had promised an illustrious line.
When lo! at once a voice he hears,
Which sounds like thunder in his ears!
God says, 'Go, sacrifice thy son!'
'This moment, Lord, it shall be done.'
He goes, and instantly prepares
To slay this child of many prayers.
Now there you see the grand expedience,
Of works, of actual, sound obedience.
This was not faith, but act and deed:
The Lord commands the child shall bleed:

Thus Abraham acted," Jennie cried.
 "Thus Abraham trusted," Dan replied.
 "Abraham," quoth Jane, "why that's my man."
 "No, Abraham's he I mean," says Dan,
 "He stands a monument of faith."
 "No, 'tis for works the Scripture saith."
 "'Tis for this faith that I defend him."
 "'Tis for obedience I commend him."

Thus he, thus she; both warmly feel,
 And lose their temper in their zeal.
 Too quick each other's choice to blame,
 They did not see each meant the same.

At length, "Good wife," said honest Dan,
 We're talking of the self-same man;
 The works you praise, I own indeed,
 Grow from that faith for which I plead.
 And Abraham, whom for faith I quote
 For works deserves especial note
 'Tis not enough for faith to talk.
 A man of God with God must walk.
 Our doctrines are at last the same,
 They only differ in the name.
 The faith I fight for is the root;
 The works you value are the fruit.
 How shall you know my creed sincere,
 Unless in works my faith appear?
 How shall I know a tree's alive,
 Unless I see it bear and thrive?
 Your works not growing on my root,
 Would prove they were not genuine fruit.
 If faith produce no works, I see,
 That faith is not a living tree.
 Thus faith and works together grow,
 No separate life they e'er can know.
 They're soul and body, hand and heart;
 What God hath joined, let no man part."

COMPENSATION.

There is no sunshine that hath not its shade,
 Nor shadow that the sunshine hath not made;
 There is no cherished comfort of the heart
 That hath not its own tearful counterpart.
 Thus, through a perfect balance, constant flow
 The sharp extremes of joy and those of woe;
 Our sweetest, best repose results from strife,
 And death—what is it, after all, but life?

THE RUINED COTTAGE.—MRS. MACLEAN.

None will dwell in that cottage, for they say oppression reft it from an honest man, and that a curse clings to it; hence the vine trails its green weight of leaves upon the ground; hence weeds are in that garden; hence the hedge, once sweet with honeysuckle, is half dead; and hence the gray moss on the apple-tree. One once dwelt there who had been in his youth a soldier, and when many years had passed, he sought his native village, and sat down to end his days in peace. He had one child—a little, laughing thing, whose large, dark eyes, he said, were like the mother's he had left buried in strangers' land. And time went on in comfort and content—and that fair girl had grown far taller than the red rose tree her father planted on her first English birthday; and he had trained it up against an ash till it became his pride; it was so rich in blossom and in beauty, it was called the tree of Isabel. 'Twas an appeal to all the better feelings of the heart, to mark their quiet happiness, their home—in truth a home of love,—and more than all, to see them on the Sabbath, when they came among the first to church, and Isabel, with her bright color and her clear, glad eyes, bowed down so meekly in the house of prayer, and in the hymn her sweet voice audible; her father looked so fond of her, and then from her looked up so thankfully to heaven! And their small cottage was so very neat; their garden filled with fruits and herbs and flowers; and in the winter there was no fireside so cheerful as their own.

But other days and other fortunes came—an evil power! They bore against it cheerfully, and hoped for better times, but ruin came at last; and the old soldier left his own dear home, and left it for a prison! 'Twas in June—one of June's brightest days; the bee, the bird, the butterfly, were on their lightest wing; the fruits had their first tinge of summer light; the sunny sky, the very leaves seemed glad; and the old man looked back upon his cot and wept aloud. They hurried him away from the dear child that would not leave his side. They led him from the sight of the blue heaven and the green trees into a low, dark cell, the windows shutting out the blessed sun with iron grating; and for the first time

he threw him on his bed, and could not hear his Isabel's good night! But the next morn she was the earliest at the prison gate, the last on whom it closed; and her sweet voice and sweeter smile made him forget to pine.

She brought him every morning fresh wild flowers; but every morning he could mark her cheek grow paler and more pale, and her low tones get fainter and more faint, and a cold dew was on the hand he held. One day he saw the sunshine through the grating of his cell—yet Isabel came not; at every sound his heart-beat took away his breath—yet still she came not near him! But one sad day he marked the dull street through the iron bars that shut him from the world; at length he saw a coffin carried carelessly along, and he grew desperate—he forced the bars, and he stood on the street free and alone! He had no aim, no wish for liberty; he only felt one want—to see the corpse that had no mourners. When they set it down, ere it was lowered into the new-dug grave, a rush of passion came upon his soul, and he tore off the lid—he saw the face of Isabel, and knew he had no child! He lay down by the coffin quietly—his heart was broken!

THE FIRST CLIENT.—IRWIN RUSSELL.

A legal ditty, to be sung without chorus to the air of "The King's Old Courtier"

John Smith, a young attorney, just admitted to the bar,
Was solemn and sagacious as—as young attorneys are;
And a frown of deep abstraction held the seizin of his face—
The result of contemplation of the rule in Shelley's case.

One day in term-time Mr. Smith was sitting in the court,
When some good men and true of the body of the county
did on their oath report,
That heretofore, to wit: upon the second day of May,
A. D. 1877, about the hour of noon, in the county and State
aforesaid, one Joseph Scroggs, late of said county, did
then and there feloniously take, steal and carry away

One bay horse, of the value of fifty dollars, more or less
(The same then and there being of the property, goods and
chattels of one Hezekiah Hess),
Contrary to the statute in such case expressly made
And provided; and against the peace and dignity of the
State wherein the venue had been laid.

The prisoner, Joseph Scroggs, was then arraigned upon this charge,
 And plead not guilty, and of this he threw himself upon the country at large;
 And said Joseph being poor, the court did graciously appoint Mr. Smith to defend him—much on the same principle that obtains in every charity hospital, where a young medical student is often set to rectify a serious injury to an organ or a joint.

The witnesses seemed prejudiced against poor Mr. Scroggs;
 And the District Attorney made a thrilling speech, in which he told the jury that if they didn't find for the State he reckoned he'd have to "walk their logs;"
 Then Mr. Smith arose and made his speech for the defense, Wherein he quoted Shakspeare, Blackstone, Chitty, Archibald, Joaquin Miller, Story, Kent, Tupper, Smedes and Marshall, and many other writers, and everybody said they "never heerd sich a bust of eloquence."

And he said "On *this* hypothesis my client must go free;"
 And: "Again on *this* hypothesis, it's morally impossible that he could be guilty, don't you see?"
 And: "Then, on *this* hypothesis, you really can't convict;"—
 And so on, with forty-six more hypotheses, upon none of which, Mr. Smith ably demonstrated, could Scroggs be derelict.

But the jury, never stirring from the box wherein they sat, Returned a verdict of "guilty;" and his Honor straightway sentenced Scroggs to a three years term in the penitentiary, and a heavy fine, and the costs on top of that;
 And the prisoner, in wild delight, got up and danced and sung;
 And when they asked him the reason of this strange behavior, he said: "It's because I got off so easy—for if there 'd ha' been a few more of them darned *hypothesises*, I should certainly have been hung!"

—Scribner's Monthly.

LAW.—JAMES BEATTIE.

Laws, as we read in ancient sages,
 Have been like cobwebs in all ages.
 Cobwebs for little flies are spread,
 And laws for little folks are made;
 But if an insect of renown,
 Hornet or beetle, wasp or drone,
 Be caught in quest of sport or plunder,
 The flimsy fether flies in sunder.

NELL.—ROBERT BUCHANAN.

You're a kind woman, Nan! ay, kind and true!
 God will be good to faithful folk like you!
 You knew my Ned!
 A better, kinder lad never drew breath.
 We loved each other true, and we were wed
 In church, like some who took him to his death;
 A lad as gentle as a lamb, but lost
 His senses when he took a drop too much.

Drink did it all—drink made him mad when crossed—
 He was a poor man, and they're hard on such.
 O Nan! that night! that night!
 When I was sitting in this very chair,
 Watching and waiting in the candlelight,
 And heard his foot come creaking up the stair,
 And turned, and saw him standing yonder, white
 And wild, with staring eyes and rumpled hair!
 And when I caught his arm and called, in fright,
 He pushed me, swore, and to the door he passed
 To lock and bar it fast.
 Then down he drops just like a lump of lead,
 Holding his brow, shaking, and growing whiter,
 And—Nan!—just then the light seemed growing brighter,
 And I could see the hands that held his head,
 All red! all bloody red!
 What could I do but scream? He groaned to hear,
 Jumped to his feet, and gripped me by the wrist;
 "Be still, or I shall kill thee, Nell!" he hissed.
 And I *was* still, for fear.
 "They're after me—I've knifed a man!" he said.
 "Be still!—the drink—drink did it!—he is dead!"

Then we grew still, dead still. I couldn't weep;
 All I could do was cling to Ned and hark,
 And Ned was cold, cold, cold, as if asleep,
 But breathing hard and deep.
 The candle flickered out—the room grew dark—
 And—Nan!—although my heart was true and tried—
 When all grew cold and dim,
 I shuddered—not for fear of them outside,
 But just afraid to be alone with *him*.
 "Ned! Ned!" I whispered—and he moaned and shook,
 But did not heed or look!
 "Ned! Ned! speak, lad! tell me it is not true!"
 At that he raised his head and looked so wild;
 Then, with a stare that froze my blood, he threw
 His arms around me, crying like a child,

And held me close—and not a word was spoken,
While I clung tighter to his heart, and pressed him,
And did not fear him, though my heart was broken,
But kissed his poor stained hands, and cried, and blessed him.

Then, Nan, the dreadful daylight, coming cold
With sound o' falling rain—
When I could see his face, and it looked old,
Like the pinched face of one that dies in pain;
Well, though we heard folk stirring in the sun,
We never thought to hide away or run,
Until we heard those voices in the street,
That hurrying of feet,
And Ned leaped up, and knew that they had come.
“Run, Ned!” I cried, but he was deaf and dumb!
“Hide, Ned!” I screamed, and held him; “hide thee, man!”
He stared with bloodshot eyes, and hearkened, Nan!
And all the rest is like a dream—the sound
Of knocking at the door—
A rush of men—a struggle on the ground—
A mist—a tramp—a roar;
For when I got my senses back again,
The room was empty—and my head went round!

God help him? God *will* help him! Ay, no fear!
It was the drink, not Ned—he meant no wrong;
So kind! so good!—and I am useless here,
Now he is lost that loved me true and long.
. . . That night before he died,
I didn't cry—my heart was hard and dried;
But when the clocks went “one,” I took my shawl
To cover up my face, and stole away,
And walked along the silent streets, where all
Looked cold and still and gray,
And on I went, and stood in Leicester Square,
But just as “three” was sounded close at hand
I started and turned east, before I knew,
Then down Saint Martin's Lane, along the Strand,
And through the toll-gate on to Waterloo.

Some men and lads went by,
And turning round, I gazed, and watched 'em go,
Then felt that they were going to see him die,
And drew my shawl more tight, and followed slow.
More people passed me, a country cart with hay
Stopped close beside me, and two or three
Talked about it! I moaned and crept away!

Next came a hollow sound I knew full well,
For something gripped me round the heart!—and then
There came the solemn tolling of a bell!

O God! O God! how could I sit close by,
 And neither scream nor cry?
 As if I had been stone, all hard and cold,
 I listened, listened, listened, still and dumb,
 While the folk murmured, and the death-bell tolled,
 And the day brightened, and his time had come . . .
 . . . Till—Nan!—all else was silent, but the knell
 Of the slow bell!
 And I could only wait, and wait, and wait,
 And what I waited for I couldn't tell—
 At last there came a groaning deep and great—
 Saint Paul's struck "eight"—
 I screamed, and seemed to turn to fire, and fell!

SHE ALWAYS MADE HOME HAPPY.

In an old churchyard stood a stone,
 Weather marked and stained,
 The hand of time had crumbled it,
 So only part remained.
 Upon one side I could just trace,
 "In memory of our mother!"
 An epitaph which spoke of "home"
 Was chiseled on the other.

I'd gazed on monuments of fame
 High towering to the skies:
 I'd seen the sculptured marble stone
 Where a great hero lies:
 But by this epitaph I paused,
 And read it o'er and o'er,
 For I had never seen inscribed
 Such words as these before:

"She always made home happy!" What
 A noble record left;
 A legacy of memory sweet
 To those she left bereft;
 And what a testimony given
 By those who knew her best,
 Engraven on this plain, rude stone
 That marked their mother's rest.

It was a humble resting-place,
 I know that they were poor,
 But they had seen their mother sink
 And patiently endure;
 They had marked her cheerful spirit,
 When bearing, one by one,

Her many burdens up the hill,
Till all her work was done.

So when was stilled her weary head,
Folded her hands so white,
And she was carried from the home
She'd always made so bright,
Her children raised a monument
That money could not buy,
As witness of a noble life
Whose record is on high.

A noble life ; but written not
In any book of fame:
Among the list of noted ones
None ever saw her name;
For only her own household knew
The victories she had won—
And none but they could testify
How well her work was done.

A CONFLICT OF TRAINS.

HOW A WINE-COLORED SILK TRAIL BLIGHTED LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

Young Radspinner and Lilian Deusenbury had long been lovers. They were engaged to be married. The day was set, and, waiting for the day to come, time moved as slowly as an accommodation train on a Western railroad. One evening, just a week before the time fixed for the nuptials, young Radspinner and Lilian were out, strolling up and down the railroad track, enjoying the calm and peaceful sunset. Lilian wore her wine-colored silk, and her proud young lover had told her a hundred times that it made her look sweet enough to drink. A tender speech was interrupted by the appalling screech of a steam-whistle just around the curve.

The limited mail was coming at the rate of sixty-five miles an hour. There was not a moment to lose. Young Radspinner caught the beautiful arm of his betrothed and tried to drag her from the track. Her dress caught upon a spike and held her fast. She tried to kick it loose. She screamed and kicked, but the spike would not let go. The train was bearing down upon them like a demon. They could almost

feel its hot breath upon their cheeks. Young Radspinner stooped over and seized the folds of the handsome dress in his hands, intending to rip it from the spike and rescue from death the one fair woman beneath the sun. She stopped him with a cry of alarm:

"Don't tear my dress!"

"You must be released from this," he yelled; "the train is upon us!"

"It's my wine-colored silk; I wouldn't have it torn for the world."

His love for her rose above everything else, and renewing his hold upon the garment, he exclaimed:

"Blame your wine-colored silk!"

"Don't you dare to tear it!" she cried, endeavoring to loosen his grasp. The locomotive screamed again, this time right in their ears. The brave girl pushed her lover off the track, and shouted, above the rattle of the train: "Leave me, George. Leave me and save yourself. I had hoped to live for you, for I love you devotedly, and I am sure we would have been very, very happy, but I would die a thousand deaths rather than tear my wine-colored——" The locomotive struck her amidships, and strung her along the track for a mile and a-half. George hunted and hunted until his eyes grew weary, but he could not find enough of the wine-colored silk to make him a neck-tie.

TO-MORROW.—W. F. Fox.

Loud chilling winds may hoarsely blow
From off the distant mountain,
And winter, on his wings of snow,
May hush the crystal fountain,
Sere, withered leaves, on every hand,
May tell of earth in sorrow,
Again will spring-time warm the land
And bring a glad to-morrow.

The storm may gather loud and fast,
Sweeping o'er the angry sky;
Rough winds may rock the stubborn mast,
And the waves pile mountain high;
Darkness may deepen in her gloom,
Nor stars relieve her sorrow,

Light will come trembling from her tomb
In golden-haired to-morrow.

The sun may chase the far-off cloud,
And leave the world in sadness,
Still will her smile break through the shroud
And fill the air with gladness;
The day may lose her golden light,
Her tears the night may borrow,
Yet with her parting, last good-night,
She brings us fair to-morrow.

The thoughts that burn like altar-fires,
With incense pure and holy—
Whose flames reach high in proud desires,—
The riches of the lowly,
May lose the fervor of their glow,
Nor pleasure longer borrow,
Their music may forget to flow,
'Twill swell again to-morrow.

The hopes, the loves of days gone by,
May fade in joyous seeming,
The light that filled the radiant eye
May lose its early beaming.
Care's silver threads may gather o'er
The brow oppressed by sorrow,
Still brighter joys seem yet in store,
And promise much to-morrow.

The victory that crowns our life
May waver at its dawning,
Love may be wounded in the strife,
And tears may cloud our morning,
But, with each fresh returning day,
Hope wings away our sorrow,
Sheds o'er the heart her blissful ray
And whispers of to-morrow.

THE THREE SONS.—JOHN MOULTRE.

I have a son, a little son, a boy just five years old,
With eyes of thoughtful earnestness, and mind of gentle
mould;
They tell me that unusual grace in all his ways appears,
That my child is grave and wise of heart beyond his childish
years.
I cannot say how this may be; I know his face is fair,
And yet his chiefest comeliness is his sweet and serious air.

I know his heart is kind and fond ; I know he loveth me,
But loveth yet his mother more, with grateful fervency.
But that which others most admire is the thought which fills
his mind ;
The food for grave, inquiring speech he everywhere doth
find :
Strange questions doth he ask of me when we together walk ;
He scarcely thinks as children think, or talks as children talk ;
Nor cares he much for childish sports, dotes not on bat or
ball,
But looks on manhood's ways and works, and aptly mimics
all.
His little heart is busy still, and oftentimes perplexed
With thoughts about this world of ours, and thoughts about
the next ;
He kneels at his dear mother's knee, she teaches him to
pray,
And strange and sweet and solemn then are the words which
he will say.
Oh ! should my gentle child be spared to manhood's years
like me,
A holier and a wiser man I trust that he will be ;
And when I look into his eyes and stroke his thoughtful
brow,
I dare not think what I should feel, were I to lose him now.

I have a son, a second son, a simple child of three ;
I'll not declare how bright and fair his little features be ;
How silver sweet those tones of his, when he prattles on
my knee.
I do not think his light blue eye is, like his brother's, keen,
Nor his brow so full of childish thought as his hath ever been ;
But his little heart's a fountain pure of kind and tender
feeling,
And his every look's a gleam of light, rich depths of love
revealing.
When he walks with me, the country folk, who pass us in
the street,
Will speak their joy, and bless my boy, he looks so mild and
sweet.
A playfellow he is to all, and yet, with cheerful tone,
Will sing his little song of love, when left to sport alone.
His presence is like sunshine sent to gladden home and
hearth,
To comfort us in all our griefs, and sweeten all our mirth.
Should he grow up to riper years, God grant his heart may
prove
As sweet a home for heavenly grace as now for earthly love !
And if, beside his grave, the tears our aching eyes must dim,
God comfort us for all the love which we shall lose in him !

I have a son, a third sweet son; his age I cannot tell,
 For they reckon not by years or months where he has gone
 to dwell.
 To us, for fourteen anxious months, his infant smiles were
 given,
 And then he bade farewell to earth, and went to live in
 heaven.
 I cannot tell what form is his, what looks he weareth now,
 Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining seraph brow.
 The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the bliss which he
 doth feel,
 Are numbered with the secret things which God will not
 reveal.
 But I know (for God hath told me this) that he is now at
 rest,
 Where other blessed infants are—on their Saviour's loving
 breast.
 I know his spirit feels no more this weary load of flesh,
 But his sleep is blest with endless dreams of joy forever fresh.
 I know the angels fold him close beneath their glittering
 wings,
 And soothe him with a song that breathes of heaven's divin-
 est things.
 I know that we shall meet our babe (his mother dear and I),
 Where God for aye shall wipe away all tears from every eye.
 Whate'er befalls his brethren twain, *his* bliss can never cease;
 Their lot may here be grief and fear, but his is certain peace.
 It may be that the tempter's wiles their souls from bliss may
 sever,
 But if our own poor faith fail not, *he* must be ours forever.
 When we think of what our darling is, and what we still
 must be;
 When we muse on *that* world's perfect bliss, and *this* world's
 misery:
 When we groan beneath this load of sin, and feel this grief
 and pain;
 Oh! we'd rather lose our other two, than have him here
 again.

THE GLADIATOR.

Stillness reigned in the vast amphitheatre, and from the
 countless thousands that thronged the spacious inclosure,
 not a breath was heard. Every tongue was mute with sus-
 pense, and every eye strained with anxiety toward the gloomy
 portal where the gladiator was momentarily expected to
 enter. At length the trumpet sounded, and they led him

forth into the broad arena. There was no mark of fear upon his manly countenance, as with majestic step and fearless eye he entered. He stood there, like another Apollo, firm and unbending as the rigid oak. His fine proportioned form was matchless, and his turgid muscles spoke his giant strength.

"I am here," he cried, as his proud lip curled in scorn, "to glut the savage eyes of Rome's proud populace. Aye, like a dog you throw me to a beast; and what is my offense? Why, forsooth, I am a *Christian*. But know, ye can not fright my soul, for it is based upon a foundation stronger than the adamantine rock. Know ye, whose hearts are harder than the flinty stone, my heart quakes not with fear; and here I aver, I would not change conditions with the blood-stained Nero, crowned though he be, not for the wealth of Rome. Blow ye your trumpet—I am ready."

The trumpet sounded, and a long, low growl was heard to proceed from the cage of a half-famished Numidian lion, situated at the farthest end of the arena. The growl deepened into a roar of tremendous volume, which shook the enormous edifice to its very centre. At that moment, the door was thrown open, and the huge monster of the forest sprang from his den, with one mighty bound to the opposite side of the arena. His eyes blazed with the brilliancy of fire, as he slowly drew his length along the sand, and prepared to make a spring upon his formidable antagonist. The gladiator's eye quailed not; his lip paled not; but he stood immovable as a statue, waiting the approach of his wary foe.

At length, the lion crouched himself into an attitude for springing, and with the quickness of lightning, leaped full at the throat of the gladiator. But he was prepared for him, and bounding lightly on one side, his falchion flashed for a moment over his head, and in the next it was deeply dyed in the purple blood of the monster. A roar of redoubled fury again resounded through the spacious amphitheatre, as the enraged animal, mad with anguish from the wound he had just received, wheeled hastily round, and sprang a second time at the Nazarene.

Again was the falchion of the cool and intrepid gladiator deeply planted in the breast of his terrible adversary; but so

sudden had been the second attack, that it was impossible to avoid the full impetus of his bound, and he staggered and fell upon his knee. The monster's paw was upon his shoulder, and he felt his hot fiery breath upon his cheek, as it rushed through his wide distended nostrils. The Nazarene drew a short dagger from his girdle, and endeavored to regain his feet. But his foe, aware of his design, precipitating himself upon him, threw him with violence to the ground.

The excitement of the populace was now wrought up to a high pitch, and they waited the result with breathless suspense. A low growl of satisfaction now announced the noble animal's triumph, as he sprang fiercely upon his prostrate enemy. But it was of short duration; the dagger of the gladiator pierced his vitals, and together they rolled over and over, across the broad arena. Again the dagger drank deep of the monster's blood, and again a roar of anguish reverberated through the stately edifice.

The Nazarene, now watching his opportunity, sprang with the velocity of thought from the terrific embrace of his enfeebled antagonist, and regaining his falchion which had fallen to the ground in the struggle, he buried it deep in the heart of the infuriated beast. The noble king of the forest, faint from the loss of blood, concentrated all his remaining strength in one mighty bound; but it was too late; the last blow had been driven home to the centre of life, and his huge form fell with a mighty crash upon the arena, amid the thundering acclamations of the populace.

LETTING THE OLD CAT DIE.

Not long ago, I wandered near
A play-ground in the wood;
And there heard words from a youngster's lips,
That I never quite understood.

"Now let the old cat die!" he laughed;
I saw him give a push,
Then gaily scamper away as he spied
My face peep over the bush.

But what he pushed, or where he went,
I could not well make out,

On account of the thicket of bending boughs
That bordered the place about.

"The little villain has stoned a cat,
Or hung it upon a limb,
And left it to die all alone," I said,
"But I'll play the mischief with him."

I forced my way through the bending boughs,
The poor old cat to seek,
And what did I find but a swinging child,
With her bright hair brushing her cheek!

Her bright hair floated to and fro,
Her little red dress flashed by;
But the loveliest thing of all, I thought,
Was the gleam of her laughing eye.

Swinging and swinging, back and forth,
With the rose light in her face,
She seemed like a bird and a flower in one,
And the forest her native place.

"Steady! I'll send you up, my child,"
But she stopped me with a cry,
"Go 'way, go 'way! don't touch me, please;
I'm letting the old cat die."

"You're letting him die!" I cried, aghast,
"Why, where's the cat, my dear?"
And lo! the laugh that filled the wood
Was a thing for the birds to hear.

"Why, don't you know," said the little maid,
The sparkling, beautiful elf,
"That we call it 'letting the old cat die,'
When the swing stops all of itself?"

Then swinging and swinging, and looking back,
With the merriest look in her eye,
She bade me "Good-bye," and I left her alone,
"Letting the old cat die."

SHUN THE BOWL.—ELIZA H. BARKER.

By thy dread of sin and sorrow,
By thy fear of shame and strife,
By each dark, despairing morrow,
Lengthening still a wretched life;
By the chains that, worse than iron,
Burn the brain, and sear the soul,
By the torments it environ,
Dearest children, shun the bowl!

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By the hopes thou wouldst not wither,
 By the love that round thee clings,
 Never turn thy footsteps whither
 Wild the maniac drunkard sings!
 Enter not the poisoned vapor,
 Where oaths and fumes together roll,
 Kneel and pray by lonely taper,
 Pray for strength to shun the bowl.

By bleared eye, and voice whose quaking
 Fills the agony within,
 By the palsied hand, which shaking
 Ever lifts the draft of sin,
 By the torment still increasing
 Gnawing brain, and harrowing soul,
 Thirst unsated and unceasing,
 Dearest children, shun the bowl!

By each holy kiss, thy mother
 On thy infant forehead pressed,
 Love of father, sister, brother,
 All that purifies thy breast;
 By the hope of Heaven within thee,
 Oh! debase not mind and soul,—
 Let not sin's own chalice win thee;—
 Dearest children, shun the bowl.

A SAILOR'S STORY.—MRS. C. H. N. THOMAS.

My home was on the mountain side,
 I ne'er had seen the sea,
 But ev'ry tale of ocean life
 I read most eagerly.

I fashioned mimic ships and boats
 Like the pictures I had seen,
 And played with them, while others played
 Upon the village green.

I learned the songs the sailors sung
 About the "deep blue sea,"
 And said, that when I grew a man,
 A sailor I would be!

My mother's face grew pale; for her
 The ocean had no charms,
 And she would wake with shivering dread
 And fold me in her arms.

I was not strong and stalwart
Like my brothers, Rob and John,
And so they planned a scholar's life
For me, the youngest one.

They would go out into the world
And win their daily bread,
While I with mother should remain
And stand in father's stead.

I studied much and studied long,
Lest I should give them pain,
And in that time I learned to love
My little neighbor, Jane.

I loved them all, and yet my thoughts
Were ever of the sea;
By day, by night, awake, asleep,
I heard its melody!

And then, I think, my brain grew wild,
And I could bear no more;
I fled, nor stayed my feet until
I heard the ocean's roar.

I loved them all, and yet I left
Without a parting word,
And sailed the sea exultingly
As any uncaged bird.

My soul was sated with delight,
I roamed the wide world o'er;
We touched at many a fertile isle
And many a desert shore.

We traded much from port to port,
And much I found my gain;
"And soon I shall go home," I said,
"And marry little Jane."

How shall I tell what followed,
Of storm and wreck at sea?
How shall I tell of long, long years
Of sad captivity?

I reached my mountain home at last,
A weary man and worn,
Unknowing and unknown, I sat
In the cot where I was born.

A stranger's fire was on the hearth,
And none a welcome gave,
For Rob and John were far away,
My mother in her grave!

Jane was a thrifty farmer's wife,
 With children at her knee;
 I would not mar her happiness
 With any thought of me.

I stood, a beggar, at her door,
 She waited my command;
 I humbly asked a little bread,
 And took it from her hand.

She pitied me, and she was kind;
 What could I ask for more?
 And with a murmured word of thanks
 I left her cottage door.

My home is now upon the wave,
 Naught else remains to me;
 And when this wasted life shall end,
 Bury me in the sea!

WHEN TO WORSHIP.

Worship the Father, when the lovely morn
 Shows her pure beams below;
 Worship the Father, when the early birds
 On their light pinions go!
 Worship the Father, when the loving flowers
 Spread forth their leaves to Him:
 When living things, that dwell amid the woods,
 Gambol from limb to limb.

Worship the Father, in the solemn hush
 Twilight breathes gently round;
 By the clear lake-side, by the slumbering stream,
 In the deep woods profound.
 Worship the Father in the moonlight pure,
 Sanctified unto God;
 While earthly things seem dead, and heavenly life
 Floats o'er the withered sod.

Worship the Father, when the door is shut,
 Silence with God is filled:
 He moves in the deep quiet of the air:
 Let man's quick pulse be stilled!
 Worship the Father, 'mid the busy hum,
 Working with heart and hand;
 The soul may minister in all it doth—
 Laboring by sea or land.

Worship the Father, Oh, thou human heart!
 Yield unto Him thy will—

And consecrate each passing day and hour
 Thy little round to fill
 With justice, charity and trusting love,
 Serving the Holy One,
 As true and living worshipers, who pray
 "Father, *thy* will be done."

Thus live a life of purity and truth,
 Acting from Christian love;
 Forgetting not thy brother's blessedness,
 When thou dost look above.
 Ay! worship God,—and live for suffering man—
 So thou shalt rest at night
 'Neath the green branches, and the watching stars,
 To wake in Heaven's full light.

NOOZELL AND THE ORGAN-GRINDER.—AH-MIE.

Noozell was alone in his glory. His wife and family had gone out for a walk. He sat on his front doorstep, meditatively surveying the clouds, when a native of sunny Italy stopped at his gate and insinuatingly asked, "Moosic?"

"No, sir-ee!" promptly answered Noozell, who is not at all partial to music.

But the Italian didn't leave. He looked intently at Noozell's face for some moments. Then he opened the gate, and with tears in his eyes, staggered up to Noozell, who had risen in alarm, and passionately embraced him. "It ees—it ees," he hysterically exclaimed, and then completely overcome with his emotions, hung limp and lifeless upon the astonished Noozell.

"Dear me! this is awful!" groaned Noozell, borne down with the weight of a healthy Italian and a fifty pound organ.

The Italian soon recovered and disengaged himself. But only for a moment. With a few inarticulate expressions in his native tongue, he embraced Noozell with renewed vigor, and almost smothered that harmless and peaceable citizen in the ardor of the act.

After repeating this several times he retired a few feet and looked admiringly at Noozell; while that ruffled individual sat down on the steps and manfully endeavored to regain his lost breath. After accomplishing this laudable under-

taking sufficiently to look around, he found that several of his neighbors were enjoying the scene from their respective front door steps. This aroused the lion in Noozell's bosom. He got up, and raising himself to his greatest height, thundered:

"You villain! you rascal! you thief! what does this mean?"

The tears again started from the Italian's eyes as he reproachfully said:

"Zis from ze man who save ze life of my two sons, who is now both artists on ze hand-organ! Zis from ze man who pay ze doctor ven zay was sick! It ees too mooch!" And the stalwart Italian leaned against the fence and wept.

"My friend," said Noozell, who is a soft-hearted man, and who, on seeing the Italian's emotion, heartily regretted his harsh words, "you are mistaken. I am not the man."

"Not ze man?" repeated the Italian. "Oh yes you is! I know him. Zere is zot gumbile on your pretty face. Zat grooked nose. Zem big ears. Zem nice red hair. Oh no! I no can be mistake!"

Noozell sat down, perfectly speechless and stared blankly at the small but select audience of bootblacks who were enjoying the scene from the sidewalk.

"I am grateful," continued the Italian. "Gold and silver I hafe not; but what I hafe shall be yours. I play you a tune."

And he did; notwithstanding the fact that Noozell, in the most elegant pigeon-English, and the most frantic demonstrations a despairing mortal is capable of making, tried to make him understand that he was opposed to the motion.

He ground out that popular air "The Marsellaise," a tune that Noozell detests above all other tunes. So he spasmodically reached for his hair, and gazed around with a gloomy look on his face that furnished the highest possible enjoyment for the appreciative audience of bootblacks.

"Ze nices moosic he can be," remarked the smiling musician.

Noozell didn't think so. When the Italian at length stopped to change the tune he pulled out a greenback and offered it to the Italian, saying:

"Enough—now go."

But the Italian waved his hand in a hurt manner. "Nothing. I am grateful," he simply said, and began grinding out more melody.

Noozell settled himself to his fate and quietly sat there for half an hour while the pleased Italian turned the crank with unremitting energy.

At the end of that time he got up and earnestly requested the enthusiastic Italian to stop. But that individual was too grateful to comply.

Then Noozell swung his arms around his head and jumped up and down the steps, and in despair called the Italian, the bootblacks, his neighbors, and everybody else who was looking on, "Bloated bond-holders!"

The Italian evidently mistook this for a token of approval and delightedly murmured, "Nices moosic he can be!"

Then Noozell, in his despair, unconsciously executed a neat double-shuffle, which the audience on the sidewalk vigorously applauded to the intense delight of the Italian who rapturously repeated, "Nices moosic he can be!" and turned the crank with ever increasing speed.

At last Noozell, completely worn out with his efforts to induce the organist to leave, entered the house. His was a desperate resolve. He got down from the garret a thing that every well-regulated family inherits from a grandfather—an old gun. This he loaded with bird-shot, cocked it, sprang nimbly to the open door with it, aimed at the Italian, who was still playing, and fired. A moment later there was music in the air—music a thousand times more terrible to Noozell's ears than the most unearthly air ever ground out of any organ in existence,—its component parts were the screams of his wife, the cries of his children, the shrieks of the lately-smiling bootblacks, mingled with the shouts of the excited bystanders. For when the blood-thirsty Noozell shot at the musician, the former's wife was just entering the gate, and in a moment would have been directly in front of the Italian, and out of danger. But as fate would have it, she was completely out of range of the Revolutionary relic, and, as a matter of course, received the full charge of bird-shot on her breast; but, luckily, she had on her new, fashionable buckle, so the shot glanced off and distributed itself impartially among the nearest bystanders.

Then to add to the confusion, two policemen marched Noozell off to the station-house to answer to the charge of

shooting, with intent to kill. He was discharged, however, for want of evidence, for the Italian wisely staid away, and so escaped being scalped, a thing that Noozell expressed himself anxious to do.

So, to quote a popular saying, there was "nobody hurt."

A TALE OF THE ATLANTIC COAST.

GEO. ZEAGLES.

We are sitting to-night by the fire,
My Mary and me, all alone,
A-watchin' the blaze as it flickers
In its play on the old hearthstone.
A-watchin', a-thinkin' an' talkin',
About days that have long since gone,
Before we were feeble and childless;
Ah me! how the seasons fly on.

As the light of the burnin' driftwood
Flares out on the sober brown wall,
It shines on a sailor's sou'wester,
Hung just where the gray shadows fall.
'Tis the hat of our brown-haired Willie,
And winters and winters ago
The waves washed it up on the sea-beach
In the rush of their hungry flow.

These thoughts make my bosom feel heavy,
They've silvered an' whitened my hair,
And thus, as I sit in my corner,
A-musin' and nursin' my care,
I'm dreamin' I see our boy Willie,
I have dreamed it often before,
A-floatin' out there 'mongst the seaweed
That fringes the rock-girded shore.

There are times when, sleepin' or wakin',
His face, beamin' joyous an' gay,
Steals upon me from out the corners
An' nooks where he nestled in play;
And it looks so lovin' an' cheerful,
So fond in its innocent joy,
That my heart seems almost a-breakin'
With grief for our sunny-haired boy.

Yet, now, when it's late for repentance,
I know I was hasty an' mad,

I might a-spoke tender an' soft like,
 I ought to been kind to the lad.
 I told him to leave me, forever,
 Yes, never to darken my door,
 And I can't forget how he answered,
 Nor the look that his brown eyes wore.

"Ah, father," sez he, "for some reason
 You've kinder got tired o' me,
 But I s'pose it's time that we parted,
 An' now I'm a-goin' to sea.
 I've tried to be upright an' truthful,
 Still, somehow, there's somethin' I lack,
 Let's part then in peace an' in friendship,
 For mebbe I'll never come back.

"I know, as you say, I'm soft-hearted,
 The tears sometimes come in a tide,
 But I'll try to act my part manly,
 I am young an' the world is wide.
 Think well as you can of me, father,
 I know I've not always done right."
 Then I turned but only the shadows
 Were there by the summer moon's light.

I went to the door and I called him;
 The echoes went soundin' along,
 No answer came in through the twilight,
 Exceptin' the whip-poor-will's song;—
 The sweet singin' bird seemed a mockin'
 My call as it rang through the glen,
 And I thought its melody whispered,
 "You'll never see Willie again."

So, the days and weeks kep' a-passin',
 And, still we thought, mebbe he'll come;
 We looked, an' we longed, an' we waited,
 With lips that were whitened an' dumb.
 The months became years, an' the seasons
 Went slowly a-driftin' away,
 An' Mary an' me we grew weary,
 As the hair on our heads got gray.

Yes, many a night when the breezes
 Came sighin' in over the sea,
 We would think of our boy who wandered
 Away on its bosom so free;
 And, whenever the storm was 'risin',
 And the breakers were white with foam,
 We'd light up the window for Willie,
 For we thought that he might come home.

UUUU*

I remember, well I remember,
'Twas the close of a wintry day,
The waves on the rocks were a-dashin'
An' hurlin' their silvery spray,
That Mary an' me set a-thinkin'
As we would when the night grew wild,
A-breathin' out prayers for the safety
An' peace of our wanderin' child.

The darkness fell 'round, an' the moanin'
Of the wind, as it swept along,
Grew sad-like an' drear in our seemin',
As it murmured its cheerless song.
It rang 'round the weather-worn gables,
And it sighed through the leafless trees,
Then swept to the snows on the hillsides,
And the cots by the inland leas.

So, we set there, thinkin, an' listenin',
A-watchin' the firelight run,
When sharp through the breakers' deep roarin'
Came the sound of a signal gun.
Quick I knew some ship was in danger
With them big, black rocks on her lee,
And Mary, she whispered, "God bless them
Poor sailors that 's out on the sea!"

I called to old Lion, the house dog,
A-thinkin', perhaps, we might save
Some tired out wretch in his strugglin'
From the chill of a watery grave;
And away for the sands we started,
The guns of distress booming strong,
And rockets sent out a red glarin'
Through the sky as we hurried along.

Them reefs had wrecked many a stranger,
I'd seen many a brave ship strand,
Heard many a cry come a-wailin'
For help to the rock-girded land;
But I never felt the strange flutterin'
'Round my heart with each incoming breath
That I did that night while a-workin',
To save them poor fellows from death.

Strong arms and brave hearts faced the danger
To bring them off safe from the wreck,
Yet the waves quenched many a heart-throb
As they swept o'er the quiv'rin' deck;
Till the light of the new day dawning
Broke in over hillside and sea,
A-floodin' the waters with glory
That danced in their murderous glee.

But, somehow, it seemed as though somethin'
 Was chainin' me then to the spot;
 It kinder appeared as if Willie,
 The boy I had waited an' sought,
 Was somewhere asleep in the ocean,
 'Mid the shells an' the pearly stones,
 With sea-moss a-twinin' his garland,
 And the coral around his bones.

As I stood, and with achin' vision
 Gazed out, 'mid the breakers' roar,
 A body came borne by the billows
 Along to the wreck-littered shore.
 Nearer and nearer it floated,
 The face I had seen in my dreams,
 An' lay at my feet on the shingling,
 In the light of the sun's bright beams.

All stiffened and pallid and death-like,
 Life's troubles an' cares were past,
 After seven long years of waitin'
 Our Willie came to us at last.
 We buried him under the poplars
 Where in summer the harebells wave,
 Where soft sighin' winds from the woodland
 Murmur gently around his grave.

His Bible, a birthday offerin'
 From Mary, we found on his breast,
 And though it's her heart's dearest treasure,
 Yet I love his old hat the best.
 For a look at my boy's sou'wester,
 As it hangs on the old brown wall,
 Brings many a memory of Willie
 When the shadows of evening fall.

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.—OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

AN EXTRACT FROM "THE DESERTED VILLAGE."

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,
 Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
 There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,
 The mingling notes came softened from below;
 The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
 The sober herd that lowed to meet their young;
 The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
 The playful children just let loose from school;
 The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
 And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind,—

These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.

* * * * *

Near yonder copse where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich, with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place.
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard, descending, swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all:
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul:
Comfort came down, the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;

E'en children followed, with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven:
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

APPEAL TO YOUNG MEN.—LYMAN BEECHER.

Could I call around me in one vast assembly the temperate young men of our land, I would say,—Hopes of the nation, blessed be ye of the Lord now in the dew of your youth. But look well to your footsteps; for vipers, and scorpions, and adders surround your way. Look at the generation who have just preceded you: the morning of their life was cloudless, and it dawned as brightly as your own; but behold them bitten, swollen, enfeebled, inflamed, debauched, idle, poor, irreligious, and vicious, with halting step dragging onward to meet an early grave! Their bright prospects are clouded, and their sun is set never to rise. No house of their own receives them, while from poorer to poorer tenements they descend, and to harder and harder fare, as improvidence dries up their resources. And now, who are those that wait on their footsteps with muffled faces and sable garments? That is a father—and that is a mother—whose gray hairs are coming with sorrow to the grave. That is a sister weeping over evils which she cannot arrest; and there is the broken-hearted wife; and there are the children, hapless innocents, for whom their father has provided the inheritance only of dishonor, and nakedness, and woe. And is this, beloved young men, the history of your course? In this scene of desolation, do you behold the image of your future selves? Is this the poverty and disease which, as an armed man, shall take hold on you? And are your fathers, and mothers, and sisters, and wives, and children, to succeed to those who now move on in this mournful procession, weeping as they go? Yes: bright as your morning now

opens, and high as your hopes beat, this is your noon, and your night, unless you shun those habits of intemperance which have thus early made theirs a day of clouds, and of thick darkness. If you frequent places of evening resort for social drinking; if you set out with drinking, daily, a little, temperately, prudently, it is yourselves which, as in a glass, you behold.

DUNDREARY IN THE COUNTRY.

Diwectly after the season is over in town, I always go into the countwy. To tell you the twuth, I hate the countwy—it's so awful dull—there's such a howid noise of nothing all day; and there is nothing to see but gween twees, and cows, and butter-cups, and wabbits, and all that sort of cattle—I don't mean exactly cattle æither, but animals, you know. And then the earwigs get into your hair-bwushes if you leave the bed-woom window open; and if you lie down on the gwass, those howid gwasshoppers, all legs, play at leap-frog over your nose, which is howible torture, and makes you weady to faint, you know, if it is not too far to call for assistance. And the howid sky is always blue, and everything bores you; and they talk about the sunshine, as if there was more sunshine in the countwy than in the city,—which is abthurd, you know,—only the countwy sun is hotter, and bwings you all out in those howid fweckles, and turns you to a fwiteful bwicky color, which the wetches call healthy. As if a healthy man must lose his complexion, and become of a bwicky wed color—ha, ha!—bwicky—howid—bwicky wed color—cawotty wed color!

Then that howid shooting that my keeper dwags me out to, on the first of September. My man begins the torture by calling me before daybweak, and, half asleep, out I go into the Home Farm—the stubble sharp and hard, like walking over hairbwushes—turnips with a cup of cold water in every leaf. Then the howid dogs go staring about, and stiffening their tails, and snarling—as the birds wise with a noise like twenty watchmen's wattles spwinging at once, enough to deafen a fellah, and making any one quite nervous. “Bang.

bang!" I go--genewally miss--because the birds don't give one time, you know; and all those keepers and beaters, and fellows loading your gun and cawying the game and the luncheon--they disturb your aim, and put a fellah out.

But I know something more howid still, and that's pheasant-shooting, among those howid hazel bushes that switch back in a fellah's face and howid bwambles that tear your coat, and oak boughs that knock your hat off, and the sharp stakes that wun into a fellah's boots; and pwesently in the middle of this up gets a pheasant like a squib going off, and off he goes like a special twain with wings, and so quick that no fellah can get a shot at him.

Then there's thnipe-shooting--howid difficult--might as well go out shooting with pistol-bullets at humble bees--ha, ha!--I say, thath a good idea. A thnipe doesn't, you know, fly stwait, like any wational bird ought to fly, but he dodges like a lawyer--a sort of bawister bird the thnipe is, and it takth several weeks to hit him.

And that weminds me of a good story Talboys--Talboys, of Suffolk--told me about a thnipe a fwiend of his had down in Cambwidgeshire. He, Talboys' fwiend's fwiend, had a fwiend (I want to be clear, you know,) down to Cambwidgeshire to shoot. First day he goes out, Talboys' fwiend's fwiend fires at a thnipe in a water meadow, and kills him. Upon which Talboys' fwiend gets vewy wild, and thwearth, and ththrows down his gun. "Why," says he, "drat it, if you haven't shot the thnipe that has amused me the whole year!" Thath not a bad stowy, I think, about that iwational bird, the thnipe.

As for hunting, I don't see the p-p-pull of it--except you want to induce a welation to bweak his neck in order that you may come into his pwoperty. I don't want to bweak my collar-bone or my wibs at "b-b-bull-finches" and "was-pers;" or dwown myself at water-leaps; or bweak my legs at double fences--and that's what it comes to--and be tumbled upon in ditches by horse-jobbers and farmers, and get up and find your horse thwee miles off, and a monster with a pitchfork pursuing you, as the only one left, for twespassing. Oh, no hunting for me, thank you!

Of all countwy amusements, I think fishing is after all pewaps the most abominable. It bores a fellow more than

any other. You go out in a punt with a large hamper of luncheon, to keep it steady, I suppose, and an old keeper who takes too much beer, to make it unsteady again, which is widiculous, you know. Then the keeper takes some howid wiggling wed worms out of a dirty bag of wet moss, and tortures the poor cweatures howibly by putting them on your hook, smiling all the time as if he was doing a mewitowious action—the old wuffian! Then you sit on your chair under an osier bed by the hour together, the bulrushes bobbing while you bob, till you get quite giddy looking at them, and the weeping willows weeping away like anything. Pwesently, after about an hour, just as you are half asleep and beginning to enjoy it, you see your wed float moving in a most extwaordinary way, as if it was curtsyng. Then suddenly there comes a dwag that nearly pulls you off your chair. “A bite, sir, a bite,” cwies the old keeper, seizing the opportunity to take another lift at the beer-jug. Then you pull, and out on to the top of your hat flies a gwate monster of a perch, howid cweature, with wed gold fins, stawing eyes, back a wegular fan of pwickles, a wet flabby tail, and gills like the leaves of a wed pincushion. And so it goes on, till you get all wet and dirty; and sometimes an eel dwags your wod away, and the old keeper, ty this time nearly drunk, has to swim after it; and sometimes you miss the stwoke, and catch a willow twee, which no fellah can land. And the only good time is when you put the wod and line down and go to luncheon.

But there is one thing I like—that is, widing. I like to be astwide a horse—if he is not vicious or too fast, and if a fellah can manage him. I like sketching, too; only the twees will get so like cauliflowers, and the gwass like spinach—and the blue sky will wun, and get all over the paper.

Altogether, take my word for it, the countwy ith a mith-take—it wants impwoving—it is only fit for wedfathed people who thell corn. One twee is like another—one wiver can’t be distinguished from another till you look at it on a map, and then, of course, any fellah can tell a wiver. Part-wiges are much better woasted than on the wing, and people only pwetend to like shooting them. And as for lambs, they’re i-i-idiotic little things, without mint-sauce, and there’s no mint-sauce in the countwy. It is dwedful solitary in the

countwy, when you're alone, I mean—of course, not with plenty of people. And one can't play billiards alone, and you can't have people in from the plough, you know, to play with a fellah, because it stops work. So if you think, old fellah, of going in the countwy to get a bwickly wed color, take my advice—as Lord B-Bacon or somebody said to a fellah who was what they call thpoony (foolish thing to be thpoony,) on a girl, and going to marry her—and a capital thing it was to say—ha, ha! “Don't.”

THE DYING ACTOR.—EDGAR FAWCETT.

What time is it?—Seven o'clock you say?
 Why, then I should be at the theatre soon.
 Ah, no! ——— lying here day after day
 Has set my intellect out of tune.
 I remember now ——— it was weeks ago ———
 Thank God, I have savings left me still!
 We actors were always given, you know,
 To die without paying the doctor's bill.

Nay, life has not blended, at the last,
 That bitter torment with wasted health;
 And yet, as I search the perished past,
 How I seem to have flung away my wealth!
 It was easily gained, 'twas rashly spent,
 In times when my looks were a thing to laud,
 When a bevy of fragrant notes were sent
 On the morning after I played in *Claude*!

How the stubborn critics would wage their fight
 As to what had made me the people's choice!
 Some swore 'twas merely my stately height,
 And a sort of throb in my mellow voice;
 Yet I thrilled my hearers and moved to tears,
 And I charmed them whether they would or no;
 There were nights in those distant youthful years
 When the whole house rang to my *Romeo*!

Yet none could chide me for being proud
 While the fame I won was most broadly spread;
 Though the women's praises were always loud,
 It is certain they never turned my head.
 I was stanch to my friends through worst and best;
 That truth is my life's one spotless page;
 They have played their parts and gone home to rest——
 I am talking here on an empty stage!

'Tis a sombre end for so bright a piece,
 This dull *fifth act* of the parting soul,
 Ere the last sad *exit* has brought release,
 And the great green curtain begins to roll!
 Yet, though they have left me, those trusted friends,
 I cannot but fancy their absence means
 That they wait outside till my own part ends,
 And will join me somewhere behind the scenes.

I see them here while I dream and doze —
 There was Ralph, too reckless and wild by half,
 With his ludicrous Punchinello nose,
 And his full, superb light comedy laugh!
 There was chubby Larry, with flaxen hair,
 Who secretly longed to be dark and slight,
 And believed his *Hamlet* a great affair,
 But was better in *Falstaff* any night.

There was lean, grim Peter, so much in vogue,
 Who could govern an audience by his wink;
 There was brilliant Hugh, with his witty brogue,
 His leaky purse and his love for drink;
 And then there was rosy old Robert, too,
 With whom bitter fortunes were hard at strife,
 Who felt himself born a Macready, and who
 Had been handing in letters all his life.

But more than these there was brown-eyed Kate,
 True, generous, brave, and her own worst foe,
 With a love no insults could alienate
 From the bad little husband who wronged her so!
 Poor Kate! she would call to her lovely face
 That radiant smile, in the nights long fled,
 And act *Lady Teazle* with dazzling grace,
 While the heart in her bosom ached and bled!

And one ——— O Amy, I dare not own
 Your love as a friend's love, weak of worth,
 Though we swore the most sacred promise known,
 And were bound by the strongest bond on earth!
 Ah, me! at the summons of Death's weird spell,
 I can see you while pangs of memory start,
 In the waiting-maid *roles* you did so well,
 Pirouetting with sweet unconscious art.

I remember the play where first we met ———
 How your glad eyes haunted me from afar
 As you tripped and prattled, a pert *soubrette*,
 While I was a grave, majestic "star!"
 I remember when wedded joys were new ———
 The dawn of the troubles, the scandals coarse,

The last mad, passionate interview,
The wrangle of lawyers, the stern divorce.

* * * * *

Those dear, lost friends, they have grouped afresh
In the green-room quite as they used to do,
And Ralph has been laughing at Larry's flesh,
And Peter is growling a joke to Hugh,
And Robert complains of his lowly lot,
And Emily gossips with Kate ——— Ah, well,
You may all be shadow, but I am not,
While I listen here for the Prompter's bell.

LITTLE ROCKET'S CHRISTMAS.

VANDYKE BROWN.

I'll tell you how the Christmas came
To Rocket—no, you never met him,
That is, you never knew his name,
Although 'tis possible you've let him
Display his skill upon your shoes;
A bootblack—Arab, if you choose.
Has inspiration dropped to zero
When such material makes a hero?

And who was Rocket? Well, an urchin,
A gamin, dirty, torn, and tattered,
Whose chiefest pleasure was to perch in
The Bowery gallery; there it mattered
But little what the play might be—
Broad farce or point-lace comedy—
He meted out his just applause
By rigid, fixed, and proper laws.

A father once he had, no doubt,
A mother on the Island staying,
Which left him free to knock about
And gratify a taste for straying
Through crowded streets. 'Twas there he found
Companionship and grew renowned.
An ash-box served him for a bed—
As good, at least, as Moses' rushes—
And for his daily meat and bread,
He earned them with his box and brushes.

An Arab of the city's slums,
With ready tongue and empty pocket,
Unaided left to solve life's sums,
But plucky always—that was Rocket!

'Twas Christmas eve, and all the day
The snow had fallen fine and fast;
In banks and drifted heaps it lay
Along the streets. A piercing blast
Blew cuttingly. The storm was past,
And now the stars looked coldly down
Upon the snow-enshrouded town.
Ah, well it is if Christmas brings
Good will and peace which poet sings!
How full are all the streets to-night
With happy faces, flushed and bright!
The matron in her silks and furs,
The pompous banker, fat and sleek,
The idle, well-fed loiterers,
The merchant trim, the churchman meek,
Forgetful now of hate and spite,
For all the world is glad to-night!
All, did I say? Ah, no, not all,
For sorrow throws on some its pall;
And here, within the broad, fair city,
The Christmas time no beauty brings
To those who plead in vain for pity,
To those who cherish but the stings
Of wretchedness and want and woe,
Who never love's great bounty know.
Whose grief no kindly hands assuage,
Whose misery mocks our Christian age.
Pray ask yourself what means to them
That Christ is born in Bethlehem!

But Rocket? On this Christmas eve
You might have seen him standing where
The city's streets so interweave
They form that somewhat famous square
Called Printing House. His face was bright,
And at this gala, festive season
You could not find a heart more light—
I'll tell you in a word the reason:
By dint of patient toil in shining
Patrician shoes and Wall street boots,
He had within his jacket's lining,
A dollar and a half—the fruits
Of pinching, saving, and a trial
Of really Spartan self-denial.

That dollar and a half was more
Than Rocket ever owned before.
A princely fortune, so he thought,
And with those hoarded dimes and nickels
What Christmas pleasures may be bought!
A dollar and a half! It tickles

The boy to say it over, musing
 Upon the money's proper using;
 "I'll go a gobbler, leg and breast,
 With cranberry sauce and fixin's nice,
 And pie, mince pie, the very best,
 And puddin'—say a double slice!
 And then to doughnuts how I'll freeze;
 With coffee—guess that ere 's the cheese!
 And after grub I'll go to see
 The 'Seven Goblins of Dundee.'
 If this yere Christmas ain't a buster,
 I'll let yer rip my Sunday duster!"

So Rocket mused as he hurried along,
 Clutching his money with grasp yet tighter,
 And humming the air of a rollicking song,
 With a heart as light as his clothes—or lighter.
 Through Centre street he makes his way,
 When, just as he turns the corner at Pearl,
 He hears a voice cry out in dismay,
 And sees before him a slender girl,
 As ragged and tattered in dress as he,
 With hand stretched forth for charity.

In the street-light's fitful and flickering glare
 He caught a glimpse of the pale, pinched face—
 So gaunt and wasted, yet strangely fair,
 With a lingering touch of childhood's grace
 On her delicate features. Her head was bare,
 And over her shoulders disordered there hung
 A mass of tangled, nut-brown hair.
 In misery old as in years she was young,
 She gazed in his face. And, oh! for the eyes—
 The big, blue, sorrowful, hungry eyes,—
 That were fixed in a desperate frightened stare.

Hundreds have jostled her by to-night—
 The rich, the great, the good, and the wise,
 Hurrying on to the warmth and light
 Of happy homes—they have jostled her by,
 And the only one who has heard her cry,
 Or, hearing, has felt his heartstrings stirred,
 Is Rocket—this youngster of coarser clay,
 This gamin, who never so much as heard
 The beautiful story of Him who lay
 In the manger of old on Christmas day!

With artless pathos and simple speech,
 She stands and tells him her pitiful tale;
 Ah, well if those who pray and preach
 Could catch an echo of that sad wail!

She tells of the terrible battle for bread,
Tells of a father brutal with crime,
Tells of a mother lying dead,
At this, the gala Christmas-time;
Then adds, gazing up at the starlit sky,
"I'm hungry and cold, and I wish I could die."

What is it trickles down the cheek
Of Rocket—can it be a tear?
He stands and stares, but does not speak;
He thinks again of that good cheer
Which Christmas was to bring; he sees
Visions of turkey, steaming pies,
The play-bills—then, in place of these,
The girl's beseeching, hungry eyes;
One mighty effort, gulping down
The disappointment in his breast,
A quivering of the lip, a frown,
And then, while pity pleads her best,
He snatches forth his cherished hoard,
And gives it to her like a lord!

"Here, freeze to that; I'm flush, yer see,
And then you needs it more 'an me!"
With that he turns and walks away,
So fast the girl can nothing say,
So fast he does not hear the prayer
That sanctifies the winter air.
But He who blessed the widow's mite
Looked down and smiled upon the sight.

No feast of steaming pies or turkey,
No ticket for the matinee,
All drear and desolate and murky,
In truth, a very dismal day.
With dinner on a crust of bread,
And not a penny in his pocket,
A friendly ash-box for a bed—
Thus came the Christmas day to Rocket,
And yet—and here's the strangest thing—
As best befits the festive season,
The boy was happy as a king—
I wonder can you guess the reason?

WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAIN?

When shall we three meet again—
When shall we three meet again?
Oft shall glowing hope expire,
Oft shall wearied love retire,

Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we three shall meet again.

Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parched beneath a burning sky;
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls;
Oft in fancy's rich domain;
Oft shall we three meet again.

When our burnished locks are gray,
Thinned by many a toil-spent day;
When around this youthful pine
Moss shall creep and ivy twine,—
Long may this loved bower remain—
Here may we three meet again.

When the dreams of life are fled;
When its wasted lamps are dead;
When in cold oblivion's shade
Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid,—
Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we three meet again.

THE BEWITCHED CLOCK.

About half past eleven o'clock on Sunday night a human leg, enveloped in blue broadcloth, might have been seen entering Cephas Barberry's kitchen window. The leg was followed finally by the entire person of a lively Yankee, attired in his Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes. It was, in short, Joe Mayweed, who thus burglariously, in the dead of night, won his way into the deacon's kitchen.

"Wonder how much the old deacon made by orderin' me not to darken his door again?" soliloquized the young man. "Promised him I wouldn't but didn't say nothin' about winders. Winders is just as good as doors, if there ain't no nails to tear your trousers onto. Wonder if Sal'll come down? The critter promised me. I'm afraid to move here, 'cause I might break my shins over somethin' or 'nother, and wake the old folks. Cold enough to freeze a polar-bear here. Oh, here comes Sally!"

The beautiful maiden descended with a pleasant smile, a tallow candle, and a box of matches.

After receiving a rapturous greeting, she made up a roaring fire in the cooking-stove, and the happy couple sat down to enjoy the sweet interchange of views and hopes. But the course of true love ran no smoother in old Barberry's kitchen than it did elsewhere, and Joe, who was making up his mind to treat himself to a kiss, was startled by the voice of the deacon, her father, shouting from her chamber door:

"Sally, what are you getting up in the middle of the night for?"

"Tell him it's most morning," whispered Joe.

"I can't tell a fib," said Sally.

"I'll make it a truth, then," said Joe, and running to the huge old-fashioned clock that stood in the room he set it at five.

"Look at the clock and tell me what time it is," cried the old gentleman up stairs.

"It's five by the clock," answered Sally, and, corroborating the words, the clock struck five.

The lovers sat down again, and resumed the conversation. Suddenly the staircase began to creak.

"Good gracious! it's father."

"The deacon, by jingo!" cried Joe; "hide me, Sal!"

"Where can I hide you?" cried the distracted girl.

"Oh, I know," said he; "I'll squeeze into the clock-case."

And without another word he concealed himself in the case, and drew to the door behind him.

The deacon was dressed, and sitting himself down by the cooking-stove, pulled out his pipe, lighted it, and commenced smoking very deliberately and calmly.

"Five o'clock, eh?" said he. "Well, I shall have time to smoke three or four pipes; then I'll go and feed the critters."

"Hadn't you better go and feed the critters first, sir, and smoke afterward?" suggested the dutiful Sally.

"No; smokin' clears my head and wakes me up," answered the deacon, who seemed not a whit disposed to hurry his enjoyment.

Bur-r-r-r—whiz—z—ding—ding! went the clock.

"Tormented lightning!" cried the deacon, starting up, and dropping his pipe on the stove. "What in creation is that?"

Whiz! ding! ding! ding! went the old clock, furiously.

"It's only the clock striking five," said Sally, tremulously.

"Powers of mercy!" cried the deacon, "striking five! It's struck a hundred already."

"Deacon Barberry!" cried the deacon's better half, who had hastily robed herself, and now came plunging down the staircase in the wildest state of alarm, "what is the matter of the clock?"

"Goodness only knows," replied the old man.

"It's been in the family these hundred years, and never did I know it to carry on so before."

Whiz! bang! bang! bang! went the clock.

"It'll burst itself!" cried the old lady, shedding a flood of tears, "and there won't be nothing left of it."

"It's bewitched," said the deacon, who retained a leaven of New England superstition in his nature. "Anyhow," he said, after a pause, advancing resolutely toward the clock, "I'll see what's got into it."

"Oh, don't!" cried the daughter, affectionately seizing one of his coat-tails, while his faithful wife hung to the other.

"Don't," chorused both the women together.

"Let go my raiment!" shouted the deacon; "I ain't afraid of the powers of darkness."

But the women would not let go; so the deacon slipped off his coat, and while, from the sudden cessation of resistance, they fell heavily on the floor, he darted forward and laid his hand on the door of the clock-case. But no human power could open it. Joe was holding it inside with a death-grasp. The deacon began to be dreadfully frightened. He gave one more tug. An unearthly yell, as of a fiend in distress, came from the inside, and then the clock-case pitched headforemost on the floor, smashed its face, and wrecked its proportions.

The current of air extinguished the light; the deacon, the old lady, and Sally, fled up stairs, and Joe Mayweed, extricating himself from the clock, effected his retreat in the same way that he had entered. The next day all Appleton was alive with the story of how Deacon Barberry's clock had been bewitched; and though many believed its version, some, and especially Joe Mayweed, affected to discredit the whole affair, hinting that the deacon had been trying the experiment of tasting frozen cider, and that the vagaries of the clock-case existed only in a distempered imagination.

THE OLD SERGEANT.—FORCEYTHE WILLSON.

JANUARY 1, 1863.

The carrier cannot sing to-day the ballads
 With which he used to go
 Rhyming the glad rounds of the happy New Years
 That are now beneath the snow.

For the same awful and portentous shadow
 That overcast the earth,
 And smote the land last year with desolation,
 Still darkens every hearth.

And the carrier hears Beethoven's mighty death-march
 Come up from every mart;
 And he hears and feels it breathing in his bosom,
 And beating in his heart.

And to-day, a scarred and weather-beaten veteran,
 Again he comes along,
 To tell the story of the Old Year's struggles
 In another New Year's song.

And the song is his, but not so with the story,
 For the story, you must know,
 Was told in prose to Assistant Surgeon Austin,
 By a soldier of Shiloh,—

By Robert Burton, who was brought up on the Adams,
 With his death-wound in his side;
 And who told the story to the assistant surgeon
 On the same night that he died.

But the singer feels it will better suit the ballad,
 If all should deem it right,
 To tell the story as if what it speaks of
 Had happened but last night.

"Come a little nearer, doctor,—thank you,—let me take the
 cup;

Draw your chair up,—draw it closer,—just another little sup!
 Maybe you may think I'm better; but I'm pretty well used
 up,—

Doctor, you've done all you could do, but I'm just a-going up!

"Feel my pulse, sir, if you want to, but it ain't much use to
 try—"

"Never say that," said the surgeon, as he smothered down
 a sigh;

"It will never do, old comrade, for a soldier to say die!"

"What you say will make no difference, doctor, when you
 come to die."

"Doctor, what has been the matter?" "You were very faint, they say ;

You must try to get some sleep now." "Doctor, have I been away?"

"Not that anybody knows of!" "Doctor,—doctor, please to stay !

There is something I must tell you, and you won't have *long* to stay !

"I have got my marching orders, and I'm ready now to go ; Doctor, did you say I fainted?—but it couldn't ha' been so,—For as sure as I'm a sergeant, and was wounded at Shiloh, I've this very night been back there, on the old field of Shiloh !

"This is all that I remember! The last time the lighter came,

And the lights had all been lowered, and the noises much the same,

He had not been gone five minutes before something called my name :

'ORDERLY SERGEANT—ROBERT BURTON !' just that way it called my name.

"And I wondered who could call me so distinctly and so slow, Knew it couldn't be the lighter, he could not have spoken so, And I tried to answer. 'Here, sir!' but I couldn't make it go ! For I couldn't move a muscle, and I couldn't make it go !

"Then I thought : 'It's all a nightmare, all a humbug and a bore ;

Just another foolish *grape-vine*,—and it won't come any more' ; But it came, sir, notwithstanding, just the same way as before :

'ORDERLY SERGEANT—ROBERT BURTON !' even plainer than before.

"That is all that I remember, till a sudden burst of light, And I stood beside the river, where we stood that Sunday night,

Waiting to be ferried over to the dark bluffs opposite, When the river was perdition and all hell was opposite !

"And the same old palpitation came again in all its power, And I heard a bugle sounding, as from some celestial tower ; And the same mysterious voice said : 'IT IS THE ELEVENTH HOUR !

ORDERLY SERGEANT—ROBERT BURTON,—IT IS THE ELEVENTH HOUR !'

"Doctor Austin ! what *day* is this?" "It is Wednesday night, you know."

"Yes,—to-morrow will be New Year's, and a right good time below !

What *time* is it, Doctor Austin?" "Nearly twelve." "Then don't you go!

Can it be that all this happened—all this—not an hour ago?

"There was where the gunboats opened on the dark rebellious host;

And where Webster semicircled his last guns upon the coast;

There were still the two log-houses, just the same, or else their ghost!

And the same old transport came and took me over,—or its ghost!

"And the old field lay before me all deserted far and wide; There was where they fell on Prentiss,—there McClelland met the tide;

There was, where stern Sherman rallied, and where Hurlbut's heroes died,—

Lower down where Wallace charged them, and kept charging till he died.

"There was where Lew Wallace showed them he was of the canny kin;

There was where old Nelson thundered, and where Rousseau waded in;

There McCook sent 'em to breakfast, and we all began to win;—

There was where the grape-shot took me, just as we began to win.

"Now a shroud of snow and silence over everything was spread;

And but for this old blue mantle and the old hat on my head,

I should not have even doubted, to this moment, I was dead,

For my footsteps were as silent as the snow upon the dead!

"Death and silence!—death and silence! all around me as I sped!

And behold a mighty tower, as if builded to the dead,

To the heaven of the heavens, lifted up its mighty head,

Till the stars and stripes of heaven all seemed waving from its head!

"Round and mighty-based it towered,—up into the infinite,—

And I knew no mortal mason could have built a shaft so bright;

For it shone like solid sunshine; and a winding star of light

Wound around it and around it till it wound clear out of sight!

"And, behold, as I approached it, with a rapt and dazzled stare,—

Thinking that I saw old comrades just ascending the great stair,—

Suddenly the solemn challenge broke of—‘Halt, and who goes there?’

‘I’m a friend,’ I said, ‘if you are.’ ‘Then advance, sir, to the stair!’

“I advanced!—That sentry, doctor, was Elijah Ballantyne!—First of all to fall on Monday, after we had formed the line!—‘Welcome, my old sergeant, welcome! Welcome by that countersign!’

And he pointed to the scar there, under this old cloak of mine!

“As he grasped my hand, I shuddered, thinking only of the grave;

But he smiled and pointed upward with a bright and bloodless glaive;

‘That’s the way, sir, to head-quarters!’ ‘What head-quarters?’ ‘Of the brave!’

‘But the great tower?’ ‘That,’ he answered, ‘is the way, sir, of the brave!’

“Then a sudden shame came o’er me at his uniform of light; At my own so old and tattered, and at his so new and bright. ‘Ah!’ said he, ‘you have forgotten the new uniform to-night,—

Hurry back, for you must be here at just twelve o’clock to-night!’

“And the next thing I remember, you were sitting *there*, and I—

Doctor,—did you hear a footstep? Hark!—God bless you all! Good-by!

Doctor, please to give my musket and my knapsack, when I die,

To my son—my son that’s coming—he won’t get here till I die!

“Tell him his old father blessed him as he never did before,—And to carry that old musket—” Hark! a knock is at the door—

“Till the Union—” See! it opens!— “Father! Father! speak once more!”—

“Bless you!” gasped the old gray sergeant,—and he lay and said no more!

HUMANITY.—COWPER.

I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

An inadvertent step may crush the snail
 That crawls at evening in the public path ;
 But he that has humanity, forewarned,
 Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.
 The creeping vermin, loathsome to the sight,
 And charged perhaps with venom, that intrudes,
 A visitor unwelcome, into scenes
 Sacred to neatness and repose,—the alcove,
 The chamber, or refectory,—may die:
 A necessary act incurs no blame.
 Not so when, held within their proper bounds,
 And guiltless of offense, they range the air,
 Or take their pastime in the spacious field:
 There they are privileged ; and he that hunts
 Or harms them there is guilty of a wrong,
 Disturbs the economy of Nature's realm,
 Who, when she formed, designed them an abode.
 The sum is this: If man's convenience, health,
 Or safety interfere, his rights and claims
 Are paramount, and must extinguish theirs ;
 Else they are all—the meanest things that are—
 As free to live, and to enjoy that life,
 As God was free to form them at the first,
 Who in his sovereign wisdom made them all.
 Ye, therefore, who love mercy, teach your sons
 To love it too.

TOM, THE DRUMMER-BOY.

An incident of the late war as related in "Song Victories of The Bliss and Sankey Hymns,"—published by D. Lothrop & Co.

A chaplain in our army one morning found Tom, the drummer-boy, a great favorite with all the men, and whom, because of his sobriety and religious example, they called "the young deacon," sitting alone under a tree. At first he thought him asleep, but, as he drew near, the boy lifted up his head, and he saw tears in his eyes.

"Well, Tom, my boy, what is it ; for I see your thoughts are sad? What is it?"

"Why, sir, I had a dream last night, which I can't get out of my mind."

"What was it?"

"You know that my little sister Mary is dead—died when ten years old. My mother was a widow,—poor, but good. She never seemed like herself afterwards. In a year or so, she died, too ; and then I, having no home, and no mother,

came to the war. But last night I dreamed the war was over, and I went back to my home, and just before I got to the house, my mother and little sister came out to meet me. I didn't seem to remember they were dead! How glad they were! And how my mother, in her smiles, pressed me to her heart! Oh, sir, it was just as real as you are real now!"

"Thank God, Tom, that you have such a mother, not really dead, but in heaven, and that you are hoping, through Christ, to meet her again!" The boy wiped his eyes and was comforted.

The next day there was terrible fighting. Tom's drum was heard all day long, here and there. Four times the ground was swept and occupied by the two contending armies. But as the night came on, both paused, and neither dared to go on the field lest the foe be there. Tom, "the young deacon," it was known, was wounded and left on the battle-field. His company encamped near the battle-field. In the evening, when the noise of battle was over, and all was still, they heard a voice singing, away off on the field. They felt sure it was Tom's voice. Softly and beautifully the words floated on the wings of night,—

"Jesus! lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past!
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee!
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!"—

The voice stopped here, and there was silence. In the morning the soldiers went out and found Tom sitting on the ground, and leaning against a stump—dead! His soul went up in the song. Did his mother and Mary meet him? Who can say?

A TOAST—"PEACE AND PLENTY."

Corn in the big crib, and money in the pocket,
Baby in the cradle, and pretty wife to rock it,
Coffee in the closet, and sugar in the barrel,
Love around the fire-side, and folks that never quarrel.

THE LANDLORD OF "THE BLUE HEN."

PHOEBE CARY.

Once, a long time ago, so good stories begin,
There stood by the roadside an old-fashioned inn;
An inn which the landlord had named "The Blue Hen,"
While he, by his neighbors, was called "Uncle Ben."

At least, they quite often addressed him that way
When ready to drink, but not ready to pay;
Though when he insisted on having the cash,
They went off mutt'ring "Rummy," and "Old Brandy Smash."

He sold barrels of liquor, but still the old "Hen"
Seemed never to flourish, and neither did "Ben;"
For he drank up his profits, as every one knew—
Even those who were drinking their profits up too,

So, with all they could drink, and with all they could pay,
The landlord grew poorer and poorer each day;
Men said, as he took down the gin from the shelf,
"The steadiest customer there was himself."

There was hardly a man living in the same street
But had too much to drink and too little to eat;
The women about the old "Hen" got the blues;
The girls had no bonnets, the boys had no shoes.

When a poor fellow died, he was borne on his bier
By his comrades, whose hands shook with brandy and fear;
For, of course, they were terribly frightened, and yet
They went back to "The Blue Hen" to drink and forget!

There was one jovial farmer who couldn't get by
The door of "The Blue Hen" without feeling dry;
One day he discovered his purse growing light;
"There must be a leak somewhere," he said. He was right!

Then there was the blacksmith (the best ever known,
Folks said, if he'd only let liquor alone)
Let his forge cool so often, at least he forgot
To heat up his iron and strike when 'twas hot.

Once a miller, going home from "The Blue Hen," 'twas said,
While his wife sat and wept by his sick baby's bed,
Had made a false step, and slept all night alone
In the bed of the river, instead of his own.

Even poor "Ben" himself could not drink of the cup
Of fire forever without burning up;
He grew sick, fell to raving, declared that he knew
No doctors could help him; and they said so, too.

He told those about him, the ghosts of the men
 Who used, in their lifetimes, to haunt "The Blue Hen,"
 Had come back, each one bringing his children and wife,
 And trying to frighten him out of his life.

Now he thought he was burning; the very next breath
 He shivered, and cried he was freezing to death;
 That the peddler lay by him who, long years ago,
 Was put out of "The Blue Hen" and died in the snow.

He said that the blacksmith, who turned to a sot,
 Laid him out on an anvil and beat him red hot;
 That the builder who swallowed his brandy fourth proof,
 Was pitching him downward, head first, from the roof.

At last he grew frantic; he clutched at the sheet,
 And cried that the miller had hold of his feet;
 Then leaped from his bed with a terrible scream,
 That the dead man was dragging him under the stream.

Then he ran, and, so swift that no mortal could save,
 He went over the bank and went under the wave;
 And his poor lifeless body next morning was found
 In the very same spot where the miller was drowned.

"'Twasn't liquor that killed him," some said, "that was plain;
 He was crazy, and sober folks might be insane!"
 "'Twas *delirium tremens*," the coroner said,
 But, whatever it was, he was certainly dead!

HE NEVER TOLD A LIE.

I saw him standing in the crowd—
 A comely youth, and fair!
 There was a brightness in his eye,
 A glory in his hair!
 I saw his comrades gaze on him—
 His comrades, standing by;
 I heard them whisper each to each.
 "He never told a lie!"

I looked in wonder on that boy,
 As he stood there, so young;
 To think that never an untruth
 Was uttered by his tongue.
 I thought of all the boys I'd known—
 Myself among the fry—
 And knew of none that one could say:
 "He never told a lie!"

VVVV•

I gazed upon that youth with awe
 That did unchain me long;
 I had not seen a boy before
 So perfect and so strong.
 And with a something of regret
 I wished that he was I,
 So they might look at *me* and say:
 "He never told a lie!"

I thought of questions very hard
 For boys to answer right:
 "How did you tear those pantaloons?"
 "My son! what caused the fight?"
 "Who left the gate ajar last night?"
 "Who bit the pumpkin-pie?"
 What boy could answer all of these,
 And never tell a lie?

I proudly took him by the hand,
 My words with praise were rife;
 I blessed that boy who never told
 A falsehood in his life;
 I told him I was proud of him.
 A fellow standing by
 Informed me that *that boy was dumb*
 Who never told a lie!

THE LAST REDOUBT.—ALFRED AUSTIN.

Kacelyevo's slope still felt
 The cannon's bolts and the rifles' pelt;
 For the last redoubt up the hill remained,
 By the Russ yet held, by the Turk not gained.

Mehemet Ali stroked his beard;
 His lips were clinched and his look was weird;
 Round him were ranks of his ragged folk,
 Their faces blackened with blood and smoke.

"Clear me the Muscovite out!" he cried.
 Then the name of "Allah!" echoed wide,
 And the fezzes were waved and the bayonets lowered,
 And on to the last redoubt they poured.

One fell, and a second quickly stopped
 The gap that he left when he reeled and dropped;
 The second,—a third straight filled his place;
 The third,—and a fourth kept up the race.

Many a fez in the mud was crushed,
Many a throat that cheered was hushed,
Many a heart that sought the crest
Found Allah's arms and a houri's breast.

Over their corpses the living sprang,
And the ridge with their musket-rattle rang,
Till the faces that lined the last redoubt
Could see their faces and hear their shout.

In the redoubt a fair form towered,
That cheered up the brave and chid the coward;
Brandishing blade with a gallant air;
His head erect and his bosom bare.

"Fly! they are on us!" his men implored;
But he waved them on with his waving sword.
"It cannot be held; 'tis no shame to go!"
But he stood with his face set hard to the foe.

Then clung they about him, and tugged, and knelt;
He drew a pistol from out his belt,
And fired it blank at the first that set
Foot on the edge of the parapet.

Over that first one toppled: but on
Clambered the rest till their bayonets shone;
As hurriedly fled his men dismayed,
Not a bayonet's length from the length of his blade.

"Yield!" But aloft his steel he flashed,
And down on their steel it ringing clashed;
Then back he reeled with a bladeless hilt,
His honor full, but his life-blood spilt.

They lifted him up from the dabbled ground;
His limbs were shapely and soft and round,
No down on his lip; on his cheek no shade,—
"Bismillah!" they cried, "'tis an infidel maid!"

Mehemet Ali came and saw
The riddled breast and the tender jaw,
"Make her a bier of your arms," he said,
"And daintily bury this dainty dead!"

"Make her a grave where she stood and fell,
'Gainst the jackal's scratch and the vulture's smell.
Did the Muscovite men like their maidens fight,
In their lines we had scarcely supped to-night."

So a deeper trench 'mong the trenches there
Was dug, for the form as brave as fair;
And none, till the judgment trump and shout,
Shall drive her out of the last redoubt.

HOW TOM SAWYER GOT HIS FENCE WHITE-WASHED.—MARK TWAIN.

Tom Sawyer, having offended his sole guardian, Aunt Polly, is by that sternly affectionate dame punished by being set to whitewash the fence in front of the garden.

Tom appeared on the sidewalk with a bucket of whitewash and a longhandled brush. He surveyed the fence, and all gladness left him and a deep melancholy settled down upon his spirit. Thirty yards of board fence nine feet high. Life to him seemed hollow, and existence but a burden. Sighing he dipped his brush and passed it along the topmost plank; repeated the operation; did it again; compared the insignificant whitewashed streak with the far-reaching continent of unwhitewashed fence, and sat down on a tree-box discouraged.

He began to think of the fun he had planned for this day, and his sorrows multiplied. Soon the free boys would come tripping along on all sorts of delicious expeditions, and they would make a world of fun of him for having to work—the very thought of it burnt him like fire. He got out his worldly wealth and examined it—bits of toys, marbles, and trash; enough to buy an exchange of *work*, maybe, but not half enough to buy so much as half an hour of pure freedom. So he returned his straightened means to his pocket, and gave up the idea of trying to buy the boys. At this dark and hopeless moment an inspiration burst upon him! Nothing less than a great, magnificent inspiration.

He took up his brush and went tranquilly to work. Ben Rogers hove in sight presently—the very boy, of all boys, whose ridicule he had been dreading. Ben's gait was the hop-skip-and-jump—proof enough that his heart was light and his anticipations high. He was eating an apple, and giving a long, melodious whoop, at intervals, followed by a deep-toned ding-dong-dong, ding-dong-dong, for he was personating a steamboat. As he drew near, he slackened speed, took the middle of the street, leaned far over to starboard and rounded to ponderously and with laborious pomp and circumstance—for he was personating the "Big Missouri," and considered himself to be drawing nine feet of water. He was boat, and captain, and engine-bells combined, so he had

to imagine himself standing on his own hurricane-deck giving the orders and executing them:

"Stop her, sir! Ting-a-ling-ling!" The headway ran almost out and he drew up slowly toward the side-walk.

"Ship up to back! Ting-a-ling-ling!" His arms straightened and stiffened down his sides.

"Set her back on the starboard! Ting-a-ling-ling! Chow! ch-chow-wow! Chow!" His right hand, meantime, describing stately circles,—for it was representing a forty-foot wheel.

"Let her go back on the larboard! Ting-a-ling-ling! Chow-ch-chow-chow!" The left hand began to describe circles.

"Stop the starboard! Ting-a-ling-ling! Stop the larboard! Come ahead on the starboard! Stop her! Let your outside turn over slow! Ting-a-ling-ling! Chow-ow-ow! Get out that head-line. *Lively* now! Come—out with your spring line—what're you about there! Take a turn round that stump with the bight of it! Stand by that stage, now—let her go! Done with the engines, sir! Ting-a-ling-ling! *Sh't! sh't! sh't!*" (trying the gauge-cocks.)

Tom went on whitewashing—paid no attention to the steamboat. Ben stared a moment and then said:

"Hi-yi! *you're* a stump, ain't you?"

No answer. Tom surveyed his last touch with the eye of an artist; then he gave his brush another gentle sweep, and surveyed the result as before. Ben ranged up alongside of him. Tom's mouth watered for the apple, but he stuck to his work. Ben said: "Hello, old chap; you got to work, hey?"

Tom wheeled suddenly and said:

"Why, it's you, Ben; I warn't noticing."

"Say, I'm going in a-swimming, I am. Don't you wish you could? But, of course, you'd druther *work*, wouldn't you? Course you would!"

Tom contemplated the boy a bit, and said:

"What do you call work?"

"Why, ain't *that* work?"

Tom resumed his whitewashing, and answered carelessly:

"Well, maybe it is, and maybe it ain't. All I know is, it suits Tom Sawyer."

"Oh, come now, you don't mean to let on that you like it?"

"Like it? Well, I don't see why I oughtn't to like it. Does a boy get a chance to whitewash a fence every day?"

That put the thing in a new light. Ben stopped nibbling his apple. Tom swept his brush daintily back and forth—stepped back to note the effect—added a touch here and there—criticised the effect again, Ben watching every move, and getting more and more interested, more and more absorbed. Presently he said:

“Say, Tom, let *me* whitewash a little.”

Tom considered—was about to consent—but he altered his mind. “No, no; I reckon it wouldn’t hardly do, Ben. You see, Aunt Polly’s awful particular about this fence—right here on the street, you know—but if it was the back fence I wouldn’t mind, and *she* wouldn’t. Yes, she’s awful particular about this fence; it’s got to be done very careful; I reckon there ain’t one boy in a thousand, maybe two thousand, that can do it in the way it’s got to be done.”

“No—is that so? Oh, come now, lemme just try, only just a little. I’d let *you*, if you was me, Tom.”

“Ben, I’d like to, honest Injin; but Aunt Polly—well, Jim wanted to do it, but she wouldn’t let him. Sid wanted to do it, but she wouldn’t let Sid. Now don’t you see how I’m fixed? If you was to tackle this fence, and anything was to happen to it—”

“Oh, shucks! I’ll be just as careful. Now lemme try. Say—I’ll give you the core of my apple.”

“Well, here. No, Ben; now don’t; I’m afeard—”

“I’ll give you *all* of it!”

Tom gave up the brush with reluctance in his face, but alacrity in his heart. And while Ben worked and sweated in the sun, the retired artist sat on a barrel in the shade close by, dangled his legs, munched his apple, and planned the slaughter of more innocents. There was no lack of material; boys happened along every little while; they came to jeer, but remained to whitewash. By the time Ben was fagged out, Tom had traded the next chance to Billy Fisher for a kite in good repair; and when *he* played out, Johnny Miller bought in for a dead rat and a string to swing it with; and so on, and so on, hour after hour. And when the middle of the afternoon came, from being a poor, poverty-stricken boy in the morning, Tom was literally rolling in wealth. He had, beside the things before mentioned, twelve marbles,

part of a jew's-harp, a piece of blue bottle-glass to look through, a spool cannon, a key that wouldn't unlock anything, a fragment of chalk, a glass stopper of a decanter, a tin soldier, a couple of tadpoles, six fire-crackers, a kitten with only one eye, a brass door-knob, a dog collar—but no dog—the handle of a knife, four pieces of orange peel, and a dilapidated old window-sash.

Tom had had a nice, good, idle time all the while—plenty of company—and the fence had three coats of whitewash on it! If he hadn't run out of whitewash, he would have bankrupted every boy in the village.

He said to himself that it was not such a hollow world, after all. He had discovered a great law of human action without knowing it—namely, that in order to make a man or a boy cover a thing, it is only necessary to make it difficult to attain.

— *Extract from "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer."*

MY WIFE AND CHILD.—HENRY R. JACKSON.

The following poem was written while the author was in command of the first Georgia regiment,—then in camp on the Rio Grande, below Matamoras,—a part of Gen. Taylor's army of Mexican invasion.

The tattoo beats, the lights are gone,
The camp around in slumber lies;
The night with solemn pace moves on,
The shadows thicken o'er the skies;
But sleep my weary eyes has flown,
And sad, uneasy thoughts arise.

I think of thee, my dearest one,
Whose love my early life hath blessed;
Of thee and him—our baby son—
Who slumbers on thy gentle breast.
God of the tender, frail, and lone,
Oh, guard the tender sleeper's rest!

And hover gently, hover near
To her, whose watchful eye is wet—
To mother, wife—the doubly dear,
In whose young heart have freshly met
Two streams of love so deep and clear,
And cheer her drooping spirits yet.

Now, while she kneels before Thy throne,
Oh teach her, Ruler of the skies,
That, while at Thy behest alone

Earth's mightiest powers fall or rise,
No tear is wept to Thee unknown,
No hair is lost, no sparrow dies!

That Thou canst stay the ruthless hands
Of dark disease, and soothe its pain;
That only by Thy stern commands
The battle's lost, the soldier's slain;
That from the distant sea or land
Thou bring'st the wanderer home again.

And when upon her pillow lone
Her tear-wet cheek is sadly pressed,
May happier visions beam upon
The brightening current of her breast;
No frowning look or angry tone
Disturb the Sabbath of her rest.

Whatever fate those forms may show,
Loved with a passion almost wild—
By day, by night, in joy or woe—
By fears oppressed, or hopes beguiled,
From every danger, every foe,
O God, protect my wife and child!

THE INDIAN CHIEFTAIN.

'Twas late in the autumn of '53
That, making some business-like excuse,
I left New York, which is home to me,
And went on the cars to Syracuse.

Born and cradled in Maiden Lane,
I went to school in Battery Row,
Till when, my daily bread to obtain,
They made me clerk to Muggins & Co.

But I belonged to a genteel set
Of clerks with souls above their sphere,
Who, night after night, together met
To feast on intellectual cheer.

We talked of Irving and Bryant and Spratt—
Of Willis, and how much they pay him per page—
Of Sonntag and Jullien and Art, and all that—
And what d'ye call it?—the Voice of the Age!

We wrote little pieces on purling brooks,
And meadow, and zephyr, and sea, and sky—
Things of which we had seen good descriptions in books,
And the last between houses some sixty feet high!

Somehow in this way my soul got fired ;
I wanted to see and hear and know
The glorious things that our hearts inspired—
The things that sparkle in poetry so!

And I had heard of the dark-browed braves
Of the famous Onondaga race,
Who once paddled the birch o'er Mohawk's waves,
Or swept his shores in war and the chase.

I'd see that warrior stern and fleet!
Aye, bowed though he be with oppression's abuse,
I'd grasp his hand!—so in Chambers Street
I took my passage for Syracuse.

Arrived at last, I gazed upon
The smoke-dried wigwam of the tribe.
"The depot, sir,"—suggested one—
I smiled to scorn the idle gibe.

Then to the baggage-man I cried,
"Oh, point me an Indian chieftain out!"
Rudely he grinned as he replied,
"You'll see 'em loafin' all about!"

Wounded, I turned—when lo, e'en now
Before me stands the sight I crave!
I know him by his swarthy brow;
It is an Onondaga brave!

I know him by his falcon eye,
His raven tress and mien of pride;
Those dingy draperies, as they fly,
Tell that a great soul throbs inside!

No eagle-feathered crown he wears,
Capping in pride his kingly brow;
But his crownless hat in grief declares,
"I am an unthroned monarch now!"

"Oh, noble son of a royal line!"
I exclaim, as I gaze into his face,
"How shall I knit my soul to thine?
How right the wrongs of thine injured race?"

What shall I do for thee, glorious one?
To soothe thy sorrows my soul aspires.
Speak! and say how the Saxon's son
May atone for the wrongs of his ruthless sires."

He speaks! he speaks!—that noble chief!
From his marble lips deep accents come;
And I catch the sound of his mighty grief—
"*Ple' gi' me tree cent for git some rum!*"

THE DRUNKARD'S "TEN COMMANDMENTS."

I believe in the existence of one Mr. Alcohol, the great head and chief of all manner of vice, the source of nine-tenths of all diseases; and I not only believe, but am sure, that when my money is gone and spent, the landlord will stop the tap and turn me out.

I have ten commandments to keep—the same which the landlord and the landlady spake in the bar, saying, we are thy master and thy mistress, who brought thee out of the paths of virtue, placed thee in the ways of vice, and set thy feet on the road which leads to misery, starvation, and eternal destruction:—

I. Thou shalt use no other house but mine.

II. Thou shalt not make to thyself any substitute for intoxicating drinks,—such as tea, coffee, ginger-pop, and lemonade;—for I am a jealous man, wearing the coat that should be on thy back, eating thy children's bread, and pocketing the money which should make thee and thy wife happy all the days of thy life.

III. Thou shalt not use my house in vain.

IV. Remember that thou eat but one meal on the Sabbath. Six days shalt thou drink, and spend all thy money, but the seventh day is the Sabbath, wherein I wash my floors, mend my fires, and make *ready* for my company the remaining part of the week.

V. Thou shalt honor the landlords, the landladies, and the gin-shops with thy presence, that thy days may be few and miserable in the land wherein thou dwellest.

VI. Thou shalt commit murder, by starving, hungering, and beating thy wife and family.

VII. Thou shalt commit self-destruction.

VIII. Thou shalt sell thy wife's and children's bread, and rob thyself of all thy comforts.

IX. Thou shalt bear false witness when thou speakest of the horrors, saying thou art in good health when laboring under the barrel fever.

X. Thou shalt covet all thy neighbor is possessed of, thou shalt covet his house, his purse, his health, his wealth, and

all that he has got, that thou mayst indulge in drunkenness, help the brewer to buy a new coach, a pair of fine horses, a new dray, and a fine building, that he may live in idleness all his days; likewise to enable the landlord to purchase a new sign to place over his door, with "Licensed to be drunk on the premises" written thereon.

Adapted—from an English publication.

HOW THE CATS WENT TO BOARDING-SCHOOL.

In the good old days when I was young,
Which nobody but myself has sung,
There was in the town where I was born
A boarding-school which was so forlorn,
The townsfolk called it, making merry,
The Female Penitentiary.
The walls were of brick, and high and thin,
And the winter winds howled out and in;
A row of scrawniest locust trees
Stood by the house and creaked their knees;
Another row, in the yard behind,
Had died long since, but still stood, twined
With knotty clothes-line; high in their tops
Were four kite tails and ragged old mops,
As dismal sight as was ever seen.
Some stunted quince trees grew up between,
Mildewed and blue, with but two or three
Quinces a year on each poor old tree;
And these on a tumble-down stone wall,
And a neighbor's yellow cat, were all
That the poor girls saw from morn till night,
For the blinds in front were kept shut tight.
The butcher stopped there but once a week,
And of what he left would never speak;
But the girls who, when they first went in,
Were round and fat, grew hollow and thin;
And no maids, however stout and strong,
Could be hired to stay and work there long;
They went away, and with look of dread,
They crossed themselves if a word were said
Of how the Miss Grimkins kept their school
Under a cruel, inhuman rule.

At last from a city at the West,
There came a girl not like the rest.

She broke their rules, and she laughed at them :
In vain they tried the tide to stem,
Which filled their school with impudent glee.
She was so rich that they dared not be
As severe with her as they had been
With other girls; so many a sin
They made believe that they did not know,
Till, finally, she could come and go
As much as she liked throughout the town,
And came to be held in great renown
As the girl who had first broken through,
In spite of all that Grimkins could do.
Such suppers at night, such stolen talks,
Such serenades, flirtations, and walks—
Not a boy in town but was her friend,
And would fight her battles to the end.
Aias for human ingratitude !
The poor Miss Grimkins, they got no good
For winking at all her wicked tricks,
And lavishing all their rhetorics
Of flattery on her: quite too well
She understood them; she took an ell
For all the inches they gave, and yet
Resolved at the first chance she could get
She would make of them such laughing-stock
That they would never forget the shock.
The day she chose was the closing day
Of the term, when the Grimkins had a way
Of asking in the old trustees,
Whom of course they much desired to please,
And setting a supper bountiful,
So rich and good that it pulled the wool
Quite over the old trusteesmen's eyes,
Who smacked their lips and said, "What a prize
The oldest Miss Grimkins really is !
What lucky girls! How wonderful 'tis
To find a woman so good at books
Who also keeps such excellent cooks."
All day the smell of the roast and boil
Rose up to the rooms, and poured like oil
On fires of wrath and hunger which raged
In all the girls, and were ill assuaged
By the scraps of pork and withered beans
Which were served for them behind the scenes.
But vengeance they knew was coming soon,
How the moments dragged that afternoon !
By eight o'clock, in all dark lanes,
Boys were to be seen in shouting trains.
Each boy on his shoulder had a bag,
Which seemed so queerly to sway and sag,

Nobody could guess what they had got;
They would not tell what they were about;
But in spite of all their loud halloos,
They could not quite drown the squeaks and mews
Which told of tortures of stifling cats,
And rejoiced the hearts of listening rats.
A vial of ether each boy kept
Hid in his hand, as he slyly crept
Under the school-room windows, and hung
His bag to a long, stout rope which swung
From the second story. One good dose
Of ether, under each cat's nose
Was enough to keep her still;
And the girls above pulled with a will.
Cat after cat, hand over hand—
Oh! never was mischief better planned.
Twenty-five cats—a cat to a girl—
Went through the air in a dizzy whirl;
And then the boys sat down in the dark,
Lying in wait to chuckle and hark.

In the great west room the old trustees
And the Grimkins sat, eating at ease
Turkeys and chickens, oysters and hams,
Pies and sweet-cakes, jellies and jams.
Each girl, like a ghost, in long night-gown,
Ran with her cat, and setting it down
Close to the dining-room doorway, fled,
And in one jiffy was snug in bed.
The cats, between ether and the fright,
Felt most uncommonly like a fight,
And in less than the time I take to tell
This story, they all began, pell-mell,
To scratch and to bite, to fly and spit,
With frightful yells. The girls were fit
To burst with laughing; and when the noise
Began to be heard outside, the boys
Began to scream, and whistle, and "yaow,"
As only bad boys and cats know how.
A rash trusteeman opened the door,
And the din grew fiercer than before,
For the cats rushed in and plunged about,
And no one knew how to drive them out.
The old nun Grimkins fainted away,
And a cat jumped on her as she lay
Full length on the chair, and scratched her face,
And tore her hair in a dreadful place,
Where 'twas only fastened on with thread
To cover a bald spot on her head.
As soon as the cats smelled out the meat,
They mewed the louder for some to eat.

They stood on hind legs and clawed and clung,
 And pulled at the table-cloth, and sprung
 Over each other, and bit and scratched.
 The poor trusteesmen were overmatched;
 The youngest Miss Grimkins hysterics had,
 And finally every soul was glad
 To jump up in chairs and cry, "Shoo! shoo!"
 But the cats knew this was "bugaboo!"
 And matters went on from bad to worse,
 Till language couldn't the scene rehearse;
 And if old Grimkins hadn't come to,
 And clearly seen the one thing to do,
 They might have stood on their chairs all night—
 Trustees and all—in a sorry plight.
 An heroic deed it was she did,
 One turkey from off its plate she slid—
 A whole one, a fat one, crisp and brown;
 With many a sigh she held it down
 Where the cats could see and snuff it well;
 Then opened the window—plump it fell!
 And out went the cats by twos and threes—
 Heads over heels and down on their knees.
 When the boys who lingered still about,
 Saw this, they set up a deafening shout,
 And the girls in bed began to quake,
 Knowing that Grimkins now would make
 A search in their rooms.

Pale with the fright
 And pale with her wrath, she took a light,
 That awful Grimkins, and stalked away
 Up the long stairs, all fierce for the fray.
 With heavy hand she opened the doors;
 But everywhere such innocent snores,
 And eyes with such hermetical seals!
 Although she clattered her angry heels,
 Not a single girl was found awake,
 And so Miss Grimkins thought best to take
 Her way down stairs with much less noise,
 And pretend that she believed the boys
 Had played the trick.

But the feast was spoiled.
 Poor Grimkins! In vain they smiled and toiled
 To seem at ease. The trusteesmen smiled
 And toiled, too, but were not beguiled.
 They little ate, and departed soon,
 And the girls a dinner had, next noon,
 Better than ever before or since—
 A good enough dinner for a prince.
 The poor Miss Grimkins they went away
 In less than a year; for, from that day,

They could not stir out, by day or night,
But cats followed them, left and right,
Till citizens laughed with shouts and roars.
The night they left, the old house burnt down;
And a few years after that the town,
Buying the lot cheap at trustees' sale,
Built on the spot a strong stone jail,
And called it always, making merry,
"The Grimkins' Penitentiary."

XERXES AT THE HELLESPONT.—R. C. TRENCH.

"Calm is now that stormy water,—it has learned to fear my
wrath:
Lashed and fettered, now it yields me for my hosts an easy
path!"
Seven long days did Persia's monarch on the Hellespontine
shore,
Throned in state, behold his armies without pause defil-
ing o'er;
Only on the eighth the rearward to the other side were
past,—
Then one haughty glance of triumph far as eye could reach
he cast;
Far as eye could reach he saw them, multitudes equipped
for war,—
Medians with their bows and quivers, linked armor and tiar:
From beneath the sun of Afric, from the snowy hills of
Thrace,
And from India's utmost borders, nations gathered in one
place:
At a single mortal's bidding all this pomp of war unfurled,—
All in league against the freedom and the one hope of the
world!

"What though once some petty trophies from my captains
thou hast won,
Think not, Greece, to see another such a day as Marathon:
Wilt thou dare await the conflict, or in battle hope to stand,
When the lord of sixty nations takes himself his cause in
hand?
Lo! they come, and mighty rivers, which they drink of once,
are dried;
And the wealthiest cities beggared, that for them one meal
provide.
Powers of number by their numbers infinite are overborne,
So I measure men by measure, as a husbandman his corn.

Mine are all,—this sceptre sways them,—mine is all in every part!"

And he named himself most happy, and he blessed himself in heart,—

Blessed himself, but on that blessing tears abundant followed straight,

For that moment thoughts came o'er him of man's painful brief estate:

Ere a hundred years were finished, where would all those myriads be?

Hellespont would still be rolling his blue waters to the sea; But of all those countless numbers, not one living would be found,—

A dead host with their dead monarch, silent in the silent ground.

THE BATTLE OF SALAMIS.—ÆSCHYLUS.

[*Translation by J. S. Blackie.*]

Some evil god, or an avenging spirit,
 Began the fray. From the Athenian fleet
 There came a Greek, and thus thy son bespoke:
 "Soon as the gloom of night shall fall, the Greeks
 No more will wait, but, rushing to their oars,
 Each man will seek his safety where he may
 By secret flight." This Xerxes heard, but knew not
 The guile of Greece, nor yet the jealous gods,
 And to his captains straightway gave command
 That, when the sun withdrew his burning beams,
 And darkness filled the temple of the sky,
 In triple lines their ships they should dispose,
 Each wave-plashed outlet guarding, fencing round
 The isle of Ajax surely. Should the Greeks
 Deceive this guard, or with their ships escape
 In secret flight, each captain with his head
 Should pay for his remissness. These commands
 With lofty heart, thy son gave forth nor thought
 What harm the gods were weaving. They obeyed.
 Each man prepared his supper, and the sailors
 Bound the blithe oar to its familiar block.
 Then, when the sun his shining glory paled,
 And night swooped down, each master of the oar,
 Each marshaler of arms, embarked; and then
 Line called on line to take its ordered place.
 All night they cruised, and with a moving belt
 Prisoned the frith, till day 'gan peep, and still

No stealthy Greek the expected flight essayed.
But when at length the snowy-steeded day
Burst o'er the main, all beautiful to see,
First from the Greeks a tuneful shout uprose,
Well omened, and, with replication loud,
Leaped the blithe echo from the rocky shore.
Fear seized the Persian host, no longer tricked
By vain opinion ; not like wavering flight
Billowed the solemn pæan of the Greeks,
But like the shout of men to battle urging,
With lusty cheer. Then the fierce trumpet's voice
Blazed o'er the main ; and on the salt sea flood
Forthwith the oars with measured plash descended,
And all their lines, with dexterous speed displayed,
Stood with opposing front. The right wing first,
Then the whole fleet, bore down, and straight uprose
A mighty shout :

“Sons of the Greeks, advance !
Your country free, your children free, your wives,—
The altars of your native gods deliver,
And your ancestral tombs,—all's now at stake !”
A like salute from our whole line back rolled
In Persian speech. Nor more delay, but straight
Trireme on trireme, brazen beak on beak,
Dashed furious. A Greek ship led on the attack,
And from the prow of a Phœnician struck
The figure-head ; and now the grapple closed
Of each ship with his adverse desperate.
At first the main line of the Persian fleet
Stood the harsh shock : but soon their multitude
Became their ruin : in the narrow frith
They might not use their strength, and, jammed together,
Their ships with brazen beaks did bite each other,
And shattered their own oars. Meanwhile the Greeks
Stroke after stroke dealt dexterous all around,
Till our ships showed their keels, and the blue sea
Was seen no more, with multitude of ships
And corpses covered. All the shores were strewn,
And the rough rocks, with dead : till, in the end,
Each ship in the barbaric host, that yet
Had oars, in most disordered flight rowed off.
As men that fish for tunnies, so the Greeks,
With broken booms, and fragments of the wreck,
Struck our snared men, and hacked them, that the sea
With wail and moaning was possessed around,
Till black-eyed Night shot darkness o'er the fray.
These ills thou hearest : to rehearse the whole,
Ten days were few ; but this, my queen, believe,
No day yet shone on earth whose brightness looked
On such a tale of death.

WWW

THE FLIGHT OF XERXES.—MARIA JANE JEWSBURY.

I saw him on the battle-eve,
When like a king he bore him,—
Proud hosts in glittering helm and greave,
And prouder chiefs before him;
The warrior, and the warrior's deeds,
The morrow, and the morrow's meeds,
No daunting thoughts came o'er him;
He looked around him, and his eye
Defiance flashed to earth and sky.

He looked on ocean,—its broad breast
Was covered with his fleet;
On earth,—and saw from east to west
His bannered millions meet;
While rock and glen and cave and coast
Shook with the war-cry of that host,
The thunder of their feet!
He heard the imperial echoes ring,—
He heard, and felt himself a king.

I saw him next alone: nor camp
Nor chief his steps attended;
Nor banner blazed, nor courser's tramp
With war-cries proudly blended.
He stood alone, whom fortune high
So lately seemed to deify;
He who with heaven contended
Fled like a fugitive and slave!
Behind, the foe; before, the wave.

He stood—fleet, army, treasure, gone—
Alone, and in despair!
But wave and wind swept ruthless on,
For they were monarchs there;
And Xerxes, in a single bark,
Where late his thousand ships were dark,
Must all their fury dare.
What a revenge,—a trophy, this,—
For thee, immortal Salamis!

PADDY McGRATH'S INTRODUCTION TO MR. BRUIN.

Not long since I was walking with Jimmy Butler through
a thick wood on me way to Judy O'Flinn's, to pay me bist
addrissis to her, whin Jimmy very suddintly cries out, "Be

jabbers! but there's Mr. Bruin!" and with that he runs off like a shot, lavin' me alone jist forninst the ould gintleman.

"Mr. Bruin, are ye?" says I. "How do you do, Mr. Bruin? Happy to know yer worship, and hope yer honor's well. Happy o' yer acquaintince," says I. A grunt was the only answer I resaved.

"Och, sure!" thinks I, "yer a quare ould chap at iny rate;" and thin I axed him how Mrs. Bruin, and all the young spalpeen Bruins prospered. He only gev me another grunt. "Bad luck to yer eddication!" says I. "Where did ye hev yer bringin' up? Me name's Paddy McGrath, of Tipperary county, ould Ireland, at yer sarvice," says I agin, thinkin' to hev some conversation wid him. He only showed me his big grinders and gev me another grunt, but he still stood lookin' at me. "Be dad! but he's niver been taught his letthers, and cannot understhand me, or his eyes must be mighty wake and bad. The top o' the mornin' to yez? Do yez always wear yer coat with the wool on the outside?" says I agin.

This samed to touch a tinder pint wid him, and he kem towards me. Holdin' out me hand, I wint to mate him.

"Excuse the complimint," says I, "but you've a mighty oogly moog, so ye hev."

He grinned mighty plazed like, and held out his arrums to embrace me. Jist as I kem widin rache of his long arrums, he gev me a cuff aside me hid, which sint me flyin'. Me sinsis lift me mighty quick afther he sthruck me, and whin they kem back, I found mesel a-rollin' down a shtape hill, wid no chance to sthop. Prisintly, howiver, I sthruck a big stoomp, and suddintly sthopped. Whin I got on me fate agin, I saw Mr. Bruin comin' afther me on his hands and knase, and grinnin' as much as to say, "I beg yer pardin, but I didn't mane to tip yez so hard."

"Och, I furgive yez;" says I: "come to me arrums, Mr. Bruin. Paddy McGrath is not the filler to hould a groodge agin a frind. Yer as welcome to me embrace as me own Judy." This samed to plaze the ould gint mightily, for he shtood on his fate and agin held out his arrums; I rushed to his embrace widout anoother wurd.

"Och, murdher! murdher!" I screamed; "yer a practiced hugger, ye are! ye've been in the business afore! How I pity

Mrs. Bruin if ye sarve her this way often. Och, murdher!" I cried agin; "I don't like such tight squasin'. I'll be satisfied wid the little ye've gev me if ye'll loosen yer howld, and gev me a rist."

He gev me a harder squaze than iver, and opened his big oogly jaws and tried to bite me nose off.

"Bedad! are ye a haythen cannibal?" says I, "that ye'd take a filler's hid off to show yer love for him?"

He gev me another hug, and fastened his big taath onto me lift shoulder. "Bad cess to ye!" says I, "but yer after makin' too fra wid me on short acquaintince; but I'll be aven wid yez,"—so sayin', I twisted me arrum from his grasp, and, thrustin' me shillaly into his mouth, gev it a twist with such mighty force that I broke his under jaw.

The ould gint samed to think he had been too lovin' wid me, so givin' a grunt, he let go me shoulder, takin' a pound of me tinder fish wid him, which he ate wid a big relish.

"Bedad! Paddy! if yez don't outdo yer new friend, he'll lave but little of yez for yer Judy," thinks I, and widout more ado I gev him a blow between his eyes. He gev a quick jerk back, and I sprang from his embrace—but, och! deary me! he took the whole of me fine coat, weskit, and shirt but the shlaves, and started off wid 'em. "Och! ye thavin' murdherin' nager," says I, bring back me close or I can't pay me addressis to me Judy, darlint."

He niver paid me a bit o' notice, but rooshed off. I stharterd after the haythenish baste.

He climbed up a big tra mighty quick, takin' me close wid him. I axed him, very perlite like, to throw down me wearin' apparel, but he only blinked his bloody eyes at me.

I was jist goin' to throw me shillaly at him, when I heard a gun go off, and Mr. Bruin gev a terrible squail, dhropped me close, and kem toomblin' to the ground. I looked around in astonishmint, and saw Jimmy Butler and siveral others, comin' down the hill towards me.

Whin Jimmy saw me alive he cried like a spalpeen, and rushed into me arrums. When he let me go, I axed him what he mint by shootin' Mr. Bruin in that way. He told me he was a bear and would hev kilt me. "A bear! did ye say!" says I, "why didn't yez tell me afore so that I could hev kipt

ye company in yer runnin' away from him? A bear!" says I, agin, beginnin' to trimble for fear the ould gint might not be quite dead—"give him another shot, Jimmy, to be sure ye've kilt him intirely."

He was dead sure enough, and we lift him alone quite gory.

Jimmy got me some new close, and we wint home.

Whin I told Judy of the squazin' I got, she blushed, and put her arrums around me nick, and gev me so soft a squaze that, for a time, I forgot me introduction to Mr. Bruin.

HERO AND LEANDER.—LEIGH HUNT.

But he, Leander, almost half across,
Threw his blithe locks behind him with a toss,
And hailed the light victoriously, secure
Of clasping his kind love, so sweet and sure;
When suddenly, a blast, as if in wrath,
Sheer from the hills, came headlong on his path;
Then started off; and driving round the sea,
Dashed up the panting waters roaringly.
The youth at once was thrust beneath the main
With blinded eyes, but quickly rose again,
And with a smile at heart, and stouter pride,
Surmounted, like a god, the rearing tide.
But what? The torch gone out! So long, too! See,
He thinks it comes! Ah, yes,—'tis she! 'tis she!
Again he springs; and though the winds arise
Fiercer and fiercer, swims with ardent eyes;
And always, though with ruffian waves dashed hard,
Turns thither with glad groan his stout regard;
And always, though his sense seems washed away,
Emerges, fighting towards the cordial ray.

But driven about at last, and drenched the while,
The noble boy loses that inward smile.
For now, from one black atmosphere, the rain
Sweeps into stubborn mixture with the main;
And the brute wind, unmuffling all its roar,
Storms; and the light, gone out, is seen no more.
Then dreadful thoughts of death, of waves heaped on him,
And friends and parting daylight rush upon him.
He thinks of prayers to Neptune and his daughters,
And Venus, Hero's queen, sprung from the waters;
And then of Hero only,—how she fares,
And what she'll feel, when the blank morn appears;

And at that thought he stiffens once again
 His limbs, and pants, and strains, and climbs—in vain.
 Fierce draughts he swallows of the wilful wave,
 His tossing hands are lax, his blind look grave,
 Till the poor youth (and yet no coward he)
 Spoke once her name, and, yielding wearily,
 Wept in the middle of the scornful sea.

I need not tell how Hero, when her light
 Would burn no longer, passed that dreadful night;
 How she exclaimed, and wept, and could not sit
 One instant in one place; nor how she lit
 The torch a hundred times, and when she found
 'Twas all in vain, her gentle head turned round
 Almost with rage; and in her fond despair
 She tried to call him through the deafening air.

But when he came not,—when from hour to hour
 He came not,—though the storm had spent its power,
 And when the casement, at the dawn of light,
 Began to show a square of ghastly white,
 She went up to the tower, and straining out
 To search the seas, downwards, and round about
 She saw at last,—she saw her lord indeed
 Floating, and washed about, like a vile weed;—
 On which such strength of passion and dismay
 Seized her, and such an impotence to stay,
 That from the turret, like a stricken dove,
 With fluttering arms she leaped, and joined her drowned love.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.—ANNE BARNARD.

[Lady Anne Barnard, daughter of the Earl of Balcarres, was born in 1750. Robin Gray chanced to be the name of a shepherd at Balcarres. While she was writing this ballad, a little sister looked in on her. "What more shall I do," Anne asked, "to trouble a poor girl? I've sent her Jamie to sea, broken her father's arm, made her mother ill, and given her an old man for a lover. There's room in the four lines for one sorrow more. What shall it be?" "Steal the cow, sister Anne." Accordingly the cow was stolen.

The second part, it is said, was written to please her mother, who often asked "how that unlucky business of Jeanie and Jamie ended."]

FIRST PART.

When the sheep are in the fauld, when the kye's a' at hame,
 And a' the weary warld to rest are gane,
 The woes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,
 Unkent by my gudeman, wha sleeps sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride,
 But saving a crown he had naething else beside;
 To mak the crown a pound my Jamie gaed to sea,
 And the crown and the pound—they were baith for me.

He hadna been gane a twelvemonth and a day
 When my father brake his arm, and the cow was stown away;
 My mother she fell sick—my Jamie was at sea—
 And auld Robin Gray came a-courting me.

My father couldna work, my mother couldna spin,
 I toiled day and night, but their bread I couldna win;
 Auld Rob maintained them baith, and, wi' tears in his e'e,
 Said, "Jeanie, for their sakes, will ye no marry me!"

My heart it said na, and I looked for Jamie back,
 But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack;
 His ship was a wrack—why didna Jamie dee?
 Or why am I spared to cry, Wae is me?

My father urged me sair—my mother didna speak,
 But she lookit in my face till my heart was like to break;
 They gied him my hand—my heart was in the sea—
 And so Robin Gray he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been his wife a week but only four,
 When, mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,
 I saw my Jamie's ghaist, for I couldna think it he,
 Till he said, "I'm come hame, love, to marry thee."

Oh! sair, sair did we greet, and mickle say o' a',
 I gied him ae kiss and bade him gang awa'.
 I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee,
 For tho' my heart is broken, I'm young,—wae's me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin,
 I darena think on Jamie, for that would be a sin:
 But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,
 For oh! Robin Gray he is kind to me.

SECOND PART.

The winter was come, 'twas simmer nae mair,
 And, trembling, the leaves were fleeing thro' th' air;
 "O winter," says Jeanie, "we kindly agree,
 For the sun he looks wae when he shines upon me."

Nae longer she mourned, her tears were a' spent,
 Despair it was come, and she thought it content—
 She thought it content, but her cheek it grew pale,
 And she bent like a lily broke down by the gale.

Her father and mother observed her decay;
 "What ails ye, my bairn?" they oft-times would say;
 "Ye turn round your wheel, but you come little speed,
 For feeble's your hand and silly's your thread."

She smiled when she heard them, to banish their fear,
 But wae looks the smile that is seen through a tear,

And bitter 's the tear that is forced by a love
Which honor and virtue can never approve.

Her father was vexed and her mother was wae,
But pensive and silent was auld Robin Gray;
He wandered his lane, and his face it grew lean,
Like the side of a brae where the torrent has been.

Nae questions he spiered her concerning her health,
He looked at her often, but aye 'twas by stealth;
When his heart it grew grit,* and often he feigned
To gang to the door to see if it rained.

He took to his hed—nae physic he sought,
But ordered his friends all around to be brought;
While Jeanie supported his head in its place,
Her tears trickled down, and they fell on his face.

"Oh, greet nae mair, Jeanie," said he wi' a groan,
"I'm no worth your sorrow—the truth maun be known:
Send round for your neighbors, my hour it draws near,
And I've that to tell that it's fit a' should hear.

"I've wrong'd her," he said, "but I kent it ower late;
I've wrong'd her, and sorrow is speeding my date;
But a' for the best, since my death will soon free
A faithfu' young heart that was ill matched wi' me.

"I lo'ed and I courted her mony a day,
The auld folks were for me, but still she said nay;
I kentna o' Jamie, nor yet of her vow,
In mercy forgive me—'twas I stole the cow.

"I cared not for Crummie, I thought but o' thee—
I thought it was Crummie stood 'twixt you and me;
While she fed your parents, oh, did you not say
You never would marry wi' auld Robin Gray?

"But sickness at hame and want at the door—
You gied me your hand, while your heart it was sore;
I saw it was sore,—why took I her hand?
Oh, that was a deed to my shame o'er the land!

"How truth soon or late comes to open daylight!
For Jamie cam' back, and your cheek it grew white—
White, white grew your cheek, but aye true unto me—
Ay, Jeanie, I'm thankfu'—I'm thankfu' to dee.

"Is Jamie come here yet?"—and Jamie they saw—
"I've injured you sair, lad, so leave you my a';
Be kind to my Jeanie, and soon may it be;
Waste nae time, my dauties,† in mourning for me."

* Great, swollen. † Darlings.

They kissed his cauld hands, and a smile o'er his face
Seemed hopefu' of being accepted by grace:

"Oh, doubtna," said Jamie, "forgi'en he will be—
Wha wouldna be tempted, my love, to win thee?"

* * * * *

The first days were dowie while time slipt awa',
But saddest and sairest to Jeanie o' a'
Was thinkin' she couldna be honest and right,
Wi' tears in her e'e while her heart was sae light.

But nae guile had she, and her sorrow away,
The wife o' her Jamie, the tear couldna stay;
A bonnie wee bairn—the auld folks by the fire—
Oh, now she has a' that her heart can desire.

WE TWO.

It's just a bit of a story, sir, that don't sound much to strangers, but I'd like to tell you about it, if you have time to listen, for they've all forgotten Bobbery down here, except me; they're poor folks, you see, and things drift out of folks' heads when poverty drifts in.

Bobbery? yes, sir, that was his name—leastways the name we gave him down here. As to a father or mother, we never had any, I think; never had any one in the wide world to belong to except our two selves—Bobbery and me. I was the eldest—two long years older than him; but then I was blind, you see, so the two years didn't count for much, and Bobbery got ahead of me after the time when the long days of pain slipped into lone night, and God shut me out of the world—not that I grumble, sir—I've given over that; and Bobbery was always such a good lad to me that perhaps I didn't miss so much, after all.

I grew to fancy things, and make believe I saw a great deal, particularly after Bobbery took to working at his trade—shoe-black, sir; and sometimes, when I became accustomed to being always in the dark, I went out with Bobbery, and held the money that he made.

Well, not much, perhaps, but enough for us two, and the little room we had down at Kingstown, over against the river; only Bobbery was an extravagant lad—not in drink, sir—we were always a sober lot—but in oranges.

WWW*

They were almost his ruin, sir—those oranges. He used to come up stairs sucking them softly, so that I might not hear, and thinking to deceive me; but I somehow smelt oranges, and it always made me sharper to catch Bobbery whistling little tunes to himself on the way up, just to put me off.

He made a great deal of me, did Bobbery—along of being blind, you see—and so did the neighbors; but I was rare proud of him. You don't know what it is, sir, to sit alone in the dark all day, and then, on a sudden, to hear a fellow call out, "Here we are again! Come down and feel the sun set, and we'll count the coppers!" It would make you love any one, sir, who had a voice like that, let alone a fellow like Bobbery.

Perhaps you didn't happen to be in Kingstown, sir, last spring, when the floods had risen, and the land was under water for miles around. Bobbery had to wade a little going down to his work, but he rather liked it he said; and he used to tuck up his trowsers, and call back to me and laugh, as the water crept around his feet; and he said folks wouldn't want their boots blacked, he feared, for the water would soon take off the polish.

I used to sit on the window-sill to feel the sun, and if I listened very hard I could hear the ripple-ripple of the shallow water at every step that Bobbery made, and it had a pleasant sound, and made a kind of company feeling; but when he was out of hearing, and it still kept rippling up against our walls, the company feeling went away and left me lonely, and sometimes I thought the water hateful, because it lay for so very long between me and Bobbery.

Well, once I was sitting alone on the window-sill, and the day was very quiet, so quiet that I did not hear the little rippling waves; and in the quiet I grew frightened at last, and stretched out my hands across the sill, to feel my way down. I felt something that made me shiver and draw back out of the sunlight—that made my whole dark life grow suddenly a beautiful and precious thing—I felt the water rippling almost up to the level of the sill, and I was quite alone, and Bobbery would never know.

I did not call out, or go mad with fright, as I thought at

first I might do: only I crept away, in my everlasting darkness, from the warm sunlight, and sat down on the bed where Bobbery and I slept together, and put my hands over my ears, to shut out the roar of the waters.

How long I sat there I don't know, but I think it must have been for hours, for I felt the sunlight slanting on my face, and the water rushing around me before I moved again. I was hungry, too; but when I tried to get down and reach the cupboard, the water took me off my feet and I crept back to the bed, and on to the shelves of the dresser, to be out of the way. I said my prayers two or three times, and I said some prayers for Bobbery, too, for I knew he would be sorry when he found me some day where I had died all alone, and in the dark. And then I tried to think how things looked from our window, with the water sweeping up to the very sill, and the red sunset lying on it—and beyond, the pretty town and the steeple with the clock; and I thought it was better for me to die than Bobbery, after all, for he could see, while I—I had no pleasures in my life. And yet I wanted to live; I wanted to hear Bobbery's voice again; I wanted the waters to go down, and somebody to remember me at last—for I was afraid.

Well, sir, God answers our prayers sometimes in a way that is terribly just. It takes us a long time to find out that everything is very good, I think, but we come to learn it at last—and learn, too, to leave our prayers as well as the answers to God. Somebody did remember me at last, and came back—somebody whose laughing voice across the waters was nearer every minute—somebody whose hands were on my shoulders, whose eyes, I felt, were on my face—somebody who had never forgotten me—Bobbery!

"Bobbery! Bobbery!" I cried, and I stretched out my arms to him.

Bobbery said: "I came over in a tub—only think! such a lark! but as I climbed in at the window, our tub drifted away, and however we're to get over I can't tell."

"You must think of something," I said. "Bobbery, it was a long day."

"Why, of course it was," Bobbery answered, "without me. Come along, the river's rising like fury."

"Is it very wide?" I asked.

"Oh, not more 'n a good stretch from here to the dry land—but deep; over six feet; I should say—and rising."

"But the bed, Bobbery," I said, "and the other things."

"Well, we must just leave them until it's all right again."

"Will it ever be all right?" I asked.

"Why, yes, of course," said Bobbery.

He was such a splendid chap, sir, was Bobbery, and so clever! He took the two chairs that were drifting about the room, and tied them close together, and then we waded across to the window, and stood upon the sill.

"I think it's jolly good fun," said Bobbery. "If you could only see how your boat's bobbing up and down in front here! Get in quick, or I can't hold her. Here! port her helm, or something! Are you all right?"

"It's splendid," I said; "come along."

But when Bobbery put his foot on to the unsteady raft, she went down on one side with a plunge. "Never mind," he said: "you've just got to push yourself ashore with this pole, as straight as you can go, and I will follow."

I thought that was true, or I never would have left Bobbery. I took the pole he gave me, and went out on the restless waters, that I felt were blood-red where the setting sun had touched them. People on the opposite side cheered, and cried, and called me, and Bobbery behind called out once or twice, "Ship ahoy!" in a shrill voice, that I knew and loved better than anything on earth, and once I heard him say faintly—he seemed so far away—"In port at last."

At last!

The people on shore had ceased their shouts of excitement and encouragement, the light had died utterly away.

In an awful silence, and an awful darkness, I jumped to land, and held out my two hands.

"Bobbery! Bobbery!" I cried, "I want to thank you."

Did Bobbery hear, sir, do you think? Do people hear anything, do people understand anything, after they have gone away?

I only knew that the awful silence was turning me to stone, that the awful darkness was rising like a stone wall between me and Bobbery—and I was afraid. When I called, no one

answered me, and I was glad. If his voice was silent, any other voice would have maddened me just then, and I wanted nothing more to tell me all the truth. I learned through the silence on land and sea how God had answered my prayer.

They told me afterward how the plank he was launching to help himself to the shore drifted away from his hand, and was out of sight directly, how they would have saved him if they could, and how, when they began to shout to him directions, he made a sign for silence, and stood straight upon the sill, with the sunset creeping all about him, and the waters washing at his feet. They wondered why he had made no effort to reach the shore with me—they used to wonder for long after, why he had stood so silent, with his eager eyes, and restless feet so strangely still. I knew, of course; but what right had any one else to come between me and Bobbery? It wouldn't have done any one any good to know what I knew—that Bobbery wouldn't let me lose the faintest chance; thought my blind, helpless life quite as well worth saving as his own. I would have done the same for him, sir, any day—for Bobbery and me, we were always fond of each other.

The story's been longer than I thought, sir, but just the evening, and the floods again, and your wanting to know about the cross, brought it back to me like the same evening somehow—and it's company like to talk of the lad.

And Bobbery? he just died, sir; and the folks thought such a deal of him that they collected a bit to set me up, and I took half of the money just to put up this little cross by the river-side—for we always divided the coppers, sir; and I haven't forgotten him—not in these two years!

That's all, sir—just all about Bobbery.

—*Harpur's Bazar.*

ANNIE PROTHEROE.—W. S. GILBERT.

A LEGEND OF STRATFORD-LE-BOW.

Oh! listen to the tale of little Annie Protheroe.
She kept a small post-office in the neighborhood of Bow;
She loved a skilled mechanic, who was famous in his day—
A gentle executioner whose name was Gilbert Clay.

I think I hear you say, "A dreadful subject for your rhymes!"
O reader, do not shrink—he didn't live in modern times!
He lived so long ago (the sketch will show it at a glance)
That all his actions glitter with the lime-light of romance.

In busy times he labored at his gentle craft all day—
"No doubt you mean his Cal-craft" you amusingly will say—
But, no—he didn't operate with common bits of string,
He was a Public Headsman, which is quite another thing.

And when his work was over, they would ramble o'er the lea,
And sit beneath the frondage of an elderberry tree;
And Annie's simple prattle entertained him on his walk,
For public executions formed the subject of her talk.

And sometimes he'd explain to her, which charmed her
very much,
How famous operators vary very much in touch,
And then, perhaps, he'd show how he himself performed
the trick,
And illustrate his meaning with a poppy and a stick.

Or, if it rained, the little maid would stop at home, and look
At his favorable notices, all pasted in a book,
And then her cheek would flush—her swimming eyes would
dance with joy
In a glow of admiration at the prowess of her boy.

One summer eve, at supper-time, the gentle Gilbert said
(As he helped his pretty Annie to a slice of collared head),
"This reminds me I must settle on the next ensuing day
The hash of that unmitigated villain, Peter Gray."

He saw his Annie tremble and he saw his Annie start,
Her changing color trumpeted the flutter at her heart;
Young Gilbert's manly bosom rose and sank with jealous fear,
And he said, "O gentle Annie, what's the meaning of this
here?"

And Annie answered, blushing in an interesting way,
You think, no doubt, I'm sighing for that felon, Peter Gray:
That I was his young woman is unquestionably true,
But not since I began a-keeping company with you."

Then Gilbert, who was irritable, rose and loudly swore
He'd know the reason why if she refused to tell him more;
And she answered (all the woman in her flashing from her
eyes),

"You musn't ask no questions, and you won't be told no lies!

"Few lovers have the privilege enjoyed, my dear, by you,
Of chopping off a rival's head and quartering him too!
Of vengeance, dear, to-morrow you will surely take your fill!"
And Gilbert ground his molars as he answered her, "I will!"

Young Gilbert rose from table with a stern determined look,
And, frowning, took an inexpensive hatchet from its hook;
And Annie watched his movements with an interested air—
For the morrow—for the morrow he was going to prepare!

He chipped it with a hammer and he chopped it with a bill,
He poured sulphuric acid on the edge of it, until
This terrible Avenger of the Majesty of Law
Was far less like a hatchet than a dissipated saw.

And Annie said, "O Gilbert, dear, I do not understand
Why ever you are injuring that hatchet in your hand?"
He said, "It is intended for to lacerate and flay
The neck of that unmitigated villain, Peter Gray!"

"Now Gilbert," Annie answered, "wicked headsman, just
beware—

I won't have Peter tortured with that horrible affair;
If you appear with that, you may depend you'll rue the day."
But Gilbert said, "Oh, shall I?" which was just his nasty way.

He saw a look of anger from her eyes distinctly dart,
For Annie was a woman, and had pity in her heart!
She wished him a good evening—he answered with a glare;
She only said, "Remember, for your Annie will be there!"

The morrow Gilbert boldly on the scaffold took his stand,
With a vizor on his face and with a hatchet in his hand,
And all the people noticed that the engine of the law
Was far less like a hatchet than a dissipated saw.

The felon very coolly loosed his collar and his stock,
And placed his wicked head upon the handy little block.
The hatchet was uplifted for to settle Peter Gray,
When Gilbert plainly heard a woman's voice exclaiming,
"Stay!"

'Twas Annie, gentle Annie, as you'll easily believe.
"O Gilbert, you must spare him, for I bring him a reprieve,
It came from our Home Secretary many weeks ago,
And passed through that post-office which I used to keep
at Bow.

"I loved you, loved you madly, and you know it, Gilbert Clay,
And as I'd quite surrendered all idea of Peter Gray,
I quietly suppressed it, as you'll clearly understand,
For I thought it might be awkward if he came and claimed
my hand.

"In anger at my secret (which I could not tell before),
To lacerate poor Peter Gray vindictively you swore;
I told you if you used that blunted axe you'd rue the day,
And so you will, old fellow, for I'll marry Peter Gray!"

[And so she did.]

A HOUSE NOT MADE WITH HANDS.—EARL MARBLE.

When a man dies the people ask, "What property has he left behind him?"
But the angels, as they bend over his grave, inquire, "What good deeds hast thou sent before thee?"—MOHAMMED.

"Abijah Dunn! Abijah Dunn!
Where art thou this bright summer morn?
Awake and greet the rising sun,
Whose rays both earth and sky adorn."
Beneath his porch, since toddling child,
I oft had lingered for awhile,
Charmed by his glance, as woman's mild,
And more than sweetest woman's smile.

"Abijah Dunn! Abijah Dunn!"
So shot a summons through the air
Long hours before my later one
To see the sun's bright rising glare.
"Abijah Dunn!" This summoned him
To greater glory than the sun's,—
When over the horizon's rim,
Far up the sky he glowing runs.

"Abijah Dunn!" The midnight bleak
Stood still a moment as the Voice
Came down the old man's soul to seek,
And bear to realms where all rejoice.
"Abijah Dunn!" The hovel dark
Brief moments surged with spirit light,
And then, forever, cares that cark
Were drowned in blisses that requite.

"Abijah Dunn! come higher up!
Thine earthly house meets not thy needs;
Dire want has filled thine earthly cup,
But Heaven's o'erflows with souls of deeds;
Thine earthly hut possessions built,
Of which, alas! but poor thy part:
Thy Heavenly house, with richest gilt
Adorned, is built of what thou art.

"Abijah, great Jehovah's son!
For such thy name's significance,
Thy Father, here, Abijah Dunn,
Hath kept thee an inheritance,
And taken from thy life below
A thought or act, as love did warm,
Its walls to deck; as thou didst grow,
Its shape enlarged to grander form.

"Abijah Dunn! Abijah Dunn!
That window toward morn's brightest skies,

The glass like diamonds in the sun,
 Came when thou bid'st one hopeless rise
 And turn his gaze to glory's realm;
 And yon bright room, so sweet within,
 Grew like Aladdin's when life's helm
 Thou seized, and steered from shoals of sin.

"Abijah Dunn! dost thou recall
 A smile that dried a poor child's tears?
 That smile, a picture on the wall,
 Will sing of sunshine through long years.
 Rememberest thou a fallen one,
 Long since returned to kindly dust,
 With whom thou shared, Abijah Dunn,
 When others sneered, thine only crust?"

"From tears of thankfulness she shed
 Grew trees whose fruits like pearls catch light,
 And, o'er the walks that thou wilt tread,
 Dispel forever aught like night,
 And throw their gleam to towers that grew
 When aspiration with thee dwelt,
 And windows catching heaven's blue
 When eyes looked whence the suppliant knelt.

"Abijah Dunn! thy home is here,
 'Not made with hands,' but builded, lo!
 Above earth's labors, year by year,
 As thou didst toward fulfilment grow."
 Ah! blest at last whose lives be true!
 And sad those lost in earthly rust!
 Those "builded better than they knew,"
 And these find but decay and dust.

THE BEST THING IN THE WORLD.

MRS. BROWNING.

What's the best thing in the world?
 June-rose, by May-dew impearled;
 Sweet south-wind, that means no rain;
 Truth, not cruel to a friend;
 Pleasure, not in haste to end;
 Beauty, not self-decked and curled
 Till its pride is over-plain;
 Light, that never makes you wink;
 Memory, that gives no pain;
 Love, when, so, you're loved again.
 What's the best thing in the world?
 —Something out of it, I think.

A CURIOUS LIFE POEM.

Mrs. H. A. Deming, of San Francisco, is said to have occupied a year in hunting up and fitting together the following thirty-eight lines from thirty-eight English poets. The names of the authors are given below :

- 1—Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
- 2—Life's a short summer, man a flower;
- 3—By turns we catch the vital breath, and die—
- 4—The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh.
- 5—To be is better far than not to be,
- 6—'Though all man's life may seem a tragedy;
- 7—But light cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb,
- 8—The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
- 9—Your fate is but the common fate of all;
- 10—Unmingled joys, here, to no man befall.
- 11—Nature to each allots his proper sphere,
- 12—Fortune makes folly her peculiar care;
- 13—Custom does often reason overrule,
- 14—And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.
- 15—Live well, how long or short, permit to heaven,
- 16—They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.
- 17—Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face—
- 18—Vile intercourse where virtue has not place;
- 19—Then keep each passion down, however dear;
- 20—Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear;
- 21—Her sensual snares, let faithless pleasure lay
- 22—With craft and skill, to ruin and betray;
- 23—Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise.
- 24—We masters grow of all that we despise.
- 25—O, then, renounce that impious self-esteem;
- 26—Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.
- 27—Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave,
- 28—The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
- 29—What is ambition? 'tis a glorious cheat,
- 30—Only destructive to the brave and great,
- 31—What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?
- 32—The way to bliss lies not on beds of down.
- 33—How long we live, not years, but actions, tell;
- 34—That man lives twice who lives the first life well.
- 35—Make, then, while yet ye may, your God your friend,
- 36—Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend.
- 37—The trust that's given, guard, and to yourself be just;
- 38—For, live we how we can, yet die we must.

1, Young; 2, Dr. Johnson; 3, Pope; 4, Prior; 5, Sewell; 6, Spenser; 7, Daniel; 8, Sir Walter Raleigh; 9, Longfellow; 10, Southwell; 11, Congreve; 12, Churchill; 13, Rochester; 14, Armstrong; 15, Milton; 16, Bally; 17, Trench; 18, Somerville; 19, Thomson; 20, Byron; 21, Smollet; 22, Crabbe; 23, Massinger; 24, Cowley; 25, Beattie; 26, Cowper; 27, Sir Walter Davenant; 28, Grey; 29, Willis; 30, Addison; 31, Dryden; 32, Francis Quarles; 33, Watkins; 34, Herrick; 35, William Mason; 36, Hill; 37, Dana; 38, Shakspeare.

THE SQUIRE'S PLEDGE.

A few years since, when the subject of temperance was being freely discussed, the citizens of a little town in the western part of Massachusetts called a meeting to talk over the matter. There had never been a temperance society in the place, but after some little discussion it was voted to form one. They drew up a pledge of total abstinence, and agreed if any member of the society broke it, he should be turned out.

Before the pledge was accepted, Deacon D—— arose and said he had one objection to it; he thought that Thanksgiving day ought to be free for the members to take something, as he could relish his dinner much better at this festival if he took a glass of wine.

Mr. S. thought that the pledge was not perfect. He didn't care anything about Thanksgiving, but his family always made a great account of Christmas, and he couldn't think of sitting down to dinner then without something to drink. He was willing to give it up on all other days, and, in fact, that was the only time when he cared anything about it.

Mr. B. next arose and said he agreed with the other speakers, except in the time. He didn't think much of Thanksgiving or Christmas, though he liked a little any time. There was one day, however, when he must have it, and that was the Fourth of July. He always calculated upon having a "reg'lar drunk" on that day, and he wouldn't sign the pledge if it prevented him celebrating Independence.

Squire L., an old farmer, followed Mr. B. He was not in the habit of taking anything often, but he must have some when he washed his sheep. He would sign the pledge if it gave him the privilege of imbibing when he washed his sheep. Why, he considered it dangerous for him to keep his hands in cold water without something to keep him warm inside.

After some consideration, it was concluded that each member of the society should take his own occasion to drink—Deacon D. on Thanksgiving, Mr. S. on Christmas, etc. The pledge was signed by a large number, and the society adjourned in a flourishing condition, after voting that it should

be the duty of the members to watch each other, to see that they did not break the pledge.

The next morning Deacon D. walked into his next neighbor's yard—who, by the way, was Mr. L., the sheep man—wondering, as it was a bitter cold morning, whether L. was up yet. He met his neighbor coming out of the house, and, to his surprise, gloriously drunk; or, to use a modern phrase, “burning a very beautiful kiln.”

“Why, L.!” exclaimed the astonished deacon, “what does this mean, sir? You have broken your pledge, and disgraced our society and the temperance cause.”

“Not—hic—as you knows on, deacon,” says L. “I haven’t bro—hic—broke the pledge, deacon.”

“Certainly you have, sir, and I shall report you to the society. You agreed not to drink except when you washed sheep. You cannot make me believe you are going to wash sheep on such a cold day as this.”

“F-follow—hic—me, deacon.”

L. started for the barn, and the deacon followed. On entering the door the deacon saw a large wash-tub standing on the floor, with an old ram tied to it, the poor animal shaking dreadfully with the cold, and bleating pitifully.

“There—hic—d-d-deacon,” said L., pointing to the sheep with an air of triumph, “that old—hic—ram has been washed ~~six~~ times this—hic—morning.”

AFTER THE BALL.—NORA PERRY.

They sat and combed their beautiful hair,
 Their long, bright tresses, one by one,
 As they laughed and talked in the chamber there,
 After the revel was done.

Idly they talked of waltz and quadrille,
 Idly they laughed, like other girls,
 Who over the fire, when all is still,
 Comb out their braids and curls.

Robe of satin and Brussels lace,
 Knots of flowers and ribbons, too,
 Scattered about in every place,
 For the revel is through.

And Maud and Madge in robes of white,
The prettiest night-gowns under the sun,
Stockingless, slipperless, sit in the night,
For the revel is done,—

Sit and comb their beautiful hair,
Those wonderful waves of brown and gold,
Till the fire is out in the chamber there,
And the little bare feet are cold.

Then out of the gathering winter chill,
All out of the bitter St. Agnes weather,
While the fire is out and the house is still,
Maud and Madge together,—

Maud and Madge in robes of white,
The prettiest night-gowns under the sun,
Curtained away from the chilly night,
After the revel is done,—

Float along in a splendid dream,
To a golden gittern's tinkling tune,
While a thousand lustres shimmering stream,
In a palace's grand saloon.

Flashing of jewels, and flutter of laces,
Tropical odors sweeter than musk,
Men and women with beautiful faces
And eyes of tropical dusk,—

And one face shining out like a star,
One face haunting the dreams of each,
And one voice, sweeter than others are,
Breaking into silvery speech,—

Telling, through lips of bearded bloom,
An old, old story over again,
As down the royal bannered room,
To the golden gittern's strain,

Two and two, they dreamily walk,
While an unseen spirit walks beside,
And, all unheard in the lovers' talk,
He claimeth one for a bride.

Oh, Maud and Madge, dream on together,
With never a pang of jealous fear!
For, ere the bitter St. Agnes weather
Shall whiten another year,

Robed for the bridal, and robed for the tomb,
Braided brown hair, and golden tress,
There'll be only one of you left for the bloom
Of the bearded lips to press,—

Only one for the bridal pearls,
 The robe of satin and Brussels lace,—
 Only one to blush through her curls
 At the sight of a lover's face.

Oh, beautiful Madge, in your bridal white,
 For you the revel has just begun ;
 But for her who sleeps in your arms to-night
 The revel of life is done !

But robed and crowned with your saintly bliss,
 Queen of heaven and bride of the sun,
 Oh, beautiful Maud, you'll never miss
 The kisses another hath won !

COME BACK.—THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

You say the poor-house is a mile ahead ;
 It once stood yonder—" *that was years ago.*"
 True, true! They'll give me supper and a bed ;
 A job at picking oakum too, I know,
 For that 's their way.

Old Potter always used to find some work,
 And plenty, for the traveling tramp to do ;
 And his successor, even if less a Turk,
 Will follow his example. *So I knew*
Old Potter, eh?

Of course I did. Not as a pauper though ;
 I made poor-masters and such things just then ;
 For, strange as it may seem, I'd have you know
 That I have ranked among the "solid men"
 Of Brantford town.

Now I am mostly in the liquid line
 When I can get it. Thirty summers since
 My food was dainty, clothes were superfine—
 They said I feasted people like a prince—
 But now I'm down.

Who from a high position falls, falls far,
 And from the distance feels the more the hurt.
 The humbler men in life much happier are,
 For they lie prone already in the dirt,
 And feel no ill.

Traveled around? You bet I have. I left
 These parts long years ago, and I have been
 From east to west since then, have felt the heft

Of years of trouble, and the sights I've seen
A book would fill.

Now *you're* a man of substance; one whom chance,
Or labor, may be, helped to fill his purse—
You've had your troubles? Every one must dance
Just as his fortune fiddles. (He'll disburse
At least a dime.)

Troubles are nothing with the means to thrive—
Abandoned by your father? Why, how mean
Some people are. If *my* son were alive
He'd be your age. The boy I have not seen
A long, long time.

A quarter! Thank you. May I ask your name?
What! *Abner Brown?* Your mother? Dead, you say!
(There are her eyes and hair—the very same).
These are not tears—the raw east wind to-day
Moistens the eyes.

You don't object to please an old man's whim
By giving me your hand? You mind me much
Of one I knew. (My head begins to swim.)
I tremble? Age and want the sinews touch
As manhood flies.

Good-bye. God bless you! He has gone. His smile
Had sun-light in it; zephyrs in his breath—
He shall not know how, after this long while,
Hither returned, to die a pauper's death,
His father came.

Let the boy prosper. Never let his life
Be shadowed by my half-forgotten crime;
I've seen and touched him. My poor, patient wife
Is dead; but he is like me in my prime,
All but my shame.

For me the poor-house, and the pauper's bed,
And the pine coffin, and the noteless grave.
He shall not blush to know when I am dead
He was akin to one, to vice a slave,
Who soiled his name.

CAUGHT IN THE QUICKSAND.—VICTOR HUGO.

It sometimes happens that a man, traveler or fisherman,
walking on the beach at low tide, far from the bank, sud-
denly notices that for several minutes he has been walking

with some difficulty. The strand beneath his feet is like pitch; his soles stick in it; it is sand no longer; it is glue.

The beach is perfectly dry, but at every step he takes, as soon as he lifts his foot, the print which it leaves fills with water. The eye, however, has noticed no change; the immense strand is smooth and tranquil; all the sand has the same appearance; nothing distinguishes the surface which is solid from that which is no longer so; the joyous little crowd of sand-flies continue to leap tumultuously over the wayfarer's feet. The man pursues his way, goes forward, inclines to the land, endeavors to get nearer the upland.

He is not anxious. Anxious about what? Only he feels, somehow, as if the weight of his feet increases with every step he takes. Suddenly he sinks in.

He sinks in two or three inches. Decidedly he is not on the right road; he stops to take his bearings; now he looks at his feet. They have disappeared. The sand covers them. He draws them out of the sand; he will retrace his steps. He turns back, he sinks in deeper. The sand comes up to his ankles; he pulls himself out and throws himself to the left—the sand half leg deep. He throws himself to the right; the sand comes up to his shins. Then he recognizes with unspeakable terror that he is caught in the quicksand, and that he has beneath him the terrible medium in which man can no more walk than the fish can swim. He throws off his load if he has one, lightens himself as a ship in distress; it is already too late; the sand is above his knees. He calls, he waves his hat or his handkerchief; the sand gains on him more and more. If the beach is deserted, if the land is too far off, if there is no help in sight, it is all over.

He is condemned to that appalling burial, long, infallible, implacable, and impossible to slacken or to hasten; which endures for hours, which seizes you erect, free, and in full health, and which draws you by the feet; which, at every effort that you attempt, at every shout you utter, drags you a little deeper, sinking you slowly into the earth while you look upon the horizon, the sails of the ships upon the sea, the birds flying and singing, the sunshine and the sky. The victim attempts to sit down, to lie down, to creep; every movement he makes inters him; he straightens up, he sinks

in; he feels that he is being swallowed. He howls, implores, cries to the clouds, despairs.

Behold him waist deep in the sand. The sand reaches his breast; he is now only a bust. He raises his arms, utters furious groans, clutches the beach with his nails, would hold by that straw, leans upon his elbows to pull himself out of this soft sheath; sobs frenziedly; the sand rises; the sand reaches his shoulders; the sand reaches his neck; the face alone is visible now. The mouth cries, the sand fills it—silence. The eyes still gaze, the sand shuts them—night. Now the forehead decreases, a little hair flutters above the sand; a hand comes to the surface of the beach, moves, and shakes, disappears. It is the earth-drowning man. The earth filled with the ocean becomes a trap. It presents itself like a plain, and opens like a wave."

HOW HE WHIPPED HIM.

A young John Phoenix tells how it was, as follows:

"I'll tell you how it was. You see, Bill and me went down to the wharf to fish; and I felt in my pocket and found my knife and it was gone, and I said, Bill, you stole my knife; and he said I was another; and I said go there yourself; and he said it was no such thing; and I said he was a *fraud*, and I could whip him, if I was bigger'n him; and he said he'd rock me to sleep, mother; and I said he was a bigger one; and he said I never had the measles; and I said for him to fork over that knife or I'd fix him for a tombstone on Laurel Hill; and he said my grandmother was no gentleman; and I said he darsen't take it up; but he did, you bet; you never—well, you never did; then I got up again, and said he was too much afraid to do it again, and he tried to, but he didn't; and I grabbed him and threw him down on top of me like several bricks; and I tell you it beat all—and so did he; and my little dog got behind Bill and bit him; and Bill kicked at the dog, and the dog ran, and I ran after the dog to fetch him back, and I didn't catch him till I got clear home; and I'll whip him more yet. Is my eye black?"

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THE AVALANCHE.

Peace through the mountain and the vale, the night,
 With silent shadows o'er the hill-tops crept ;
 The first faint star of eve shed doubtful light ;
 It seemed all nature slept.

Hark ! what is that which crashes through the trees ?
 The women shriek and strong men's faces blanch,
 And in the cloister cowed monks seek their knees.
 It is the avalanche !

So sudden, that a man may scarcely turn
 Before the horror stares him in the face,
 Like a friend's brow that, at a word, grows stern,
 Changed in a moment's space.

The rolling billows of the snow sea glide,
 Crushing the firs, and slaying man and beast ;
 Nor strength, nor prayer, may stem that sweeping tide,
 Once from its boards released.

"Christ, save us ! Mary, mother, hear our prayer !"
 That long, shrill cry rings through the hills afar.
 Then all is hushed ; and through the trembling air
 The silence smites the star.

Peace through the mountains and the vales ; the night.
 In solemn sadness o'er the still land swept ;
 The large moon robbed the small stars of their light ;
 The restful valley slept.

A CATASTROPHE.—PELEG ARKWRIGHT.

No human being
 Who saw that sight
 But felt a shudder
 Of pale affright.
 He sat in a window
 Three stories high,
 A little baby
 With no one nigh.
 A stranger saw him,
 And stopped to stare :
 A crowd soon gathered
 To watch him there.
 A gleam—a flutter !
 In airy flight,

Came past the window
 A butterfly bright.
 From fields of clover
 And perfumed air,
 Wayfaring insect,
 What brought you there?
 The baby saw it,
 And eagerly
 Reached out to catch it,
 Crowing with glee.

With fat pink fingers,
 Reached out—and fell!
 The awful horror,
 No tongue can tell.
 Poor little baby,
 So sweet and bright!
 Pale faces quivered
 And lips grew white;
 Weak women fainted,
 Strong men grew weak,
 Up rose one woman's
 Heart-piercing shriek.

Hurrah for the awning!
 Upon the fly
 It caught the youngster
 And tossed him high.
 The bounce prodigious
 Made baby scowl;
 He caught his breath, sir,
 And set up a howl.
 All blessed the awning
 That had no flaw;—
 But a madder baby
 You never saw.

LESS THAN COST.—M. A. KIDDER.

We often see, as on we jog,
 Through street or road, down court or lane,
 This trite announcement, "Less than cost,"
 Upon some door or window-pane.
 And then we muse on many things
 That men have gained, and men have lost,
 And wonder at the foolish souls
 Who sell *themselves* for "less than cost."

The young man, stout of heart and limb,
 His bright eye fixed upon the goal,

Starts out in quest of fortune's gifts,
 Strong purpose in his honest soul.
 Ah! brave is he, and grand, and high,
 If, on life's ocean tempest-tossed,
 He keeps the beacon-star in sight,
 Nor sells himself for "less than cost."

And you, fair, youthful, budding lass,
 Now scattering smiles on all around—
 As violets shed their sweet perfume,
 And rose-leaves drop upon the ground—
Be careful, darling; too much sun
 Is sometimes worse than too much frost—
 Better to stand back in the shade
 Than sell your name for "less than cost."

"What *may* a human being cost?"
 You ask us, may be, with a frown:
 A mother's pains, a mother's tears,
 Alone *might* weigh the balance down.
 But much more precious far than these
 The spark divine, God called a soul;
 Then let us keep the jewel bright
 As months and years shall onward roll.

AN INTERESTING TRAVELING COMPANION.

M. Quad, a literary gentleman connected with the Detroit Free Press, having taken charge of a lady on a railroad car, gives the following account of the pleasures of his journey.

Many men think a railroad journey is rendered really pleasant by the companionship of an unprotected female. She insisted on counting her handbox and traveling bag as we got seated. She counted. There were just two. I counted and made no more nor less. Then she wanted her parasol put into the rack, her shawl folded up, and her handbox counted again. I counted it. There was just exactly one handbox of it. As we got started she wanted to know if I was sure that we were on the right road to Detroit. I was sure. Then she wanted her traveling bag counted. I counted it once more. By this time she wanted the window up, and asked me if it was not a very hot day. I said it was. Then she felt for her money and found it was safe, though she was sure that she had lost it. While counting it she related how Mrs. Graff, in going East five years ago, lost her purse and

three dollars. She wound up the story by asking me if it wasn't a hot day. I said it was. Then she wanted that bandbox counted, and I counted him. He was still one bandbox. There was a pause of five minutes, and then she wanted a drink. I got it for her. Then she wanted to know if we were on the right road to Detroit. I assured her that I was positive of the fact. The brakeman here called out the name of a station in such an indistinct manner that the lady wanted me to go and see what the name really was. I went. It was Calumet. She wanted to know if I was sure that it was Calumet, and I put my hand on my sacred heart and assured her that I would perish sooner than deceive her. By this time she wanted the traveling bag counted, and I counted her. She figured up as before. I had just finished counting when she wanted to know if I didn't think it was a hot day. I told her I did. We got along very well for the next half hour, as I got her to narrating a story about how she got lost in the woods eighteen years before, but as soon as she finished it she wanted to know if I was sure that we were on the right road to Detroit. I told her that I hoped to perish with the liars if we were not, and she was satisfied. Then the parasol fell down; she wanted me to change a ten-cent-piece, and the window had to go down. When we got down to Marshall she wanted to know if the place wasn't named after court-martial, and whether it wasn't barely possible that the station was Niles, instead of Marshall. The bandbox was counted again, and he was just one. Then the window went up, and she asked me if, in my opinion, it wasn't a hot day. I replied that it was. Then she related a story about her uncle, another about a young lady who had been deaf several years. During that day I counted that bandbox three hundred times, raised the window thirty times, said it was a hot day until my tongue was blistered, arranged that parasol twenty-one times, got her sixteen drinks of water, and inquired the names of thirteen stations. She said it was so nice to have a man in whom a stranger could place confidence, and I dared not reply, for fear of bringing out another story. When we reached Detroit, I counted the things three times over, and helped her off the cars, got her a hack, directed her to a hotel, told her the

street, price, name of the landlord, head waiter, porter, and cook; assured her she would not be robbed or murdered; that it had been a hot day; that Detroit had a population of one hundred thousand; that the fall term of school had commenced; that all Detroit hack drivers were honest and obliging. Poor woman, I hope the landlord did not get out of patience with her artless ways.

KING ROBERT OF SICILY.—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
 And Valnond, Emperor of Allemaine,
 Appareled in magnificent attire
 With retinue of many a knight and squire,
 On St. John's eve, at vespers, proudly sat
 And heard the priests chant the Magnificat.
 And as he listened, o'er and o'er again
 Repeated, like a burden or refrain,
 He caught the words, "*Deposuit potentes
 De sede, et exaltavit humiles;*"
 And slowly lifting up his kingly head,
 He to a learned clerk beside him said,
 "What mean those words?" The clerk made answer meet,
 "He has put down the mighty from their seat,
 And has exalted them of low degree."
 Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,
 "'Tis well that such seditious words are sung
 Only by priests, and in the Latin tongue;
 For unto priests and people be it known,
 There is no power can push me from my throne!"
 And leaning back he yawned and fell asleep,
 Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.

When he awoke, it was already night;
 The church was empty, and there was no light,
 Save where the lamps, that glimmered few and faint,
 Lighted a little space before some saint.
 He started from his seat and gazed around,
 But saw no living thing and heard no sound.
 He groped towards the door, but it was locked;
 He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked,
 And uttered awful threatenings and complaints,
 And imprecations upon men and saints.
 The sounds re-echoed from the roof and walls
 As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls.

At length the sexton, hearing from without
The tumult of the knocking and the shout,
And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,
Came with his lantern, asking, "Who is there?"
Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said,
"Open; 'tis I, the king! Art thou afraid?"
The frightened sexton, muttering with a curse,
"This is some drunken vagabond, or worse!"
Turned the great key and flung the portal wide;
A man rushed by him at a single stride,
Haggard, half-naked, without hat or cloak,
Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke,
But leaped into the blackness of the night,
And vanished like a spectre from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Despoiled of his magnificent attire,
Bare-headed, breathless, and besprent with mire,
With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,
Strode on and thundered at the palace gate;
Rushed through the court-yard, thrusting in his rage
To right and left each seneschal and page,
And hurried up the broad and sounding stair,
His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.
From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed;
Voices and cries he heard, but did not heed,
Until at last he reached the banquet-room,
Blazing with light, and breathing with perfume.
There on the dais sat another king,
Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring—
King Robert's self in features, form, and height,
But all transfigured with angelic light!
It was an angel; and his presence there
With a divine effulgence filled the air,
An exaltation, piercing the disguise,
Though none the hidden angel recognize.
A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,
The throneless monarch on the angel gazed,
Who met his look of anger and surprise
With the divine compassion of his eyes!
Then said, "Who art thou, and why com'st thou here?"
To which King Robert answered with a sneer,
"I am the king, and come to claim my own
From an impostor, who usurps my throne!"
And suddenly, at these audacious words,
Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their swords;
The angel answered with unruffled brow,
"Nay, not the king, but the king's jester; thou
Henceforth shalt wear the bells and scalloped cape
And for thy counselor shalt lead an ape;

Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,
And wait upon my henchmen in the hall!"
Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and prayers,
They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs;
A group of tittering pages ran before,
And as they opened wide the folding door,
His heart failed, for he heard, with strange alarms,
The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,
And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring
With the mock plaudits of "Long live the king!"

Next morning, waking with the day's first beam,
He said within himself, "It was a dream!"
But the straw rustled as he turned his head,
There were the cap and bells beside his bed;
Around him rose the bare, discolored walls,
Close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls,
And in the corner, a revolting shape,
Shivering and chattering, sat the wretched ape.
It was no dream; the world he loved so much
Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch!

Days came and went; and now returned again
To Sicily the old Saturnian reign;
Under the angel's governance benign
The happy island danced with corn and wine,
And deep within the mountain's burning breast
Enceladus, the giant, was at rest.
Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,
Sullen and silent and disconsolate.
Dressed in the motley garb that jesters wear,
With look bewildered, and a vacant stare,
Close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn,
By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn,
His only friend the ape, his only food
What others left—he still was unsubdued.
And when the angel met him on his way,
And half in earnest, half in jest, would say,
Sternly, though tenderly, that he might fear
The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,
"Art thou the king?" the passion of his woe
Burst from him in resistless overflow,
And lifting high his forehead, he would fling
The haughty answer back, "I am, I am the king!"

Almost three years were ended, when there came
Ambassadors of great repute and name
From Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane
By letter summoned them forthwith to come
On Holy Thursday to his City of Rome.

The angel with great joy received his guests,
And gave them presents of embroidered vests,
And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,
And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.
Then he departed with them o'er the sea
Into the lovely land of Italy,
Whose loveliness was more resplendent made
By the mere passing of that cavalcade,
With plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and the stir
Of jeweled bridle and of golden spur.

And lo! among the menials, in mock state,
Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,
His cloak of foxtails flapping in the wind,
The solemn ape demurely perched behind,
King Robert rode, making huge merriment
In all the country towns through which they went.

The Pope received them with great pomp, and blare
Of hannered trumpets, on St. Peter's Square,
Giving his benediction and embrace,
Fervent, and full of apostolic grace.
While with congratulations and with prayers
He entertained the angel unawares,
Robert, the jester, bursting through the crowd,
Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud:
"I am the king! Look and behold in me
Robert, your brother, King of Sicily!
This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes,
Is an impostor in a king's disguise.
Do you not know me? Does no voice within
Answer my cry, and say we are akin?"
The Pope in silence, but with troubled mien,
Gazed at the angel's countenance serene;
The Emperor, laughing, said, "It is strange sport
To keep a madman for thy fool at court!"
And the poor, baffled jester, in disgrace
Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the holy week went by,
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky;
The presence of the angel, with its light,
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,
And with new fervor filled the hearts of men,
Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.
Even the jester, on his bed of straw,
With haggard eyes the unwonted splendor saw;
He felt within a power unfelt before,
And kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,
He heard the rustling garments of the Lord
Sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward.

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And now the visit ending, and once more
 Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,
 Homeward the angel journeyed, and again
 The land was made resplendent with his train,
 Flashing along the towns of Italy
 Unto Salerno, and from thence by sea.
 And when once more within Palermo's wall,
 And, seated on the throne in his great hall,
 He heard the Angelus from convent towers,
 As if the better world conversed with ours,
 He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,
 And with a gesture bade the rest retire.
 And when they were alone, the angel said,
 "Art thou the king?" Then, bowing down his head,
 King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast,
 And meekly answered him, "Thou knowest best!
 My sins as scarlet are; let me go hence,
 And in some cloister's school of penitence,
 Across those stones that pave the way to heaven
 Walk barefoot till my guilty soul be shriven!"

The angel smiled, and from his radiant face
 A holy light illumined all the place,
 And through the open window, loud and clear,
 They heard the monks chant in the chapel near,
 Above the stir and tumult of the street,
 "He has put down the mighty from their seat,
 And has exalted them of low degree!"
 And through the chant a second melody
 Rose like the throbbing of a single string:
 "I am an angel, and thou art the king!"

King Robert, who was standing near the throne,
 Lifted his eyes, and lo! he was alone!
 But all appareled as in days of old,
 With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold;
 And when his courtiers came, they found him there,
 Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.

REPROVE GENTLY.

He who checks the child with terror,
 Stops its play and stills its song,
 Not alone commits an error,
 But a grievous moral wrong.

Would you stop the flowing river,
 Thinking it would cease to flow?
 Onward must it flow forever—
 Better teach it *where to go*.

THE LITTLE MATCH-GIRL.*—HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

It was very cold, the snow fell, and it was almost quite dark; for it was evening—yes, the last evening of the year. Amid the cold and the darkness, a poor little girl, with bare head and naked feet, was roaming through the streets. It is true she had a pair of slippers when she left home, but they were not of much use. They were very large slippers; so large, indeed, that they had hitherto been used by her mother; besides, the little creature lost them as she hurried across the street, to avoid two carriages that were driving very quickly past. One of the slippers was not to be found, and the other was pounced upon by a boy who ran away with it, saying that it would serve for a cradle when he should have children of his own. So the little girl went along, with her little bare feet that were red and blue with cold. She carried a number of matches in an old apron, and she held a bundle of them in her hand. Nobody had bought anything from her the whole livelong day; nobody had even given her a penny.

Shivering with cold and hunger, she crept along a perfect picture of misery—poor little thing! The snow-flakes covered her long flaxen hair, which hung in pretty curls round her throat; but she heeded them not now. Lights were streaming from all the windows, and there was a savory smell of roast goose; for it was New Year's Eve. And this she *did* heed.

She now sat down, cowering in a corner formed by two houses, one of which projected beyond the other. She had drawn her little feet under her, but she felt colder than ever; yet she dared not return home, for she had not sold a match, and could not bring home a penny! She would certainly be beaten by her father; and it was cold enough at home, besides—for they had only the roof above them, and the wind came howling through it, though the largest holes had been stopped with straw and rags. Her little hands were nearly frozen with cold. Alas! a single match might do her some good, if she might only draw one out of the bundle, and rub it against the wall, and warm her fingers.

* The same story is told in verse in No. 1, page 100, entitled "New Year's Eve."

So at last she drew one out. Ah! how it sheds sparks, and how it burns! It gave out a warm, bright flame, like a little candle, as she held her hands over it,—truly it was a wonderful little light! It really seemed to the little girl as if she were sitting before a large iron stove, with polished brass feet, and brass shovel and tongs. The fire burned so brightly, and warmed so nicely, that the little creature stretched out her feet to warm them likewise, when lo! the flame expired, the stove vanished, and left nothing but the little half-burned match in her hand.

She rubbed another match against the wall. It gave a light, and where it shone upon the wall, the latter became as transparent as a veil, and she could see into the room. A snow-white table-cloth was spread upon the table, on which stood a splendid china dinner service, while a roast goose stuffed with apples and prunes, sent forth the most savory fumes. And what was more delightful still to see, the goose jumped down from the dish, and waddled along the ground with a knife and fork in its breast, up to the poor girl. The match then went out, and nothing remained but the thick, damp wall.

She lit yet another match. She now sat under the most magnificent Christmas tree, that was larger, and more superbly decked, than even the one she had seen through the glass door at the rich merchant's. A thousand tapers burned on its green branches, and gay pictures, such as one sees on shields, seemed to be looking down upon her. She stretched out her hands, but the match then went out. The Christmas lights kept rising higher and higher. They now looked like stars in the sky. One of them fell down, and left a long streak of fire. "Somebody is now dying," thought the little girl,—for her old grandmother, the only person who had ever loved her, and who was now dead, had told her, that, when a star falls, it is a sign that a soul is going up to heaven.

She again rubbed a match upon the wall, and it was again light all round; and in the brightness stood her old grandmother, clear and shining like a spirit, yet looking so mild and loving. "Grandmother," cried the little one, "oh, take me with you! I know you will go away when the match goes out,—you will vanish like the warm stove, and the delicious roast goose, and the fine, large Christmas tree!" And

she made haste to rub the whole bundle of matches, for she wished to hold her grandmother fast. And the matches gave a light that was brighter than noonday. Her grandmother had never appeared so beautiful nor so large. She took the little girl in her arms, and both flew upwards, all radiant and joyful, far, far above mortal ken, where there was neither cold, nor hunger, nor care to be found; where there was no rain, no snow, or stormy wind, but calm, sunny days the whole year round.

But, in the cold dawn, the poor girl might be seen leaning against the wall, with red cheeks and smiling mouth; she had been frozen on the last night of the old year. The new year's sun shone upon the little dead girl. She sat still holding the matches, one bundle of which was burned. People said: "She tried to warm herself." Nobody dreamed of the fine things she had seen, nor in what splendor she had entered, along with her grandmother, upon the joys of the New Year.

TOBY TOSSPOT.—GEORGE COLMAN.

Alas! what pity 'tis that regularity,
Like Isaac Shove's, is such a rarity!
But there are swilling wights in London town,
Termed jolly dogs, choice spirits, alias swine,
Who pour, in midnight revel, bumpers down,
Making their throats a thoroughfare for wine.
These spendthrifts, who life's pleasures thus run on,
Dozing with headaches till the afternoon,
Lose half men's regular estate of sun,
By borrowing too largely of the moon.
One of this kidney—Toby Tossport hight—
Was coming from the "Bedford" late at night;
And being *Bacchi plenus*, full of wine,
Although he had a tolerable notion
Of aiming at progressive motion,
'Twasn't direct,—'twas serpentine.
He worked, with sinuosities, along,
Like Monsieur Corkscrew, worming through a cork,
Not straight, like Corkscrew's proxy, stiff Don Prong,—a fork.
At length, with near four bottles in his pate,
He saw the moon shining on Shove's brass plate,

When reading, "Please to ring the bell,"
And being civil beyond measure,
"Ring it!" says Toby,—"very well;
I'll ring it with a deal of pleasure."
Toby, the kindest soul in all the town,
Gave it a jerk that almost jerked it down.

He waited full two minutes,—no one came;
He waited full two minutes more;—and then
Says Toby, "If he's deaf, I'm not to blame;
I'll pull it for the gentleman again."

But the first peal woke Isaac in a fright,
Who, quick as lightning, popping up his head,
Sat on his head's antipodes, in bed,
Pale as a parsnip,—bolt upright.

At length he wisely to himself doth say,
Calming his fears,—
"Tush! 'tis some fool has rung and run away;"
When peal the second rattled in his ears.

Shove jumped into the middle of the floor;
And, trembling at each breath of air that stirred,
He groped down stairs, and opened the street door,
While Toby was performing peal the third.

Isaac eyed Toby, fearfully askant,
And saw he was a strapper, stout and tall;
Then put this question, "Pray, sir, what d'ye want?"
Says Toby, "I want nothing, sir, at all."

"Want nothing! Sir, you've pulled my bell, I vow,
As if you'd jerk it off the wire."
Quoth Toby, gravely making him a bow,
"I pulled it, sir, at your desire."

"At mine?" "Yes, yours; I hope I've done it well!
High time for bed, sir!—I was hastening to it;
But if you write up, 'Please to ring the bell,'
Common politeness makes me stop and do it."

Part Sixteenth.

*Each of the Four Numbers of
"100 Choice Selections" contained
in this volume is paged separately,
and the Index is made to corres-
pond therewith. See EXPLANATION on
first page of Contents.*

*The entire book contains nearly
1000 pages.*

100
CHOICE SELECTIONS.
No. 16.

CLEAR THE WAY.—CHARLES MACKAY.

Men of thought, be up and stirring night and day :
Sow the seed—withdraw the curtain—*clear the way !*
Men of action, aid and cheer them, as ye may !

There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow ;
There's a midnight blackness changing into gray.
Men of thought and men of action, **CLEAR THE WAY !**

Once the welcome light has broken, who shall say
What the unimagined glories of the day ?
What the evil that shall perish in its ray ?
Aid the dawning, tongue and pen ;
Aid it, hopes of honest men ;
Aid it, paper ; aid it, type ;
Aid it, for the hour is ripe,
And our earnest must not slacken into play.
Men of thought and men of action, **CLEAR THE WAY !**

Lo ! a cloud's about to vanish from the day ;
And a brazen wrong to crumble into clay.
Lo ! the right's about to conquer : *clear the way !*
With the right shall many more
Enter smiling at the door ;
With the giant wrong shall fall
Many others, great and small,
That for ages long have held us for their prey.
Men of thought and men of action, **CLEAR THE WAY !**

JANE CONQUEST.

About the time of Christmas
 (Not many months ago),
When the sky was black
With wrath and rack,
 And the earth was white with snow,
When loudly rang the tumult
Of winds and waves of strife,
 In her home by the sea,
 With her babe on her knee,
Sat Harry Conquest's wife.

And he was on the ocean,
 Although she knew not where,
 For never a lip
 Could tell of the ship,
 To lighten her heart's despair.
And her babe was fading and dying;
 The pulse in the tiny wrist
 Was all but still,
 And the brow was chill,
And pale as the white sea mist.

Jane Conquest's heart was hopeless;
 She could only weep and pray
 That the Shepherd mild
 Would take her child
Without a pain away.

The night was dark and darker,
 And the storm grew stronger still,
 And buried in deep
 And dreamless sleep
Lay the hamlet under the hill.

The fire was dead on the hearthstone
 Within Jane Conquest's room,
 And still sat she,
 With her babe on her knee,
 At prayer amid the gloom.
When, borne above the tempest,
A sound fell on her ear,
 Thrilling her through,
 For well she knew
 'Twas the voice of mortal fear.
And a light leaped in at the lattice,
 Sudden and swift and red;
 Crimsoning all,
 The whited wall,
And the floor, and the roof o'erhead.

For one brief moment, heedless
Of the babe upon her knee,
With the frenzied start
Of a frightened heart,
Upon her feet rose she.

And through the quaint old casement
She looks upon the sea;
Thank God that the sight
She saw that night
So rare a sight should be!

Hemmed in by many a billow
With mad and foaming lip,
A mile from shore,
Or hardly more,
She saw a gallant ship,
Aflame from deck to topmast,
Aflame from stem to stern;
For there seemed no speck
On all that wreck
Where the fierce fire did not burn:
Till the night was like a sunset,
And the sea like a sea of blood,
And the rocks and shore
Were bathed all o'er
And drenched with the gory flood.

She looked and looked, till the terror
Went creeping through every limb;
And her breath came quick,
And her heart grew sick,
And her sight grew dizzy and dim;
And her lips had lost their utterance
For she tried but could not speak;
And her feelings found
No channel of sound
In prayer, or sob, or shriek.

Once more that cry of anguish
Thrilled through the tempest's strife,
And it stirred again
In heart and brain
The active thinking life;
And the light of an inspiration
Leaped to her brightened eye,
And on lip and brow
Was written now
A purpose pure and high.

Swiftly she turns, and softly
She crosses the chamber floor,

And faltering not,
In his tiny cot
She laid the babe she bore.
And then with a holy impulse,
She sank to her knees, and made
A lowly prayer,
In the silence there,
And this was the prayer she prayed:

"O Christ, who didst bear the scourging,
And who now dost wear the crown,
I at thy feet,
O True and Sweet,
Would lay my burden down.
Thou bad'st me love and cherish
The babe Thou gavest me,
And I have kept
Thy word, nor stept
Aside from following Thee.

"And lo! my boy is dying!
And vain is all my care;
And my burden's weight
Is very great,
Yea, greater than I can bear!
O Lord, Thou know'st what peril
Doth threat these poor men's lives,
And I, a woman,
Most weak and human,
Do plead for their waiting wives.
Thou can'st not let them perish;
Up, Lord, in Thy strength, and save
From the scorching breath
Of this terrible death
On this cruel winter wave.
Take thou my babe and watch it,
No care is like to thine;
And let Thy power,
In this perilous hour,
Supply what lack is mine."

And so her prayer she ended,
And rising to her feet,
Gave one long look
At the cradle nook
Where the child's faint pulses beat;
And then with softest footsteps
Retrod the chamber floor,
And noiselessly groped
For the latch and oped
And crossed the cottage door.

And through the tempest bravely
Jane Conquest fought her way,
By snowy deep
And slippery steep
To where her duty lay.
And she journeyed onward, breathless,
And weary and sore and faint,
Yet forward pressed
With the strength, and the zest,
And the ardor of a saint.

Solemn, and weird, and lonely,
Amid its countless graves,
Stood the old, old gray church
On its tall rock perch,
Secure from the sea and its waves ;
And beneath its sacred shadow
Lay the hamlet safe and still ;
For however the sea
And the wind might be,
There was quiet under the hill.

Jane Conquest reached the churchyard,
And stood by the old church door,
But the oak was tough
And had bolts enough,
And her strength was frail and poor ;
So she crept through a narrow window,
And climbed the belfry stair,
And grasped the rope,
Sole cord of hope,
For the mariners in despair.

And the wild wind helped her bravely,
And she wrought with an earnest will,
And the clamorous bell
Spoke out right well
To the hamlet under the hill.
And it roused the slumbering fishers,
Nor its warning task gave o'er
Till a hundred fleet
And eager feet
Were hurrying to the shore.
And then it ceased its ringing,
For the woman's work was done,
And many a boat
That was now afloat
Showed man's work had begun.
But the ringer in the belfry
Lay motionless and cold,

With the cord of hope,
The church-bell rope,
Still in her frozen hold.

How long she lay it boots not,
But she woke from her swoon at last,
In her own bright room,
To find the gloom,
And the grief, and the peril past,
With the sense of joy within her,
And the Christ's sweet presence near;
And friends around,
And the cooing sound
Of her babe's voice in her ear.

And they told her all the story,
How a brave and gallant few
O'ercame each check,
And reached the wreck,
And saved the hopeless crew.
And how the curious sexton
Had climbed the belfry stair,
And of his fright
When, cold and white,
He found her lying there;
And how, when they had borne her
Back to her home again,
The child she left
With a heart bereft
Of hope, and weary with pain,
Was found within his cradle
In a quiet slumber laid;
With a peaceful smile
On its lips the while,
And the wasting sickness stayed.

And she said, "'Twas the Christ who watched it,
And brought it safely through;"
And she praised His truth
And His tender ruth
Who had saved her darling too.

VALLEY FORGE.—HENRY ARMITT BROWN.

Extract from an oration delivered upon the occasion of the first Centenary Anniversary of the Encampment at Valley Forge.

MY COUNTRYMEN:—The century that has gone by has changed the face of nature and wrought a revolution in the habits of mankind. We stand to-day at the dawn of an ex-

traordinary age. Freed from the chains of ancient thought and superstition, man has begun to win the most extraordinary victories in the domain of science. One by one he has dispelled the doubts of the ancient world. Nothing is too difficult for his hand to attempt—no region too remote—no place too sacred for his daring eye to penetrate. He has robbed the earth of her secrets and sought to solve the mysteries of the heavens! He has secured and chained to his service the elemental forces of nature—he has made the fire his steed—the winds his ministers—the seas his pathway—the lightning his messenger. He has descended into the bowels of the earth, and walked in safety on the bottom of the sea. He has raised his head above the clouds, and made the impalpable air his resting-place. He has tried to analyze the stars, count the constellations, and weigh the sun. He has advanced with such astounding speed that, breathless, we have reached a moment when it seems as if distance had been annihilated, time made as naught, the invisible seen, the inaudible heard, the unspeakable spoken, the intangible felt, the impossible accomplished. And already we knock at the door of a new century which promises to be infinitely brighter and more enlightened and happier than this. But in all this blaze of light which illuminates the present and casts its reflection into the distant recesses of the past, there is not a single ray that shoots into the future. Not one step have we taken toward the solution of the mystery of life. That remains to-day as dark and unfathomable as it was ten thousand years ago.

We know that we are more fortunate than our fathers. We believe that our children shall be happier than we. We know that this century is more enlightened than the last. We believe that the time to come will be better and more glorious than this. We think, we believe, we hope, but we do not know. Across that threshold we may not pass; behind that vail we may not penetrate. Into that country it may not be for us to go. It may be vouchsafed to us to behold it, wonderingly, from afar, but never to enter in. It matters not. The age in which we live is but a link in the endless and eternal chain. Our lives are like the sands upon the shore; our voices like the breath of this summer breeze

that stirs the leaf for a moment and is forgotten. Whence we have come and whither we shall go, not one of us can tell. And the last survivor of this mighty multitude shall stay but a little while.

But in the impenetrable To Be, the endless generations are advancing to take our places as we fall. For them as for us shall the earth roll on and the seasons come and go, the snowflakes fall, the flowers bloom, and the harvests be gathered in. For them as for us shall the sun, like the life of man, rise out of darkness in the morning and sink into darkness in the night. For them as for us shall the years march by in the sublime procession of the ages. And here, in this place of sacrifice, in this vale of humiliation, in this valley of the shadow of that Death, out of which the life of America arose, regenerate and free, let us believe with an abiding faith that, to them, Union will seem as dear and Liberty as sweet and Progress as glorious as they were to our fathers and are to you and me, and that the institutions which have made us happy, preserved by the virtue of our children, shall bless the remotest generations of the time to come. And unto Him who holds in the hollow of His hand the fate of nations, and yet marks the sparrow's fall, let us lift up our hearts this day, and into His eternal care commend ourselves, our children, and our country.

CHRISTMAS-NIGHT IN THE QUARTERS.*

IRWIN RUSSELL.

When merry Christmas-day is done,
 And Christmas-night is just begun;
 While clouds in slow procession drift
 To wish the moon-man "Christmas gift,"
 Yet linger overhead, to know
 What causes all the stir below;
 At Uncle Johnny Booker's ball
 The darkies hold high carnival.
 From all the country-side they throng,
 With laughter, shouts, and scraps of song—
 Their whole deportment plainly showing
 That to "the frolic" they are going.

*This humorous sketch makes a capital reading when given in full, or either of the sub-headings can be recited separately.

Some take the path with shoes in hand,
 To traverse muddy bottom-land ;
 Aristocrats their steeds bestride—
 Four on a mule, behold them ride!
 And ten great oxen draw apace
 The wagon from "de oder place,"
 With forty guests, whose conversation
 Betokens glad anticipation.
 Not so with him who drives: old Jim
 Is sagely solemn, hard and grim,
 And frolics have no joys for him.
 He seldom speaks, but to condemn—
 Or utter some wise apothegm—
 Or else, some crabbed thought pursuing,
 Talk to his team, as now he's doing:

Come up heah, Star! Yee-bawee!
 You alluz is a-laggin'—
 Mus' be you think I's dead,
 And dis de huss you's draggin'—
 You's mos' too lazy to draw yo' bref,
 Let 'lone drawin' de waggin.

Dis team—quit bel'rin, sah!
 De ladies don't submit 'at—
 Dis team—you ol' fool ox,
 You heah me tell you quit 'at?
 Dis team's des like de 'Nited States;
 Dat's what I's tryin' to git at!

De people rides behind
 De pollytishners haulin'—
 Sh'u'd be a well-bruk ox,
 To foller dat ar callin'—
 An' sometimes nuffin won't do dem steers,
 But what dey mus' be stallin'!

Woo bahgh! Buck-kannon! Yes, sah,
 Sometimes dey will be stickin';
 An' den, fus thing dey knows,
 Dey takes a rale good lickin'—
 De folks gits down: an' den watch out
 For hommerin' an' kickin'.

Dey blows upon dey hands,
 Den flings 'em wid de nails up,
 Jumps up an' cracks dey heels,
 An' pruzntly day sails up,
 An' makes dem oxen hump deyself,
 By twistin' all dey tails up!

YYYY

In this our age of printer's ink,
 'Tis books that show us how to think—
 The rule reversed, and set at naught,
 That held that books were born of thought;
 We form our minds by pedants' rules;
 And all we know, is from the schools;
 And when we work, or when we play, ,
 We do it in an ordered way—
 And Nature's self pronounce a ban on,
 Whene'er she dares transgress a canon.
 Untrammelled thus, the simple race is,
 That "works the craps" on cotton-places!
 Original in act and thought,
 Because unlearnéd and untaught,
 Observe them at their Christmas party.
 How unrestrained their mirth—how hearty!
 How many things they say and do,
 That never would occur to you!
 See Brudder Brown—whose saving grace
 Would sanctify a quarter-race—
 Out on the crowded floor advance,
 To "beg a blessin' on dis dance."

A BLESSING ON THE DANCE.

O Mahsr! let dis gath'rin' fin' a blessin' in yo' sight!
 Don't jedge us hard for what we does—you knows it's Chris-
 mus night;

An' all de balance ob de yeah, we does as right's we kin—
 Ef dancin's wrong—oh, Mahsr! let de time excuse de sin!

We labors in de vineya'd—workin' hard, an' workin' true—
 Now, shorely you won't notus, ef we eats a grape or two,
 An' takes a leetle holiday—a leetle restin'-spell—
 Bekase, nex' week, we'll start in fresh, an' labor twicet as well.

Remember, Mahsr—min' dis, now—de sinfulness ob sin
 Is pendin' 'pon de sperret what we goes an' does it in:
 An' in a righchis frame ob min' we's gwine to dance an' sing;
 A-feelin' like King David, when he cut de pigeon-wing.

It seems to me—indeed it do—I mebbe mout be wrong—
 That people raly *ought* to dance, when Chrismus comes along;
 Des dance bekase dey's happy—like de birds hops in de trees:
 De pine-top fiddle soundin' to de blowin' ob de breeze.

We has no ark to dance afore, like Isrul's prophet king;
 We has no harp to soun' de chords, to help us out to sing;
 But cordin' to de gif's we has we does de bes' we knows—
 An' folks don't 'spise de villet-flow'r bekase it aint de rose.

You bless us, please sah, eben ef we's doin' wrong to night;
 Kase den we'll need de blessin' more'n ef we's doin' right;
 An' let de blessin' stay wid us, untell we comes to die,
 An' goes to keep our Chrismus wid dem sheriffs in de sky!

Yes, tell dem preshis anjuls we's a-gwine to jine 'em soon:
 Our voices we's a-trainin' for to sing de glory tune;
 We's ready when you wants us, an' it aint no matter when—
 O Mahsr! call yo' chillen soon, an' take 'em home! Amen

The rev'rend man is scarcely through,
 When all the noise begins anew,
 And with such force assaults the ears,
 That through the din one hardly hears
 Old Fiddling Josey "sound his A"—
 Correct the pitch—begin to play—
 Stop, satisfied—then, with the bow,
 Rap out the signal dancers know:

Git yo' pardners, fust kwattilion!
 Stomp yo' feet, an' raise 'em high;
 Tune is: "Oh! dat water-million!
 Gwine to git to home bime-bye."
S'lute yo' pardners!—scrape perlately—
 Don't be bumpin' gin de res'—
Balance all!—now, step out rightly;
 Alluz dance yo' lebbel bes'.
Fo'wa'd foah!—whoop up, niggers!
Back ag'in!—don't be so slow—
Swing cornahs!—min' de figgers:
 When I hollers, den yo' go.
Top ladies cross ober!
 Hol' on, till I takes a dram—
Gemmen solo!—yes, I's sober—
 Kaint say how de fiddle am—
Hands around!—hol' up yo' faces,
 Don't be lookin' at yo' feet!
Swing yo' pardners to yo' places!
 Dat 's de way—dat 's hard to beat.
Sides fo'w'd!—when you's ready—
 Make a bow as low's you kin!
Swing acrost wid opp'site lady!
 Now we'll let you swap ag'in:
Ladies change!—shet up dat talkin':
 Do yo' talkin' arter while—
Right an' lef'!—don't want no walkin'—
 Make yo' steps, an' show yo' style!

And so the "set" proceeds—its length
 Determined by the dancers' strength;
 And all agreed to yield the palm
 For grace and skill, to "Georgy Sam,"
 Who stamps so hard, and leaps so high,
 "Des watch him!" is the wond'ring cry—
 "De nigger mus' be, for a fac',
 Own cousin to a jumpin'-jack!"
 On, on, the restless fiddle sounds—
 Still chorused by the curs and hounds—
 Dance after dance succeeding fast,
 Till "supper" is announced at last.
 That scene—but why attempt to show it?
 The most inventive modern poet,
 In fine new words whose hope and trust is,
 Could form no phrase to do it justice!
 When supper ends—that is not soon—
 The fiddle strikes the same old tune;
 The dancers pound the floor again,
 With all they have of might and main;
 Old gossips, *almost* turning pale,
 Attend Aunt Cassy's gruesome tale
 Of conjurors, and ghosts, and devils,
 That in the smoke-house hold their revels;
 Each drowsy baby droops its head,
 Yet scorns the very thought of bed:—
 So wears the night; and wears so fast,
 All wonder when they find it passed,
 And hear the signal sound, to go,
 From what few cocks are left to crow.
 Then, one and all, you hear them shout:
 "Hi! Booker! fotch de banjo out,
 An' gib us *one* song 'fore we goes—
 One ob de berry bes' you knows!"
 Responding to the welcome call,
 He takes the banjo from the wall,
 And tunes the strings with skill and care—
 Then strikes them with a master's air;
 And tells, in melody and rhyme,
 This legend of the olden time:

THE FIRST BANJO.

Gid 'way fiddle!—folks is tired o' hearin' you a-squawkin',
 Keep silence fur yo' betters—don't you heah de banjo talkin'?
 About de 'possum's tail, she's gwine to lecter—ladies, listen!—
 About de ha'r what isn't dar, an' why de ha'r is missin':

"Dar's gwine to be a oberflow," said Noah, lookin' solemn—
 For Noah tuk the "Herald," an' he read de ribber column—

An' so he sot his hands to work a-clarin' timber-patches,
An' 'lowed he's gwine to build a boat to beat de steameh
"Natchez."

Ol' Noah kep' a-nailin', an' a-chippin', an' a-sawin';
An' all de wicked neighbors kep' a-laughin' an' a-pshawin';
But Noah didn't min' 'em—knowin' whut wuz gwine to
happen:

An' forty days an' forty nights de rain it kep' a-drappin'.

Now, Noah had done cotched a lot ob ebry sort o' beas'es—
(Ob all de shows a-trabbelin', it beat 'em all to pieces!
He had a Morgan colt, an' sebral head o' Jarsey cattle—
An' druv 'em 'board de Ark as soon's he heered de thunder
rattle.

Den sech anoder fall ob rain!—it come so awful hebby,
De ribber riz-immejitly, an' busted troo de lebbee;
De people all wuz drowuded out—'cep' Noah an' de critters,
An' men he'd hired to work de boat—an' one to mix de
bitters.

De Ark she kep' a-sailin', an' a-sailin', an' a-sailin';
De lion got his dander up, an' like to bruk de palin'—
De sarpints hissed—de painters yelled—tell, what wid all de
fussin',
You c'u'dn't hardly heah de mate a-bossin' 'roun' an' cussin'.

Now, Ham, de only nigger whut wuz runnin' on de packet,
Got lonesome in de barber-shop, an' c'u'dn't stan' de racket;
An' so, for to amuse he-se'f, he steamed some wood an' bent it,
An' soon he had a banjo made—de fust dat wuz invented.

He wet de ledder, stretched it on; made bridge, an' screws,
an' apron;

An' fitted in a proper neck—'twuz berry long an' tap'rin';
He tuk some tin, an' twisted him a thimble for to ring it;
An' den de mighty question riz: how wuz he gwine to string it?

De 'possum had as fine a tail as dis dat I's a-singin';
De ha'rs so long, an' thick, an' strong,—des fit for banjo-
stringin';

Dat nigger shaved 'em off as short as wash-day-dinner graces;
An' sorted ob 'em by de size, frum little E's to basses.

He strung her, tuned her, struck a jig,—'twuz "Nebber min'
de wedder"—

She soun' like forty-lebben bands a-playin' all togedder;
Some went to pattin'; some to dancin'; Noah called de
figgers—

An' Ham he sot an' knocked de tune, de happiest ob niggers!

Now, sence dat time—it's mighty strange—dere's not de
slighes' showin'

Ob any ha'r at all upon de 'possum's tail a-growin';

An' curi's, too,—dat nigger's ways: his people nebber los'
'em—
For whar you finds de nigger—dar's de banjo an' de 'possum!

The night is spent; and as the day
Throws up the first faint flash of gray,
The guests pursue their homeward way;
And through the field beyond the gin,
Just as the stars are going in,
See Santa Claus departing—grieving—
His own dear Land of Cotton leaving.
His work is done—he fain would rest,
Where people know and love him best—
He pauses—listens—looks about—
But go he must: his pass is out;
So, coughing down the rising tears,
He climbs the fence and disappears.
And thus observes a colored youth—
(The common sentiment, in sooth):
“Oh! what a blessin' 'tw'u'd ha' been,
Ef Santy had been born a twin!
We'd hab two Chrismuses a yeah—
Or p'r'aps *one* brudder'd settle heah'!”

—*Scribner's Monthly*

GUALBERTO'S VICTORY.—ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

A mountain pass so narrow that a man
Riding that way to Florence, stooping, can
Touch with his hand the rocks on either side,
And pluck the flowers that in the crannies hide.
Here, on Good Friday, centuries ago,
Mounted and armed, John Gualbert met his foe;
Mounted and armed as well, but riding down
To the fair city from the woodland brown,
This way and that, swinging his jeweled whip,
A gay old love-song on his careless lip,
And on his charger's neck the reins loose thrown.

An accidental meeting; but the sun
Burned on their brows, as if it had been one
Of deep design, so deadly was the look
Of mutual hate their olive faces took;
As (knightly courtesy forgot in wrath,)
Neither would yield his enemy the path.
“Back!” cried Gualberto. “Never!” yelled his foe;
And on the instant, sword in hand, they throw

Them from their saddles, nothing loath,
 And fall to fighting, with a smothered oath.
 A pair of shapely, stalwart cavaliers,
 Well-matched in stature, weapons, weight, and years,
 Theirs was a long, fierce struggle on the grass,
 Thrusting and parrying up and down the pass;
 Swaying from left to right, in combat clenched,
 Till all the housings of their steeds were drenched
 With brutal gore: and ugly blood-drops oozed
 Upon the rocks, from head and hands contused.
 But at the close, when Gualbert stopped to rest,
 His heel was planted on his foeman's breast;
 And looking up, the fallen courtier sees,
 As in a dream, gray rocks and waving trees
 Before his glazing vision faintly float,
 While Gualbert's sabre glitters at his throat.

"Now die, base wretch!" the victor fiercely cries,
 His heart of hate outflashing from his eyes:
 "Never again, by the all-righteous Lord!
 Shalt thou with life, escape this trusty sword,—
 Revenge is sweet!" And upward glanced the steel.
 But ere it fell,—dear Lord! a silvery peal
 Of voices chanting in the town below,
 Grave, ghostly voices chanting far below,
 Rose, like a fountain's spray from spires of snow,
 And chimed and chimed to die in echoes slow.

In the sweet silence following the sound,
 Gualberto and the man upon the ground
 Glared at each other with bewildered eyes
 (The glare of hunted deer on leashed hound);
 And then the vanquished, struggling to arise,
 Made one last effort, while his face grew dark
 With pleading agony: "Gualberto! hark!
 The chant—the hour—thou know'st the olden fashion,—
 The monks below intone our Lord's dear Passion.
 Oh! by this cross!"—and here he caught the hilt
 Of Gualbert's sword,—“and by the Blood once spilt
 Upon it for us both long years ago,
 Forgive—forget—and spare a fallen foe!”

The face that bent above grew white and set
 (Christ or the demon?—in the balance hung):
 The lips were drawn,—the brow bedewed with sweat,—
 But on the grass the harmless sword was flung:
 And stooping down, the hero, generous, wrung
 The outstretched hand. Then, lest he lose control
 Of the but half-tamed passions of his soul,
 Fled up the pathway, tearing casque and coat
 To ease the tempest throbbing at his throat;

Fled up the crags, as if a fiend pursued,
And paused not till he reached a chapel rude.

There, in the cool dim stillness, on his knees,
Trembling, he flings himself, and, startled, sees
Set in the rock a crucifix antique,
From which the wounded Christ bends down to speak,
 *"Thou hast done well, Gualberto. For My sake
Thou didst forgive thine enemy; now take
My gracious pardon for thy times of sin,
And from this day a better life begin."*

White flashed the angels' wings above his head,
Rare, subtle perfumes through the place were shed;
And golden harps and sweetest voices poured
Their glorious hosannas to the Lord,
Who in that hour, and in that chapel quaint,
Changed by His power, by His dear love's constraint,
Gualbert the sinner into John the saint.

MARK TWAIN VISITS NIAGARA.—S. L. CLEMENS.

Niagara Falls is one of the finest structures in the known world. I have been visiting this favorite watering-place recently, for the first time, and was well pleased. A gentleman who was with me said it was customary to be disappointed in the Falls, but that subsequent visits were sure to set that all right. He said that the first time he went, the hack fares were so much higher than the Falls, that the Falls appeared insignificant. But that is all regulated now. The hackmen have been tamed, numbered, and placarded, and blackguarded, and brought into subjection to the law, and dosed with moral principle till they are as meek as missionaries. There are no more outrages and extortions. That sort of thing cured itself. It made the Falls unpopular by getting into the newspapers; and whenever a public evil achieves that sort of success for itself, its days are numbered. It became apparent that either the Falls had to be discontinued, or the hackmen had to subside. They could not dam the Falls, and so they did the hackmen. One can be comfortable and happy there now.

I drank up most of the American Fall before I learned that the waters were not considered medicinal. Why are

people left in ignorance that way? I might have gone on and ruined a fine property, merely for the want of a little trifling information. And yet the sources of information at Niagara Falls are not meagre. You are sometimes in doubt there about what you ought to do, but you are seldom in doubt about what you must *not* do. No, the signs keep you posted. If an infant can read, that infant is measurably safe at Niagara Falls. In your room at the hotel you will find your course marked out for you in the most convenient way, by means of placards on the wall like these:

"Pull the bell-rope gently, but don't jerk."

"Bolt your door."

"Don't scrape matches on the wall."

"Turn off your gas when you retire."

"Tie up your dog."

"If you place your boots outside the door, they will be blacked, but the house will not be responsible for their return." (This is a confusing and tanglesome proposition, because it moves you to deliberate long and painfully as to whether it will really be any object to you to have your boots blacked unless they are returned.)

"Give your key to the omnibus-driver, if you forget and carry it off with you."

Outside the hotel, wherever you wander, you are intelligently assisted by the signs. You cannot come to grief as long as you are in your right mind. But the difficulty is to *stay* in your right mind with so much instruction to keep track of. For instance:

"Keep off the grass."

"Don't climb the trees."

"Hands off the vegetables."

"Do not hitch your horses to the shrubbery."

"Visit the Cave of the Winds."

"Have your portrait taken in your carriage."

"Forty per cent. in gold levied on all peanuts or other Indian curiosities purchased in Canada."

"Photographs of the Falls taken here."

"Visitors will please notify the superintendent of any neglect on the part of employees to charge for commodities or services."

YYYY*

"Don't throw stones down; they may hit people below."

"The proprietors will not be responsible for parties who jump over the Falls."

To tell the plain truth, the multitude of signs annoyed me. It was because I noticed at last that they always happened to prohibit exactly the very thing I was just wanting to do. I desired to roll on the grass; the sign prohibited it. I wished to climb a tree; a sign prohibited it. I longed to smoke; the sign prohibited it. And I was just in the act of throwing a stone over to astonish and pulverize such parties as might be picnicing below, when a sign I have just mentioned forbade that. Even that satisfaction was denied me (and I a friendless orphan). There was no resource now but to seek consolation in the flowing bowl. I drew my flask from my pocket, but it was all in vain. A sign confronted me, which said:

"No drinking allowed on these premises."

On that spot I might have perished of thirst but for the saving words of an honored maxim that flitted through my memory at that critical moment, "All signs fail in a dry time." Common law takes precedence of the statutes. I was saved.

The noble Red Man has always been a darling of mine. I love to read about him in tales and legends and romances. I love to read of his inspired sagacity; and of his love of the wild, free life of mountain and forest; and his grand truthfulness; his hatred of treachery; and his general nobility of character; and his stately metaphorical manner of speech; and his chivalrous love for his dusky maiden; and the picturesque pomp of his dress and accoutrement,—especially the picturesque pomp of his dress and accoutrement. When I found the shops at Niagara Falls full of dainty Indian beadwork and stunning moccasins, and equally stunning toy figures representing human beings who carried their weapons in holes bored through their arms and bodies, and had feet shaped like a pie, I was filled with emotion. I knew that now, at last, I was going to come face to face with the noble red man. A lady clerk in the shop told me, indeed, that all her grand array of curiosities were made by the Indians, and that there were plenty about the Falls, and that they

were friendly, and it would not be dangerous to speak to them. And sure enough, as I approached the bridge leading over to Luna Island, I came upon a noble old son of the forest sitting under a tree, diligently at work on a bead reticule. He wore a slouch hat and brogans, and had a short black pipe in his mouth. Thus does the baneful contact with our effeminate civilization dilute the picturesque pomp which is so natural to the Indian when far removed from us in his native haunts. I addressed the relic as follows:

"Is the Wawhoo-Wang-wang of the Wack-a-Whack happy? Does the great Speckled Thunder sigh for the war-path, or is his heart contented with dreaming of his dusky maiden, the Pride of the Forest? Does the mighty sachem yearn to drink the blood of his enemies, or is he satisfied to make bead reticules for the papooses of the paleface? Speak, sublime relic of by-gone grandeur—venerable ruin, speak!"

The relic said:

"An' is it meself, Dinnis Hooligan, that ye'd be takin' for a bloody Injin, ye drawlin', lantern-jawed, spider-legged ruffian? By the piper that played before Moses, I'll eat ye!"

I went away.

I made one more attempt to fraternize with them, and only one. I came upon a camp of them gathered in the shade of a great tree, making wampum and moccasins, and addressed them in the language of friendship:

"Noble Red Men, Braves, Grand Sachems, War-chiefs, Squaws, and High-you-Muck-a-Mucks, the paleface from the land of the setting sun greets you! You, Beneficent Polecat—you, Devourer-of-Mountains—you, Roaring-Thundergust—you, Bully-Boy-with-a-Glass-Eye—the paleface from beyond the great waters greets you all! War and pestilence have thinned your ranks and destroyed your once proud nation. Poker, and seven-up, and a vain modern expense for soap unknown to your glorious ancestors, have depleted your purses. Appropriating, in your simplicity, the property of others has gotten you into trouble. Misrepresenting facts, in your sinless innocence, has damaged your reputation with the soulless usurper. Trading for forty-rod whiskey, to enable you to get drunk and happy and tomahawk your families, has played the everlasting mischief with the picturesque

pomp of your dress, and here you are, in the broad light of the nineteenth century, gotten up like the rag-tag and bob-tail of the purlieus of New York! For shame! Remember your ancestors! Recall their mighty deeds! Remember Uncas!—and Red Jacket!—and Hole-in-the-day!—and Horace Greeley! Emulate their achievements! Unfurl yourselves under my banner, noble savages, illustrious gutter-snipes—”

“Down wid him!”

“Scoop the blagyard!”

“Hang him!”

“Dhrownd him!”

It was the quickest operation that ever was. I simply saw a sudden flash in the air of clubs, brickbats, fists, bead-baskets and moccasins—a single flash, and they all appeared to hit me at once, and no two of them in the same place. In the next instant the entire tribe was upon me. They tore all the clothes off me, they broke my arms and legs, they gave me a thump that dented the top of my head till it would hold coffee like a saucer; and to crown their disgraceful proceedings and add insult to injury they threw me over the Horse-shoe Fall, and I got wet.

About ninety-nine or a hundred feet from the top, the remains of my vest caught on a projecting rock, and I was almost drowned before I could get loose. I finally fell, and brought up in a world of white foam at the foot of the Fall, whose celled and bubbly masses towered up several inches above my head. Of course I got into the eddy. I sailed round and round in it forty-four times—chasing a chip, and gaining on it—each round trip a half a mile—reaching for the same bush on the bank forty-four times, and just exactly missing it by a hair's breadth every time. At last a man walked down and sat down close to that bush, and put a pipe in his mouth and lit a match, and followed me with one eye and kept the other on the match while he sheltered it in his hands from the wind. Presently a puff of wind blew it out. The next time I swept round him he said:

“Got a match?”

“Yes—in my other vest. Help me out, please!”

“Not for Joe.”

When I came round again, I said :

"Excuse the seemingly impertinent curiosity of a drowning man, but will you explain this singular conduct of yours?"

"With pleasure. I am the coroner. Don't hurry on my account. I can wait for you. But I wish I had a match."

I said, "Take my place, and I'll go and get you one."

He declined. This lack of confidence on his part created a coolness between us, and from that time forward I avoided him. It was my idea, in case anything happened to me, to so time the occurrence as to throw my custom into the hands of the opposition coroner over on the American side. At last a policeman came along and arrested me for disturbing the peace by yelling at people on shore for help. The judge fined me, but I had the advantage of him. My money was with my pantaloons, and my pantaloons were with the Indians.

Thus I escaped. I am now lying in a very critical condition. At least I am lying, any way—critical or not critical.

I am hurt all over, but I cannot tell the full extent yet, because the doctor is not done taking the inventory. He will make out my manifest this evening. However, thus far, he thinks only six of my wounds are fatal. I don't mind the others.

I shall not be able to finish my remarks about Niagara Falls until I get better.

THE TOAST.—MARY KYLE DALLAS.

Pop ! went the gay cork flying,
Sparkled the gay champagne ;
By the light of a day that was dying
He filled up their goblets again.
"Let the last, best toast be 'Woman—
Woman, dear woman !'" said he :
"Empty your glass, my darling,
When you drink to your sex with me."

But she caught his strong brown fingers,
And held him tight as in fear,
And through the gathering twilight
Her voice fell on his ear :

"Nay, ere you drink, I implore you,
 By all that you hold divine,
Pledge a woman in tear-drops
Rather by far than in wine !

"By the woes of the drunkard's mother,
 By his children who beg for bread,
 By the fate of her whose beloved one
 Looks on the wine when 'tis red,
 By the kisses changed to curses,
 By the tears more bitter than brine,
 By many a fond heart broken—
 Pledge no woman in wine.

"What has wine brought to woman?
 Nothing but tears and pain.
 It has torn from her heart her love,
 And proven her prayers in vain;
 And her household goods, all scattered,
 Lie tangled up in vine.
 Oh ! I prithee, pledge no woman
 In the curse of so many—wine !"

THE DUKITE SNAKE.—J. BOYLE O'REILLY.

AN AUSTRALIAN BUSHMAN'S STORY.

Well, mate, you've asked me about a fellow
 You met to-day, in a black-and-yellow
 Chain-gang suit, with a peddler's pack,
 Or with some such burden, strapped to his back.
 Did you meet him square? No, passed you by?
 Well, if you had, and had looked in his eye,
 You'd have felt for your irons then and there;
 For the light in his eye is a madman's glare.
 Ay, mad, poor fellow! I know him well,
 And if you're not tired just yet, I'll tell
 His story,—a strange one as you ever heard
 Or read; but I'll vouch for it, every word.

That man who goes
 Through the bush with the pack and the convict's clothes
 Has been mad for years; but he does no harm,
 And our lonely settlers feel no alarm
 When they see or meet him. Poor Dave Sloane
 Was a settler once, and a friend of my own.
 Some eight years back, in the spring of the year,
 Dave came from Scotland, and settled here.
 A splendid young fellow he was just then,
 And one of the bravest and truest men

That I ever met: he was kind as a woman
To all who needed a friend, and no man—
Not even a convict—met with his scorn,
For David Sloane was a gentleman born.
Ay, friend, a gentleman, though it sounds queer:
There's plenty of blue blood flowing out here.
Well, Sloane came here with an axe and a gun;
He bought four miles of a sandal-wood run.
This bush at that time was a lonesome place,
So lonesome the sight of a white man's face
Was a blessing, unless it came at night,
And peered in your hut, with the cunning fright
Of a runaway convict; and even they
Were welcome, for talk's sake, while they could stay.

Dave lived with me here for a while, and learned
The tricks of the bush,—how the snare was laid
In the wallaby track, how traps were made,
How 'possums and kangaroo rats were killed;
And when that was learned, I helped him to build
From mahogany slabs a good bush hut,
And showed him how sandal-wood logs were cut.
I lived up there with him, days and days,
For I loved the lad for his honest ways.
I had only one fault to find: at first
Dave worked too hard; for a lad who was nursed,
As he was, in idleness, it was strange
How he cleared that sandal-wood off his range.
From the morning light till the light expired
He was always working, he never tired;
Till at length I began to think his will
Was too much settled on wealth, and still
When I looked at the lad's brown face, and eye
Clear, open, my heart gave such thought the lie.
But one day—for he read my mind—he laid
His hand on my shoulder: "Don't be afraid,"
Said he, "that I'm seeking alone for pelf.
I work hard, friend: but 'tis not for myself."
And he told me, then, in his quiet tone,
Of a girl in Scotland, who was his own,—
His wife,—'t was for her: 't was all he could say,
And his clear eye brimmed as he turned away.
After that he told me the simple tale:
They had married for love, and she was to sail
For Australia when he wrote home and told
The oft-watched-for story of finding gold.

In a year he wrote, and his news was good:
He had bought some cattle and sold his wood.
He said, "Darling, I've only a hut,—but come."
Friend, a husband's heart is a true wife's home;

And he knew she'd come. Then he turned his hand
To make neat the house, and prepare the land
For his crops and vines; and he made that place
Put on such a smiling and homelike face,
That when she came, and he showed her round
His sandal-wood and his crops in the ground,
And spoke of the future, they cried for joy,
The husband's arm clasping his wife and boy.

Well, friend, if a little of heaven's best bliss
Ever comes from the upper world to this,
It came into that manly bushman's life,
And circled him round with the arms of his wife.
God bless that bright memory! Even to me,
A rough, lonely man, did she seem to be,
While living, an angel of God's pure love,
And now I could pray to her face above.
And David he loved her as only a man
With a heart as large as was his heart can.
I wondered how they could have lived apart,
For he was her idol, and she his heart.

Friend, there isn't much more of the tale to tell:
I was talking of angels a while since. Well,
Now I'll change to a devil,—ay, to a devil!
You needn't start: if a spirit of evil
Ever came to this world its hate to slake
On mankind, it came as a dukite snake.
Like? Like the pictures you've seen of sin,
A long red snake,—as if what was within
Was fire that gleamed through his glistening skin.
And his eyes!—if you could go down to hell
And come back to your fellows here and tell
What the fire was like, you could find no thing,
Here below on the earth, or up in the sky,
To compare it to but a dukite's eye!
Now, mark you, these dukites don't go alone:
There's another near when you see but one;
And beware you of killing that one you see
Without finding the other; for you may be
More than twenty miles from the spot that night,
When camped, but you're tracked by the lone dukite,
That will follow your trail like death or fate,
And kill you as sure as you killed its mate!

Well, poor Dave Sloane had his young wife here
Three months,—'twas just this time of the year.
He had teamed some sandal-wood to the Vasse,
And was homeward bound, when he saw in the grass
A long red snake: he had never been told
Of the dukite's ways,—he jumped to the road,
And smashed its flat head with the bullock-goad!

He was proud of the red skin, so he tied
Its tail to the cart, and the snake's blood dyed
The bush on the path he followed that night.
He was early home, and the dead dukite
Was flung at the door to be skinned next day.
At sunrise next morning he started away
To hunt up his cattle. A three hours' ride
Brought him back: he gazed on his home with pride
And joy in his heart; he jumped from his horse
And entered—to look on his young wife's corse,
And his dead child clutching its mother's clothes
As in fright; and there, as he gazed, arose
From her breast, where 'twas resting, the gleaming head
Of the terrible dukite, as if it said,
"I've had vengeance, my foe: you took all I had."
And so had the snake—David Sloane was mad!

I rode to his hut just by chance that night,
And there on the threshold the clear moonlight
Showed the two snakes dead. I pushed in the door
With an awful feeling of coming woe:
The dead were stretched on the moonlit floor,
The man held the hand of his wife,—his pride,
His poor life's treasure,—and crouched by her side.
O God! I sank with the weight of the blow.
I touched and called him: he heeded me not,
So I dug her grave in a quiet spot,
And lifted them both,—her boy on her breast,—
And laid them down in the shade to rest.
Then I tried to take my poor friend away,
But he cried so wofully, "Let me stay
'Till she comes again!" that I had no heart
To try to persuade him then to part
From all that was left to him here,—her grave;
So I stayed by his side that night, and save
One heart-cutting cry, he uttered no sound,—
O God! that wail—like the wail of a hound!
'Tis six long years since I heard that cry,
But 'twill ring in my ears till the day I die.
Since that fearful night no one has heard
Poor David Sloane utter sound or word.
You have seen to-day how he always goes:
He's been given that suit of convict's clothes
By some prison officer. On his back
You noticed a load like a peddler's pack?
Well, that's what he lives for: when reason went,
Still memory lived, for his days are spent
In searching for dukites; and year by year
That bundle of skins is growing. 'Tis clear
That the Lord out of evil some good still takes;
For he's clearing this bush of the dukite snakes.

CAUGHT IN THE MAELSTROM.—CHARLES A. WILKY.

In the Arctic ocean near the coast of Norway is situated the famous Maelstrom or whirlpool. Many are the goodly ships that have been caught in its circling power, and plunged into the depths below. On a fine spring morning, near the shore opposite, are gathered a company of peasants. The winter and the long night have passed away; and, in accordance with their ancient custom, they are holding a greeting to the return of the sunlight, and the verdure of spring. Under a green shade are spread, in abundance, all the luxuries their pleasant homes could afford. In the grove at one side are heard the strains of music, and the light step of the dance.

At the shore lies a beautiful boat, and a party near are preparing for a ride. Soon all things are in readiness, and, amid the cheers of their companions on shore, they push gayly away. The day is beautiful, and they row on, and on. Weary, at length, they drop their oars to rest; but they perceive their boat to be still moving. Somewhat surprised,—soon it occurs to them that they are under the influence of the whirlpool.

Moving slowly and without an effort—presently faster, at length the boat glides along with a movement far more delightful than with oars. Their friends from the shore perceive the boat moving, and see no working of the oars; it flashes upon *their* minds that they are evidently within the circles of the maelstrom. When the boat comes near they call to them, “Beware of the whirlpool!” But they laugh at fear,—they are too happy to think of returning: “When we see there is danger then we will return.” Oh, that some good angel would come with warning unto them, “Unless ye *now* turn back ye *cannot* be saved.” Like as the voice of God comes to the soul of the impenitent, “Unless ye mend your ways ye cannot be saved.”

The boat is now going at a fearful rate; but, deceived by the moving waters, they are unconscious of its rapidity. They hear the hollow rumbling at the whirlpool's centre. The voices from the shore are no longer audible, but every effort

is being used to warn them of their danger. They now, for the first time, become conscious of their situation, and head the boat towards shore. But, like a leaf in the autumn gale, she quivers under the power of the whirlpool. Fear drives them to frenzy! Two of the strongest seize the oars, and ply them with all their strength, and the boat moves towards the shore. With *joy* they cherish hope! and some, for the first time in all their lives, *now give thanks* to God,—that they are *saved*. But suddenly, CRASH, goes an oar! and such a shriek goes up from that ill-fated band, as can only be heard when a spirit lost drops into perdition!

The boat whirls again into its death-marked channel and skips on with the speed of the wind. The roar at the centre grinds on their ears, like the grating of prison doors on the ears of the doomed. Clearer, and more deafening is that dreadful roar, as nearer and still nearer the vessel approaches the centre; then whirling for a moment on that awful brink, she plunges with her freight of human souls into that dreadful yawning hollow, where their bodies shall lie in their watery graves till the sea gives up its dead!

And so, every year, aye, every month, thousands, passing along in the boat of life, enter almost unaware the fatal circles of the wine-cup. And, notwithstanding the earnest voices of anxious friends, "Beware of the gutter! of the grave! of hell!" they continue their course until the "force of habit" overpowers them; and, cursing and shrieking, they whirl for a time on the crater of the maelstrom, and are plunged below.

THE TWO STAMMERERS.

In a small, quiet country town
Lived Bob—a blunt but honest clown—
Who, spite of all the school could teach,
From habit, stammered in his speech;
And second nature, soon, we're sure,
Confirmed the case beyond a cure.
Ask him to say, "Hot rolls and butter,"
A hag-a-gag, and splitter-splutter
Stopped every word he strove to utter.

It happened, once upon a time—
 I word it thus to suit my rhyme,
 For all the country neighbors know
 It can't be twenty years ago—
 Our sturdy ploughman, apt to strike,
 Was busy delving at his dyke ;
 Which, let me not forget to say,
 Stood close behind a public way :
 And, as he leaned upon his spade
 A youth, a stranger in that place,
 Stood right before him, face to face.
 "P-p-p-pray," says he,
 "How f-f-f-f-far may't be
 To-o,"—the words would not come out,
 "To-o Borough-Bridge, or thereabout?"

Our clown took huff; thrice hemmed upon't,
 Then smelt a kind of an affront.
 Thought he—"This bluff, foolhardy fellow,
 A little cracked, perhaps, or mellow,
 Knowing my tongue an inch too short,
 Is come to fleer and make his sport :
 Wauns ! if I thought he meant to quarrel,
 I'd hoop this roynish rascal's barrel !
 If me he means, or dares deride,
 By all that's good, I'll tan his hide !
 I'll dress his vile calf's skin in buff,
 And thrash it tender where 'tis tough !"
 Thus, full resolved, he stood aloof
 And waited mute for farther proof.
 While t' other, in a kind of pain,
 Applied him to his tongue again—
 "Speak, friend ; c-c-c-c-can you, pray,
 Sh-sh-sh-show me—on my way ?
 Nay, sp-e-eak !—I'll smoke thy bacon !
 You have a t-ongue, or I'm mistaken."

"Yes—that, th-that I-I-I have ;
 But not for y-y-you—you knave !"
 "What !" cried the stranger, "wh-wh-what !
 D'ye mock me ? T-t-take you that !"
 "Hugh ! you mock—me !" quoth Hob, amain
 "So t-t-take you—that again !"
 Then to't they fell, in curious plight,
 While each one thought himself i' th' right ;
 And if you dare believe my song,
 They likewise thought each other wrong.
 The battle o'er and somewhat cool,
 Each half suspects himself a fool,
 For, when to choler folks incline 'em,
 Your *argumentum baculinum*

Administered in dose terrific,
 Was ever held a grand specific.
 Each word the combatants now uttered,
 Conviction brought, that both dolts stuttered ;
 And each assumed a look as stupid,
 As, after combat, looks Dan Cupid :
 Each scratched his silly head, and thought
 He'd argue ere again he fought.

Hence I this moral shall deduce—
 Would anger deign to sign a truce
 Till reason could discover truly,
 Why this mad madam were unruly,
 So well she would explain their words,
 Men little use could find for swords.

ASLEEP AT THE SWITCH.—GEORGE HOEY.

The first thing that I remember was Carlo tugging away
 With the sleeve of my coat fast in his teeth, pulling, as much
 as to say :
 "Come, master, awake, attend to the switch, lives now de-
 pend upon you,
 Think of the souls in the coming train, and the graves you
 are sending them to.
 Think of the mother and the babe at her breast, think of
 the father and son,
 Think of the lover and loved one too, think of them doomed
 every one
 To fall (as it were by your very hand) into yon fathomless
 ditch,
 Murdered by one who should guard them from harm, who
 now lies asleep at the switch."

I sprang up amazed—scarce knew where I stood, sleep had
 o'ermastered me so ;
 I could hear the wind hollowly howling, and the deep river
 dashing below,
 I could hear the forest leaves rustling, as the trees by the
 tempest were fanned,
 But what was that noise in the distance? That, I could not
 understand.
 I heard it at first indistinctly, like the rolling of some muf-
 fled drum,
 Then nearer and nearer it came to me, till it made my very
 ears hum ;
 What is this light that surrounds me and seems to set fire to
 my brain ?
 What whistle's that, yelling so shrill? Ah! I know now ;
 it's the train.

We often stand facing some danger, and seem to take root
to the place;
So I stood—with this demon before me, its heated breath
scorching my face;
Its headlight made day of the darkness, and glared like the
eyes of some witch,—
The train was almost upon me before I remembered the
switch.
I sprang to it, seizing it wildly, the train dashing fast down
the track;
The switch resisted my efforts, some devil seemed holding
it back;
On, on came the fiery-eyed monster, and shot by my face like
a flash;
I swooned to the earth the next moment, and knew nothing
after the crash.
How long I lay there unconscious 'twas impossible for me to
tell;
My stupor was almost a heaven, my waking almost a hell,—
For I then heard the piteous moaning and shrieking of hus-
bands and wives,
And I thought of the day we all shrink from, when I must
account for their lives;
Mothers rushed by me like maniacs, their eyes glaring madly
and wild;
Fathers, losing their courage, gave way to their grief like a
child;
Children searching for parents, I noticed, as by me they sped.
And lips, that could form naught but "Mamma," were calling
for one perhaps dead.
My mind was made up in a moment, the river should hide
me away,
When, under the still burning rafters I suddenly noticed
there lay
A little white hand: she who owned it was doubtless an
object of love
To one whom her loss would drive frantic, tho' she guarded
him now from above;
I tenderly lifted the rafters and quietly laid them one side;
How little she thought of her journey when she left for this
dark fatal ride!
I lifted the last log from off her, and while searching for
some spark of life,
Turned her little face up in the starlight, and recognized—
Maggie, my wife!
O Lord! thy scourge is a hard one, at a blow thou hast shat-
tered my pride;
My life will be one endless nightmare, with Maggie away
from my side.

How often I'd sat down and pictured the scenes in our long,
happy life ;
How I'd strive through all my life time, to build up a home
for my wife ;
How people would envy us always in our cozy and neat
little nest ;
How I should do all of the labor, and Maggie should all the
day rest ;
How one of God's blessings might cheer us, how some day
I p'raps should be rich ;—
But all of my dreams have been shattered, while I laid there
asleep at the switch !

I fancied I stood on my trial, the jury and judge I could see ;
And every eye in the court room was steadily fixed upon me ;
And fingers were pointed in scorn, till I felt my face blush-
ing blood-red,
And the next thing I heard were the words, " Hanged by the
neck until dead."
Then I felt myself pulled once again, and my hand caught
tight hold of a dress,
And I heard, " What's the matter, dear Jim ? You've had a
bad nightmare, I guess !"
And there stood Maggie, my wife, with never a scar from the
ditch.
I'd been taking a nap in my bed, and had not been "Asleep
at the switch."

BEFORE SEDAN.—AUSTIN DOBSON.

Here, in this leafy place,
Quiet he lies,
Cold, with his sightless face
Turned to the skies ;
'Tis but another dead ;
All you can say is said.

Carry his body hence,—
Kings must have slaves ;
Kings climb to eminence
Over men's graves :
So this man's eye is dim ;—
Throw the earth over him.

What was the white you touched,
There, at his side ?
Paper his hand had clutched
Tight e'er he died ;—

Message or wish, may be ;—
Smooth the folds out and see.

Hardly the worst of us
Here could have smiled !—
Only the tremulous
Words of a child ;—
Prattle, that has for stops
Just a few ruddy drops.

Look. She is sad to miss,
Morning and night,
His—her dead father's—kiss ;
Tries to be bright,
Good to mamma, and sweet.
That is all. "Marguerite."

Ah, if beside the dead
Slumbered the pain !
Ah, if the hearts that bled
Slept with the slain !
If the grief died ;—But no ;—
Death will not have it so.

THE GAME KNUT PLAYED.—THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

A page who seemed of low degree,
And bore the name of Knut, was he ;
The high-born Princess Hilga she.

And that the youth had served her long,
Being quick at errands, skilled in song,
To jest with him she thought no wrong.

And so it chanced one summer day,
At chess, to while the time away,
The page and princess sat at play.

At length she said, "To play for naught
Is only sport to labor brought,
So let a wager guerdon thought."

He answered, "Lady, naught have I
Whose worth might tempt a princess high
Her uttermost of skill to try."

"And yet this ruby ring," she said,
"I'll risk against the bonnet red
With snow-white plume that crowns thy head.

"And should I win, do not forget,
Or should I lose, whichever yet,
I'll take my due, or pay my debt."

And so they played, as sank the sun ;
But when the game they played was done
The page's cap the princess won.

"My diamond necklace," then she cried,
"I'll match against thy greatest pride,
The brand held pendent at thy side."

"Not so," he said—"that tempered glaive,
Borne oft by noble hands and brave,
To me my dying father gave.

"Fit only for a true man's touch,
I hold it dear and prize it much—
No diamond necklace mates with such.

"But, though my father's ghost be wroth,
I'll risk the weapon, nothing loth,
Against thy love and virgin troth."

Reddened her cheeks at this in ire,
This daughter of a royal sire,
And flashed those eyes of hers like fire.

"Thy words, bold youth, shall work thee ill:
Thou canst not win against my skill,
But I can punish at my will.

"Begin the game ; that hilt so fine
Shall nevermore kiss hand of thine,
Nor thou again be page of mine !"

Answered the page : "Do not forget,
Or win or lose, whichever yet,
I'll take my due, or pay my debt.

"And let this truth the end record :
I risk to-day my father's sword
To be no more thy page, but lord."

Down sat the pair to play once more,
Hope in his bosom brimming o'er,
And hers with pride and anger sore.

From square to square the bishops crept,
The agile knights eccentric leapt,
The castles onward stately swept.

Pawns fell in combat one by one ;
Knights, rooks and bishops could not shun
Their fate before that game was done.

Well fought the battle was, I ween,
Until two castles and a queen
Guarding the kings alone were seen.

"Check !" cried the princess, all elate ;
"Check !" cried the page, and sealed the fate
Of her beleaguered king with "mate !"

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The princess smiled, and said : " I lose,
Nor can I well to pay refuse—
From my possessions pick and choose.

"Or diamonds bright, or chests of gold,
Or strings of pearls of worth untold,
These may be thine to have and hold :

"Or costly robes to feed thy pride,
Or coursers such as monarchs ride,
Or castles tall, or manors wide—

"Any or all of such be thine ;
But, save he spring from royal line,
No husband ever can be mine."

"Nor jewels rich, nor lands in fee,
Steeds, robes, nor castles pleasure me ;
Thy love and troth be mine," said he.

"Nor shalt thou lack of state and pride
When seated crowned thy lord beside,
As Knut, the King of Denmark's bride !"

Ring marriage-bells from sun to sun,
And tell the gossips, as they run,
How Sweden's princess has been won.

BURDOCK'S GOAT.

Last Monday afternoon the eleven Boblink boys surrounded and caught an enormous, shaggy, strong-smelling goat of the masculine gender, turned him loose in Burdock's garden, nailed up the gate, and then went home and flattened their eleven little noses against the back windows to watch for coming events.

Before his goatship had spent three minutes in the garden, he had managed to make himself perfectly at home, pulled down the clothes-line, and devoured two lace collars, a pair of undersleeves, and a striped stocking, belonging to Mrs. Burdock, and was busily engaged sampling one of Burdock's shirts, when the servant girl came rushing out with a basket of clothes to hang up.

"The saints preserve us !" she exclaimed, coming to a dead halt, and gazing open-mouthed at the goat, who was calmly munching away at the shirt.

"Shew, shew, shew, there!" screamed the girl, setting down the basket, taking her skirts in both hands, and shaking them violently towards the intruder.

Then the goat who evidently considered her movements in the light of a challenge, suddenly dropped his wicked old head, and darted at her with the force of an Erie locomotive; and just one minute later by the city-hall clock that girl had tumbled a back somersault over the clothes-basket, and was crawling away on her hands and knees in search of a place to die, accompanied by the goat, who was butting her unmercifully every third second.

It is likely that he would have kept on butting her for the next two weeks, if Mrs. Burdock, who had been a witness of the unfortunate affair, had not armed herself with the family poker, and hurried to the rescue.

"Merciful goodness, Anne! do get up on your feet!" she exclaimed, aiming a blow at the beast's head, and missing it by a few of the shortest kind of inches. It was not repeated, owing to the goat suddenly rising up on his hind-feet, waltzing toward her, and striking her in the small of the back, hard enough to loosen her finger-nails, and destroy her faith in the blessed immortality.

When Mrs. Burdock returned to her consciousness, she crawled out from behind the grindstone where she had been tossed, and made for the house; stopping only once, when the goat came after, and butted her, head first, into the grape-arbor.

Once inside the house, the door was locked, and the unfortunates sought the solitude of their own rooms, and such comfort as they could extract from rubbing and growling; while the goat wandered around the garden like Satan in the Book of Job, seeking what he might devour; and the eleven little Boblink boys fairly hugged themselves with pleasure over the performance.

By the time Burdock returned home that evening, and learned all the particulars from his arnica-soaked wife, the goat had eaten nearly all the week's washing, half the grape-vine, and one side out of the clothes-basket.

"Why in thunder didn't you put him out, and not leave him there to destroy every thing?" he demanded angrily.

"Because he wouldn't go, and I was not going to stay there to be killed; that's why," answered his wife excitedly.

"Wouldn't fiddlesticks!" he exclaimed, making for the garden, followed by the entire family.

"Get out of here, you thief!" he exclaimed as he came into the garden, and caught sight of the shaggy and highly-perfumed visitor.

The goat bit off another mouthful of the basket, and regarded him with a mischievous twinkle of his eye.

"You won't go, hey?" exclaimed Burdock, trying to kick a hole in the enemy's ribs. "I'll show you wheth—"

The sentence was left unfinished, as the goat just then dropped his head on Burdock's shirt-bosom; and before he could recover his equilibrium, he had been butted seven times in seven fresh spots, and was down on his knees, and crawling around in a very undignified manner, to the horror of the family, and the infinite glee of the eleven young Boblinks next door.

"Look out he don't hurt you!" screamed Mrs. Burdock as the goat sent him flying into a sand-pile.

When Burdock had got his bald head out of the sand, he was mud all over his clothes, and tried to catch the brute by the horns, but desisted after he had lost two front teeth, and been rolled in the mud.

"Don't make a living show of yourself before the neighbors!" advised his wife.

"Come in, pa, and let him be!" begged his daughter.

"Golly, dad, look out! he is comin' agin!" shouted his son enthusiastically.

Mr. Burdock waxed profane, and swore three-story oaths in such rapid succession that his family held their breaths; and a pious old lady, who lived in a house in the rear, shut up her windows, and sent out the cook for a policeman or a missionary.

"Run for it, dad!" advised his son a moment later, when the goat's attention seemed to be turned away.

Burdock sprang to his feet, and followed his offspring's suggestion. He was legging it in superb style, and the chances of his reaching the house seemed excellent, when the fragrant brute suddenly clapped on more steam, gained

rapidly, and darting between his legs, capsized him into the ash-box.

His family dragged him inside, another candidate for rubbing with arnica and a blessed haven of rest.

The back of the house has been hermetically sealed; and Burdock now proposes extending an invitation to the militia regiments of Boston to come down and practice marksmanship off the roof; promising to furnish a live goat for a target, and a silver napkin-ring as the first prize.

SENTENCE OF DEATH ON THE HIGH SEAS.

ARTHUR MATTHISON.

Aboard o' the good ship Margaret Ann,
Nigh twenty-five year ago,
I sailed from here to fair Cadiz town,
While the wintry winds did blow.

A stiffer gale never swept the sea
Than we had the fourth week out—
An' pretty well pickled I've been in brine,
An' pretty well blowed about—

But this wind, my hearties, blowed great guns,
Tore the mainmast off the deck;
'Twas a mercy, mates, as the stout old ship
Warn't sent to the bottom a wreck!

Hows'ever, we swum, but hard times we had
Afore that we reached the port;
For we'd been at sea three weeks too long,
An' provisions was running short.

But once on the shore, and safe from harm
In the sunny land of Spain,
Little we cared for the dangers past—
We was ready to brave 'em again!

But there, I'm a-veerin' away from my yarn—
'Bout ship—don't lose the right tack—
For 'twasn't in Spain as it happ'd, my lads,
But when we was coming back.

Sailed with us a lass from old Cadiz town,
In charge o' the second mate;
And in less than a week the mate and the lass
Was lovers, as sure as fate.

And back to back, limb fast to limb,
Was the dead and the living tied;
And never a man aboard o' the ship
For mercy upon him cried.

His wild death-shriek; I can hear it now—
Can yet see his look of woe,
As over the vessel's side they cast
The victim and his foe.

A heavy splash—a body swift
Darts forward through the sea!
A rending cry—from death like that
The Lord deliver me!

BABY.—GEORGE MACDONALD.

Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get those eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?
I saw something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get this pearly ear?
God spoke and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into bonds and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherubs' wings.

How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought about you, and so I am here.

A STRONG TEMPTATION.

A young man, or rather a boy, for he was not seventeen years of age, was a clerk in one of the great mercantile houses in New York. An orphan and poor, he must rise, if he rose at all, by his own exertions. His handsome, honest face, and free, cordial manner won for him the friendship of all his fellow-laborers, and many were the invitations he received to join them in the club-room, in the theatre, and even in the bar-room. But Alfred Harris had the pure teachings of a Christian mother to withhold him from rushing headlong into dissipation and vice, and all the persuasions of his comrades could not induce him to join them in scenes like this. He feared the consequences.

One evening one of his fellow clerks, George Warren, the most high-toned and moral among them, invited Alfred to go home with him to supper and make the acquaintance of his family. The boy gladly assented, for he spent many lonely evenings, with only his books and his thoughts for company.

He found his friend's family very social and entertaining. Mrs. Warren, the mother, was a pleasant, winning, I might almost say fascinating, woman; one of the kind whose every little speech seems of consequence, and whose every act praiseworthy. Mr. Warren was a cheery, social gentleman, fond of telling stories and amusing young people. And George's sister, Jessie, a girl about Alfred's own age, gave an additional charm to this happy family.

After supper, wine was brought in. Mrs. Warren poured it out herself, and with a winning smile passed a glass of the sparkling liquid to the guest. Alfred took it with some hesitation, but did not raise it to his lips. Each of the family held a glass, waiting to pledge their visitor. But Alfred feared to drink. He set the goblet on the table, while a burning blush overspread his face.

"What! do not drink wine?" asked Mrs. Warren, in her pleasant tones.

"I have been taught not to drink it," said Alfred.

"You have had good teaching, I doubt not," said the lady,

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"and I honor you for respecting it; but I think it makes a difference where and in what company you take it. I should not be willing for George to go into bar-room company with dissipated young men, and call for wine, but at home in a family circle it is different. A moderate use of wine never hurts any one. It is only when carried to excess that it is injurious. You had better drink yours. So little as that will never hurt."

Jessie was sitting by Alfred. She took up the glass he had set upon the table and gave it to him with a charming smile.

Again he took the goblet in his hand. The glowing wine was tempting but the faces around him were more tempting still. He raised it toward his lips. But at that moment there arose up before him a pale, sweet face, with pleading eyes—the sweet face of his mother in heaven. The boy laid down the glass with a firm hand and with a firm tone said,

"I cannot drink it. It was my mother's dying request that I should never taste of wine, and if I disregard it now I fear greater temptations will follow. You must pardon my seeming discourtesy, but I cannot drink it."

A silence fell upon the little circle. No one spoke for several minutes. Then Mrs. Warren said, in a voice choked with emotion: "Forgive me, my boy, for tempting you to violate your conscience. Would that all young men would show as high sense of duty."

Every one of the family put down their wine untasted.

"The boy is right," said Mr. Warren. "Drinking wine leads to deeper potations. We have done wrong in setting such an example before our children. "Here Ellen," he called to the servant, "take away this decanter."

And as the table was cleared of the wine and glasses, Mr. Warren said, solemnly, "Now here, in the presence of all, I make a solemn vow never to have any more wine on my table, or drink it myself as a beverage; and may my influence and precepts be as binding on my children as the request of this boy's mother to him."

And Mrs. Warren softly responded, "Amen."

Mr. Warren turned to Alfred. "We are not drunkards nor wine bibbers here, my boy. I have always preached temperance to my children but I have never realized before

how an occasional glass of wine, if partaken of in good society, could injure. I see it now. If a person can drink one glass, he can drink another, and yet another, and it is hard to know just where to draw the line. I thank you for this lesson. I will show that I have as much manliness as a mere boy. My children will follow my example and pledge to abstain totally from wine as a beverage."

"We will, father," was the response.

The pledge was never broken by any of the family, and never did Alfred Harris have cause to regret that he resisted the temptation to drink one glass of wine. Years afterward, when he was a prosperous and worthy merchant, and sweet Jessie Warren was his wife, they often spoke of the consequences which might have followed had he yielded to that one temptation; and Jessie tries to impress as firm principles upon the minds of her children as her husband's mother instilled into the heart of her boy.

THE STORY OF DEACON BROWN.

Have you heard the story of Deacon Brown—
How he came near losing his saintly crown
By uttering language so profane?
But it wasn't his fault, as I maintain;
Listen, Maria, and you will see
How it might have happened to you or me.

A worthy man was Deacon Brown
As ever lived in Clovertown;
Bland of manner and soft of speech,
With a smile for all and a word for each.
"There's odds in deacons," as I've heard tell;
But one who has known him for quite a spell
Has often told me that Brown stood well,
Not only in church, but among his neighbors,
Esteemed and loved for his life and labors.
Not a man in the town at Brown would frown,
There wasn't a stain on his fair renown;
His soul was white though his name was Brown.

One morning the deacon started down
To purchase some goods at the store in town—
Sugar and salt, and a calico gown,
And a pair of shoes for the youngest Brown,

And other things which he noted down,—
A good provider was Deacon Brown.
His guileless heart was light as a feather,
As he rode along in the sweet May weather,
Till he came at length to the garden gate
Of the widow Simpson, and there did wait
For a moment's chat with the pious dame
Who, years ago, was the deacon's flame.

The widow Simpson was meek and mild,
With a heart as pure as an innocent child.
She dwelt in a cottage, small and neat,
A little way back from the village street;
And now, in sun-bonnet, with trowel in hand,
She was tickling the soil of her garden land.

The widow looked up and said, "Du tell!
Is that you, Deacon? I hope you're well."
And the deacon replied to the gentle dame:
"Quite well, I thank you; I hope you're the same."
Then they talked of the crops and the late spring storms,
Of the sparrowgrass and the currant worms;
And she asked the deacon what she should do
For the varmints that riddled her bushes through.

The deacon scratching his head, said, "Well,
If I were you I would give them hel—"
He bore too hard on the fence as he spoke,
When suddenly, swiftly, down it broke;
And prostrate there at the widow's feet,
Lay the fence, and the deacon pale as a sheet!

The deacon's pride was sadly humbled;
His teeth dropped out and he wildly mumbled,
As blindly there in the dirt he fumbled;
And the widow's faith as suddenly crumbled
When she found how her good friend Brown had stumbled,
And her beautiful fence to the ground had tumbled;
While it seemed to her that an earthquake rumbled;
In fact, as you see, things were generally jumbled.
The widow turned pale, and well she might,
As she looked at the ruin with womanly fright;
But her pious soul was shocked still more,
As she thought 'twas an oath the deacon swore.

The deacon, too, in his grief intense,
Was afraid he had given the widow offense.
He looked around in a vague surprise,
While he tried to dam the tears that would rise
(Of pain and shame) in his dust-filled eyes.

But when he recovered his teeth and sense
He borrowed a hammer and fixed the fence,
And endeavored with meekness to explain
His late remark, which was cut in twain
By the fall of the fence and his sad refrain;
No man could say he ever swore!
He was only speaking of *hellebore*,
A drug she could buy at what's-his-name's store,
To kill the bugs which her bushes bore.
I cannot tell all that the deacon said,
But he started for home with an aching head,
And a heavy heart that could not rest;
For a guilty feeling was in his breast
Which he couldn't get out, though he tried his best.
And the widow, she was ill at ease,
In spite of the deacon's apologies.
She left the garden, went up the stair,
Threw herself into her rocking chair,
And rocked and rocked till the soothing balm
Of the breeze and the sunshine made her calm.
Then she searched the scriptures to find a text
That would somewhat ease her mind perplex;
For her righteous soul was sorely vexed,
And she wondered, "Whatever will happen next!"
And she thinks to this day, as I've heard her say,
Brown shouldn't have spoken in just that way.
But as for myself, I question whether,
If he'd just put his syllables nearer together,
There had been the least trouble or scandal—but then,
Such mistakes will occur with the wisest of men.
In viewing such things with our moral eyes,
There's a tendency, always, to moralize;
And this is the moral I offer for all:
When you think you are standing take heed lest you fall!

THE LAST BANQUET.—EDWARD RENAUD.

The incident narrated in this poem is based on fact, a tragedy of the kind being reported to have occurred, during the French Revolution in 1793, in the north of France.

Gitaut, the Norman marquis, sat in his banquet hall,
When the shafts of the autumn sunshine gilded the castle wall;
While in thro' the open windows floated the sweet perfume,
Borne in from the stately garden and filling the lofty room;
And still, like a strain of music breathed in an undertone,
The ripple of running water rose, with its sob and moan,
From the river, swift and narrow, far down in the vale below,
That shone like a silver arrow shot from a bended bow.

Yonder, over the poplars, lapped in the mellow haze,
Lay the roofs of the teeming city, red in the noonday blaze;
While ever, in muffled music, the tall cathedral towers
Told to the panting people the story of the hours.

His was a cruel temper; under his baneful sway,
Peasant and maid and matron fled from his headlong way,
When down from his rocky eyrie, spurring his foaming steed,
Galloped the haughty noble, ripe for some evil deed.

But when the surging thousands, bleeding at every pore,
Roused by the wrongs of ages, rose with a mighty roar—
Ever the streets of cities rang with a voice long mute;
Gibbet and tree and *lanterne* bearing their bleeding fruit.

Only one touch of feeling—hid from the world apart,
Locked with the key of silence—lived in that cruel heart;
For one he had loved and worshiped, dead in the days of yore
Now slept in the lonely chapel, hard by the river shore.

High on a painted panel, set in a gilded shrine,
Shone her benignant features, lit with a smile divine;
Under the high, straight forehead, eyes of the brightest blue,
Framed in her hair's bright masses, rivaled the sapphire's hue.

"Why do you come, Breconi?"—"Marquis, you did not call;
But Mignonne is waiting yonder, down by the castle wall."
"Bid her begone!"—"But master—poor child, *she loves you so!*
And, broken with bitter weeping, she told me a tale of woe.

"She says there is wild work yonder, there in the hated town,
Where the crowd of frenzied people are shooting the nobles
down;
And to-night, ere the moon has risen, they come, with burn-
ing brand,
With the flame of the blazing castle to light the lurid land.

"But first you must spread the banquet—host for the crew
abhorred—
Ere out from the topmost turret they fling my murdered lord.
Flee for thy life, Lord Marquis, flee from a frightful doom,
When the night has hid the postern safe in its friendly gloom!"

"Tush! are you mad, Breconi? spread them the banquet here,
With flowers and fruits and viands, silver and crystal clear;
Let not a touch be wanting—hasten those hands of thine!
Haste to the task, Breconi—and I will draw the wine!"

Slowly the sun went westward, till all the city's spires
Flamed in the flood of splendor—a hundred flickering fires.
Over the peaceful landscape, clasped by the girdling stream,
Quivered, in mournful glory, the last expiring beam.

Then up from the rippling river sounded the tramp of feet,
That rose o'er the solemn stillness laden with perfume sweet;
While high o'er the sleeping city, and over the garden gloom,
Towered the grim, black castle, still as the silent tomb.

Leaning over the casement, heark'ning the busy hum,
Smiling, the haughty marquis knew that his time was come:
And he turned to the paneled picture—that answered his
look again,
And beamed with a sigh of welcome—humming a low refrain.

Under the echoing archway, and up o'er the stairs of stone,
Ever the human torrent shouted in strident tone—
Curses and gibes and threat'nings, with snatches of ribald jest,
Stirring the blood to fury in many a brutal breast.

There, under the lighted tapers set in the banquet-hall,
Smiling and calm and steadfast, towered the marquis tall.
Dressed in his richest costume, facing the gibing host,
He wore on his broad blue ribbon the star of "The Holy
Ghost."

"Welcome, fair guests—be seated!" he cried to the motley
crowd,
'That drew to the loaded table with curses long and loud;
Waving a graceful welcome, the gleaming lights reveal
'The rings on his soft, white fingers, strung with their nerves
of steel.

'Turned to the paneled picture, calm in his icy hate,
He stood, in his pride of lineage, cold as a marble Fate;
Smiling in hidden meaning—in his rich garments dressed—
As cold and hard and polished as the brilliants on his breast.

Pouring a brimming beaker, he cried, "Drink, friends, I pray!
Drink to the toast I give you! Pledge me my proudest day!
Here, under the hall of banquet—drink, drink to the festal
news!—
Stand twenty casks of powder, set with a lighted fuse!"

Frozen with sudden horror, they saw, like a fleecy mist,
As he quaffed the purple vintage, the ruffles at his wrist.
Turned to the smiling picture, clear as a silver bell
Echoed his last fond greeting—"I drink to thee, *ma belle*!"

Down crashed the crystal goblet, flung on the marble floor;
Back rushed the stricken revelers—back to the close-barred
door;
Up through its yawning crater the mighty earthquake broke,
Dashing its spume of fire up through its waves of smoke!

Out through the deep'ning darkness a wild, despairing cry
Rang, as the riven castle lighted the midnight sky;

Then down o'er the lurid landscape, lit by those fires of hell—
Buttress and roof and rafter—the smoking ruin fell!

* * * * *

Over the Norman landscape the summer sun looks down,
Gilding the gray cathedral, gilding the teeming town.
Still shines the rippling river, lapped in its banks of green;
Still hangs the scent of roses over the peaceful scene;

But high o'er the trembling poplars, blackened and burned
and riven,
Those blasted battlements and towers frown in the face of
heaven;
And still in the sultry August I seem at times to feel
The smile of that cruel marquis, keen as his rapier's steel!
—*Appleton's Journal.*

SONG OF THE TYPE.

Click, click, click,
List to the song of the type;—
Now breathing as soft and as light
As a sigh from the heart's first emotion;
Now swelling in grandeur and might,
As billows that roll on the ocean.
Far-reaching, eternal, its tones
From the clime where the ice-mountains shine
Are borne over earth's ample zones
To the land of the myrtle and vine.

Click, click, click,
List to the song of the type;—
To the nations down-trodden, oppressed,
It speaks with the voice of a God
Of the wrongs of the people redressed,
Of King-craft hurled down to the sod,
Of the dawn of that on-coming day
When right over might shall prevail,
When sceptre and crown shall decay,
And the strength of the tyrant shall fail.

Click, click, click,
List to the song of the type;—
Far eastward, a message it bears
To the heathen that wander in gloom,
Glad tidings of peace it declares,
It utters idolatry's doom.
'Tis echoed in anthems divine
From mountain, and valley, and plain;
'Tis the herald triumphant, benign,
Of humanity's wide-spreading reign.

Click, click, click,
 List to the song of the type;—
 To the student at midnight, alone,
 Who pores over history's page,
 It breathes in a mystical tone
 The wisdom of prophet and sage:—
 It evokes from the centuries flown,
 The echoes of deed and of thought;
 Whatever of science was known,
 Whatever philosophy taught.

Click, click, click,
 List to the song of the type;—
 To him who is fated to roam
 Alone on a far foreign strand,
 How sweet are its tidings of home,
 Its words from his dear native land!
 The captives for liberty's sake
 Repining in dungeon and chains,
 At its faintest heard accents awake,
 And gather new hope from its strains.

Click, click, click,
 List to the song of the type;—
 The trumpet-toned voice of the press,
 With justice and mercy shall blend,
 Wherever there's wrong to redress,
 Wherever there's right to defend.
 The strong may contend for a name
 Which the future may wrest from their gripe.
 That future shall yield them no fame,
 Except through the click of the type.

Click, click, click,
 List to the song of the type;—
 The arch of the press is the bow
 Of promise to nations unborn,
 Its lustre no dimness shall know,
 Its beauty no cloud shall deform.
 Serene, and majestic, its span
 Shall reach and encircle each shore,
 A symbol and token to man,
 The deluge of darkness is o'er.

BEN HAZZARD'S GUESTS.—ANNA P. MARSHALL.

Ben Hazzard's hut was smoky and cold,
 Ben Hazzard, half blind, was black and old,
 And he cobbled shoes for his scanty gold.
 Sometimes he sighed for a larger store

Wherewith to bless the wandering poor;
For he was not wise in worldly lore,
The poor were Christ's, he knew no more.
'Twas very little that Ben could do,
But he pegged his prayers in many a shoe,
And only himself and the dear Lord knew.
Meanwhile he must cobble with all his might
Till—the Lord knew when—it would all be right,
For he worked by faith, and not by sight.
One night a cry from the window came—
Ben Hazzard was sleepy and tired and lame—
“Ben Hazzard, open,” it seemed to say,
“Give shelter and food, I humbly pray.”
Ben Hazzard lifted his woolly head
To listen. “’Tis awful cold,” he said,
And his old bones shook in his ragged bed,
“But the wanderer must be comforted.”
Out from his straw he painfully crept,
And over the frosty floor he stept,
While under the door the snow-wreaths swept.
“Come in, in the name of the Lord,” he cried,
As he opened the door, and held it wide.
A milk-white kitten was all he spied;
Trembling and crying there at his feet,
Ready to die in the bitter sleet.
Ben Hazzard, amazed, stared up and down;
The candles were out in all the town;
The stout house-doors were carefully shut,
Safe bolted were all but old Ben's hut.
“I thought that somebody called,” he said;
“Some dream or other got into my head;
Come then, poor pussy, and share my bed.”
But first he sought for a rusty cup,
And gave his guest a generous sup.
Then out from the storm, the wind, and the sleet,
Puss joyfully lay at old Ben's feet.
Truly, it was a terrible storm,
Ben feared he should nevermore be warm.
But just as he began to be dozy,
And puss was purring soft and cozy,
A voice called faintly before his door:
“Ben Hazzard, Ben Hazzard, help, I implore!
Give drink, and a crust from out your store.”
Ben Hazzard opened his sleepy eyes,
And his full-moon face showed great surprise.
Out from his bed he stumbled again,
Teeth chattering with neuralgic pain,
Caught at the door in the frozen rain.
“Come in, in the name of the Lord,” he said,
“With such as I have, thou shalt be fed.”

Only a little black dog he saw
Whining and shaking a broken paw.
"Well, well," cried Ben Hazzard, "I must have dreamed,
But verily like a voice it seemed.
Poor creature," he added, with husky tone,
His feet so cold they seemed like stone,
"Thou shalt have the whole of my marrow bone."
He went to the cupboard, and took from the shelf
The bone he had saved for his very self.
Then, after binding the broken paw,
Half dead with cold, went back to his straw :
Under the ancient blue bed-quilt he crept ;
His conscience was white, again he slept ;
But again a voice called, both loud and clear :
"Ben Hazzard, for Christ's sweet sake, come here !"
Once more he stood at the open door,
And looked abroad, as he looked before,
This time full sure 'twas a voice he heard ;
But all that he saw was a storm-tossed bird,
With weary pinion and beaten crest,
And a red blood-stain on his snowy breast.
"Come in, in the name of the Lord," he said,
Tenderly raising the drooping head,
And tearing his tattered robe apart,
Laid the cold bird on his own warm heart.
The sunrise flashed on the snowy thatch,
As an angel lifted the wooden latch ;
Ben woke in a flood of golden light,
And knew the voice that had called all night.
And steadfastly gazing, without a word,
Beheld the messenger from the Lord.
He said to Ben, with a wondrous smile,
'The three guests sleeping all the while,
"Thrice happy is he that blesseth the poor ;
The humblest creatures that sought thy door,
For Christ's sweet sake thou hast comforted."
"Nay, 'twas not much," Ben humbly said,
With a rueful shake of his old gray head.
"Who giveth all of his scanty store
In Christ's dear name, can do no more.
Behold, the Master who waiteth for thee,
Saith : 'Giving to them, thou hast given to me.'"
Then, with Heaven's light white on his face, "Amen,
I come in the name of the Lord," said Ben.
"Frozen to death," the watchman said,
When at last he found him in his bed,
With a smile on his face so strange and bright,
He wondered what old Ben saw that night.
Ben's lips were silent, and never told,
He had gone up higher to find his gold.

BELSHAZZAR SMITH'S CURE FOR SOMNAMBULISM.

Belshazzar Smith had a very bad and very dangerous habit of walking in his sleep. His family feared that, during some one of his somnambulistic saunterings, he would charge out of the window and kill himself; so they persuaded him to sleep with his little brother William, and tie one end of a rope around his body and the other around the wrist of little William. The very first night after this arrangement was made, Belshazzar dreamed that a burglar was pursuing him with a dagger. So he crept over to William's side of the bed, stepped over William's slumbering form, jumped out on the floor, and slid under the bed. He stayed there awhile fast asleep, and then, his nightmare having changed, he emerged upon the other side of the bed, and got under the covers in his old place. The rope, it will be observed, was beneath the bed, and it was pulled taut, too. Early in the morning, Belshazzar, about half awake, scrouged over against William. To his surprise the movement jerked William clear out of bed. Belshazzar leaped out to ascertain the cause of this phenomenon, and at the same time his brother disappeared under the bed. Belshazzar, hardly yet awake, was scared, and he dived beneath his bedstead; as he did so, he heard William skirmishing across the blankets above his head. Once more he rushed out, just in time to perceive William glide over the other side. Belshazzar just then became sufficiently conscious to feel the rope pulling him. He comprehended the situation at once, and disengaged himself. And perhaps little William was not mad. He was in the hospital undergoing repairs for about three weeks, and when he came out had a strange desire to sleep alone. Belshazzar anchors himself now to an anvil.

RUSTIC COURTSHIP.

The night was dark when Sam set out
To court old Jones' daughter;
He kinder felt as if he must,
And kinder hadn't oughter.

His heart against his waistcoat throbbed,
His feelings had a tussle,
Which nearly conquered him despite
Six feet of bone and muscle.

The candle in the window shone
With a most doleful glimmer,
And Sam he felt his courage ooze,
And through his fingers simmer.
Says he: "Now, Sam, don't be a fool,
Take courage, shaking doubter,
Go on, and pop the question right,
For you can't live without her."

But still, as he drew near the house,
His knees got in a tremble,
The beating of his heart ne'er beat
His efforts to dissemble.
Says he: "Now, Sam, don't be a goose,
And let the female wimmin
Knock all your thoughts a-skelter so,
And set your heart a-swimmin'."

So Sam, he kinder raised the latch,
His courage also raising,
And in a moment he sat inside,
Cid Jones' crops a-praising.
He tried awhile to talk the farm
In words half dull, half witty,
Not knowing that old Jones well knew
His only thought was—Kitty.

At last the old folks went to bed—
The Joneses were but human;
Old Jones was something of a man,
And Mrs. Jones—a woman.
And Kitty she the pitcher took,
And started for the cellar;
It wasn't often that she had
So promising a feller.

And somehow when she came up stairs,
And Sam had drank his cider,
There seemed a difference in the chairs,
And Sam was close beside her;
His stalwart arm dropped round her waist,
Her head dropped on his shoulder,
And Sam—well, he had changed his tune
And grown a trifle bolder.

But this, if you live long enough,
You surely will discover,

There's nothing in this world of ours
Except the loved and lover.
The morning sky was growing gray
As Sam the farm was leaving,
His face was surely not the face
Of one half grieved, or grieving.

And Kitty she walked smiling back,
With blushing face, and slowly;
There's something in the humblest love
That makes it pure and holy.
And did he marry her you ask;
She stands there with the ladle
A-skimming of the morning's milk—
That's Sam who rocks the cradle.

GRANDMOTHER GRAY.—MARY KEELEY BOUTELLE.

Faded and fair, in an old arm-chair,
Sunset gilding her thin white hair,
Silently knitting, sits Grandmother Gray:
While I on my elbows beside her lean,
And tell what wonderful things I mean
To have, and to do, if I can, some day;
You can talk so to Grandmother Gray—
She doesn't laugh, nor send you away.

I see as I look from the window seat,
A house over yonder, across the street,
With a fine French roof and a frescoed hall;
The deep bay windows are full of flowers;
They've a clock of bronze that chimes the hours,
And a fountain—I hear it tinkle and fall
When the doors are open: "I mean," I say,
"To live in a house like that some day."
"Money will buy it," says Grandmother Gray.

"There's a low barouche, all green and gold,
And a pair of horses as black as jet,
I've seen drive by—and before I'm old
A turnout like that I hope to get.
How they prance and shine in their harness gay!
What fun 'twould be if they ran away!"
"Money will buy it," says Grandmother Gray.

"To-morrow, I know, a great ship sails
Out of port and across the sea;
Oh, to feel in my face the ocean gales,
And the salt waves dancing under me!

In the old far lands of legend and lay
I long to roam—and I shall, some day.”
“Money will do it,” says Grandmother Gray.

“And when you are old, like me,” says she,
“And getting and going are done with, dear,
What then do you think the one thing will be
You will wish and need to content you here?”
“Oh, when in my chair I have to stay,
Love, you see, will content me,” I say.
“That money won’t buy,” says Grandmother Gray.

“And, sure enough, if there’s nothing worth
All your care, when the years are past,
But love in heaven, and love on earth,
Why not begin where you’ll end at last?
Begin to lay up treasure to-day,—
Treasure that nothing can take away,—
Bless the Lord!” says Grandmother Gray.

AN APPEAL FOR PROHIBITION.—JOHN B. GOUGH.

I heard a young man in a railway carriage tell his own story, while conversing on the Maine Law. Said he: “My father was a drunkard for years; my mother was a strong-minded, energetic woman; and with the help of the boys, she managed to keep the farm free from debt. When my father signed the pledge, that which pleased her most, next to him having signed it, was that she could tell him there was not a debt nor a mortgage on the farm. My father used to drive into the city, about eight miles distant, twice a week; and I recollect my mother saying to me: ‘I wish you would try and persuade your father not to go any more. We don’t need that which he earns; and George, I am afraid of temptations and old associates.’ ‘Oh,’ said I, ‘don’t think of it; father’s all right.’ One evening we had a heavy load, and were going toward home, when my father stopped at one of his old places of resort, and gave me the whip and the reins. I hitched the horses, tied up the reins, and went in afterward. The landlord said: ‘I am glad to see you; how do you do? You are quite a stranger. How long is it since the temperance whim got hold of you?’

'Oh, about two years,' said my father. 'Well,' said the landlord, 'you see we are getting on here very well,' and they chatted together for some time. By and by he asked my father to have something to drink. 'Oh, but I have got a little temperance bitters here,' said the landlord, 'that temperance men use, and they acknowledge that it is purifying to the blood, especially in warm weather. Just try a little.' And he poured out a glass and offered it. I stepped up and said: 'Don't give my father that.' To which he replied: 'Well, boys arn't boys hardly nowadays; they are got to be men amazing early. If I had a boy like you I think I should take him down a little. What do you think, Mr. Meyers? Do you bring that boy to take care of you? Do you want a guardian?' That stirred the old man's pride, and he told me to go and look after the horses. He sat and drank till ten o'clock; and every time the landlord gave him a drink, I said: 'Don't give it to him.' At last my father rose up against me—he was drunk. When he got up on the wagon, I drove. My heart was very heavy, and I thought of my mother. Oh, how will she feel this? When we got about two miles from home, my father said: 'I will drive.' 'No,' said I, 'let me drive.' He snatched the reins from me, fell from the wagon, and before I could check the horses the forward wheel crushed his head in the road. I was till midnight getting his dead body on the wagon. I carried him to my mother, and she never smiled from that day to the day of her death. Four months after that she died, and we buried her. Now," said the man, after he had finished his story, "that man killed my father—he was my father's murderer."

There is not a publican but can take your brother, your father, your son, into his dram-shop to-night and make him drunk in spite of your entreaties and prayers, and kick him out at midnight, and you may find his dead body in the gutter. All you have to do is to take the body and bury it and say nothing about it; for you have no redress, no protection. Now, protection is what we want. Come and help us. Hurrah for prohibition'

MISS EDITH HELPS THINGS ALONG.—BRET HARTE.

"My sister'll be down in a minute, and says you're to wait,
if you please;

And says I might stay till she came, if I'd promise her never
to tease,

Nor speak till you spoke to me first. But that's nonsense;
for how would you know

What she told me to say, if I didn't? Don't you really and
truly think so?

"And then you'd feel strange here alone. And you wouldn't
know just where to sit;

For that chair isn't strong on its legs, and we never use it a
bit:

We keep it to match with the sofa; but Jack says it would
be like you

To flop yourself right down upon it, and knock out the very
last screw.

"Suppose you try! I won't tell. You're afraid to! Oh!
you're afraid they would think it was mean!

Well, then, there's the album: that's pretty, if you're sure
that your fingers are clean.

For sister says sometimes I daub it; but she only says that
when she's cross.

There's her picture. You know it? It's like her; but she
ain't as good-looking, of course.

"This is me. It's the best of 'em all. Now, tell me, you'd
never have thought

'That once I was little as that? It's the only one that could
be bought;

For that was the message to pa from the photograph-man
where I sat,—

That he wouldn't print off any more till he first got his
money for that.

"What? Maybe you're tired of waiting. Why, often she's
longer than this.

There's all her back hair to do up, and all of her front curls
to friz.

But it's nice to be sitting here talking like grown people,
just you and me!

Do you think you'll be coming here often? Oh, do! But
don't come like Tom Lee,—

"Tom Lee, her last beau. Why, my goodness! he used to
be here day and night,

Till the folks thought he'd be her husband; and Jack says
that gave him a fright

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You won't run away then, as he did? for you're not a rich man, they say.

Pa says you're poor as a church-mouse. Now, are you? and how poor are they?

"Ain't you glad that you met me? Well, I am; for I know now your hair isn't red;

But what there is left of it's mousy, and not what that naughty Jack said.

But there! I must go: sister's coming! But I wish I could wait, just to see

If she ran up to you, and she kissed you in the way she used to kiss Lee."

THE FARMER'S WIFE.

The farmer came in from the field one day;
His languid steps and his weary way,
His beaded brow, his sinewy hand,
All showed his work for the good of his land:

For he sows, sows, sows,
For he hoes, hoes, hoes,
And he mows, mows, mows,
All for the good of the land.

By the kitchen fire stood his patient wife,
Light of his home and joy of his life,
With face all aglow, and busy hand
Preparing the meal for her household band:

For she must boil, boil, boil,
And she must broil, broil, broil,
And she must toil, toil, toil,
All for the good of the home.

The bright sun shines when the farmer goes out,
The birds sing sweet songs, lambs frisk about;
The brook babbles softly in the glen
While he works so bravely for the good of the men:

For he sows, sows, sows,
For he mows, mows, mows,
And he hoes, hoes, hoes,
All for the good of the land.

How briskly the wife steps about within,
The dishes to wash, the milk to skim;
The fire goes out, the flies buzz about;
For the dear ones at home her heart is kept stout.

There are pies to make, make, make,
There is bread to bake, bake, bake,
And steps to take, take, take,
All for the sake of the home.

When the day is o'er and evening has come,
 The creatures are fed, the milking done,
 He takes his rest 'neath the old shade tree,
 From the labor of the land his thoughts are free;
 'Though he sows, sows, sows,
 And he hoes, hoes, hoes,
 And he mows, mows, mows,
 He rests from the work of the land.

But the faithful wife from sun to sun,
 Takes her burden up that's never done;
 There is no rest, there is no play,
 For the good of her house she must work away;
 For to mend the frock, frock, frock,
 For to knit the sock, sock, sock,
 And the cradle to rock, rock, rock,
 All for the good of the home.

When autumn is here with its chilling blast,
 The farmer gathers his crops at last;
 His barns are full, his fields are bare;
 For the good of the land he ne'er hath care.
 While it blows, blows, blows,
 And it snows, snows, snows,
 Till the winter goes, goes, goes,
 He rests from the work of the land.

But the willing wife, till life's closing day,
 Is the children's guide, the husband's stay;
 From day to day she has done her best,
 Until death alone can give her rest;
 For after the test, test, test,
 Comes the rest, rest, rest,
 With the blest, blest, blest,
 In the Father's heavenly home.

HIDDEN BRIGHTNESS.

There's not a hearth, however rude,
 But hath some little flower
 To brighten up its solitude,
 And scent the evening hour;
 There's not a heart, however cast
 By grief and sorrow down,
 But hath some memory of the past
 To love, and call its own!

THE STREET MUSICIANS.—GEORGE L. CATLIN.

One day, through a narrow and noisome street,
 Where naught but squalor and poverty greet
 The passer-by, I chanced to stray.
 'Twas a mellow and bright October day,
 A genial autumn sun shone down
 On rich and poor in that crowded town;
 And over the house-tops a deep blue sky
 Greeted each beggar's upturned eye,
 While the very heavens seemed to smile
 His hunger and weariness to beguile.
 Bare-headed children, ragged and free,
 Over the curb-stones romped in glee.
 Lazily by, a policeman walked;
 Shop-men stood in their doors and talked;
 Now and then, with a glance downcast,
 Some wreck of a sot went staggering past,
 With a trembling form and a visage wan;
 Yet the current of life went flowing on;
 And the sky was blue and the sunlight fell
 On the happy ones, and the sad as well.
 But hark! through that narrow and crowded street,
 Of a sudden there poured a melody sweet,
 A volume of soft harmonious sound
 Strangely contrasting with all around;
 And I paused to listen, while each sweet note,
 Pure as a warbling from robin's throat,
 Seemed to float on the idle air
 To attic, and cellar, and crazy stair,
 And carry a whisper of peace and rest
 Wherever it went on its pathway blest.

“Sweet and low, sweet and low,
 Wind of the western sea,
 Low, low, breathe and blow,
 Wind of the western sea!
 Over the rolling waters go,
 Come from the dying moors, and blow,
 Blow him again to me;
 While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.”

'Twas a strolling minstrel band of four
 Who, standing before a groggery door,
 With puffed out cheeks and beating feet
 Were playing there in that busy street,
 Vagabonds, they, no doubt; in fact
 Their garb was ragged, the trumpets cracked,
 And they looked like men who seldom knew
 What 'twas to own a dollar or two.

Yet, spite of this, as I listened there
 To the sweet soft notes of the plaintive air
 That came from those minstrels, ragged and odd,
 I thought, " 'Tis a message sent from God,
 Bringing reminders pure and sweet,
 To the poor sad souls in this narrow street."
 Then the little children over the way
 Looked and wondered and stopped their play,
 And the officer paused in his weary walk,
 While the gossiping shop-men ceased to talk;
 And from tenement windows all about,
 There was many a weary face peeped out
 And smiled at the joy that had suddenly come
 To cheer its poverty-stricken home.
 Out of the groggery, reeling, came
 Into the sunlight (oh, for shame!)
 One whose visage and mien bespoke
 A dreadful bondage to liquor's yoke—
 A soul of honor and pride bereft,
 Yet, there were traces of manhood left,
 And as the music reached his ear
 He, staggering, paused—then lingered near,
 Abashed and doubting—then gave a start,
 For the melody sweet had touched his heart;
 Those strains, so plaintive and soft and low,
 Recalled the lullaby, long ago,
 That his mother in tones so sweet and mild
 Had sung to him as a little child.

"Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
 Father will come to thee soon;
 Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
 Father will come to thee soon;
 Father will come to his babe in the nest,
 Silver sails all out of the west
 Under the silver moon.

Sleep, my little one, sleep my pretty one, sleep."

Then, over him like a torrent, came
 The sense of his present sin and shame,
 And the tears came pouring down his cheek.
 "Oh God!" he cried, "I am frail and weak!"
 And he hid his face and murmured a prayer
 Out of the depths of his dark despair,
 (God grant his penitent prayer was heard!)
 He turned away and without a word,
 But with steady step, and a figure bowed,
 Was lost in the hurrying, passing crowd.
 The music ceased and I went my way,
 But I ne'er shall forget that sunny day
 When I heard that music so soft and sweet,
 Wafted down through that narrow street.

THE CHAMPION SNORER.

It was the Cedar Rapids sleeper. Outside it was as dark as the inside of an ink-bottle. In the sleeping-car people slept. Or tried it.

Some of them slept like Christian men and women, peacefully and sweetly and quietly.

Others slept like demons, malignantly, hideously, fiendishly, as though it was their mission to keep everybody else awake.

Of these the man in lower number three was the "boss." When it came to a square snore, with variations, you wanted to count "lower three" in,—with a full hand and a pocket full of rocks.

We never heard anything snore like him. It was the most systematic snoring that was ever done, even on one of these tournaments of snoring, a sleeping-car. He didn't begin as soon as the lamps were turned and everybody was in bed. Oh no! There was more cold-blooded diabolism in his system than that. He waited until everybody had had a taste of sleep, just to see how nice and pleasant it was, and then he broke in on their slumbers like a winged, breathing demon, and they never knew what peace was again that night.

He started out with a terrific

"Gu-r-r-rt!"

that opened every eye in the car. We all hoped it was an accident, however, and trusting that he wouldn't do it again, we all forgave him. Then he blasted our hopes and curdled the sweet serenity of our forgiveness by a long-drawn

"Gw-a-h-h-hah!"

that sounded too much like business to be accidental. Then every head in that sleepless sleeper was held off the pillow for a minute, waiting in breathless suspense to hear the worst, and the sleeper in "lower three" went on in long-drawn, regular cadences that indicated good staying qualities,

"Gwa-a-a-h! Gwa-a-a-a-h! Gahwayway! Gahwaywah!
Gahwa-a-ah!"

Evidently it was going to last all night, and the weary heads dropped back on the sleepless pillows and the swearing began. It mumbled along in low, muttering tones, like the distant echoes of a profane thunder storm. Pretty soon "lower three" gave us a little variation. He shot off a spiteful

"Gwook!"

which sounded as though his nose had got mad at him and was going to strike. Then there was a pause, and we began to hope he had either awakened from sleep or strangled to death—nobody cared very particularly which. But he disappointed everybody with a guttural

"Gurroch!"

Then he paused again for breath, and when he had accumulated enough for his purpose he resumed business with a stentorious

"Kowpff!"

that nearly shot the roof off the car. Then he went on playing such fantastic tricks with his nose, and breathing things that would make the immortal gods weep, if they did but hear him. It seemed an utter, preposterous impossibility that any human being could make the monstrous, hideous noises with its breathing machine that the fellow in "lower three" was making with his. He then ran through all the ranges of the usual gamut; he went up and down a very chromatic scale of snores; he ran through intricate and fearful variations until it seemed that his nose must be out of joint in a thousand places. All the night and all the day through he told his story.

"Gawoh! gurrah! gu-r-r-r! Kowpff! Gawaw-wah! gawah-hah! gwock! gwart! gwah-h-h-h woof!"

Just as the other passengers had consulted together how they might slay him, morning dawned, and "lower number three" awoke. Everybody watched the curtain to see what manner of man it was that made the sleeping-car a pandemonium. Presently the toilet was completed, the curtains parted, and "lower number three" stood revealed.

Great heavens!

It was a fair young girl, with golden hair and timid, pleading eyes, like a hunter's fawn. — *Burlington Hawkeye.*

THE ROBBER.

On the lone deserted cross-road
 Under the high crucifix
 Stood the robber, slyly lurking
 In his hand his naked sabre
 And his rifle, heavy loaded.
 For the merchant would he plunder,
 Who, with his full weight of money,
 With his garments, and his rare wines,
 Came to-day home from the market.
 Down already had the sun sunk,
 And the moon peers through the cloudlets,
 And the robber stands awaiting
 Under the high crucifix.

Hark! a sound like angel voices,
 Soft, low sighing deep entreaty,
 Coming clear as evening bells
 Borne through the still atmosphere!
 Sweet with unaccustomed accent
 Steals a prayer upon his ear,
 And he stands and listens anxious,—
 "O thou Guide of the deserted!
 O thou Guardian of the lost ones!
 Bend, oh bend thy heavenly face,
 Clear as sunlight, softly smiling,
 Down on us, four little ones;
 Fold, oh fold thy arms of mercy,
 Which were on the cross extended,
 Like two wings around our father,
 That no storm destroy his pathway,
 That his good steed may not stumble,
 That the robber, still and lurking
 In the forest, may not harm him.
 O Protector of the abandoned,
 O thou Guide of the deserted,
 Send us home our own dear father!"
 And the robber heard it all
 Under the high crucifix.

Then the youngest crossing himself,
 Folding his soft hands demurely,—
 "O thou dear Christ," lisps he, childlike,
 "Oh, I know thou art almighty,
 Sitting on the throne of heaven,
 With the stars all glittering golden,—
 As the nurse has told me often,—
 Oh, be gracious, O thou dear Christ!

Give the robbers, the rapacious,
 Give them bread, and bread in plenty,
 That they may not need to plunder
 Or to murder our good father!
 Did I know where lived a robber,
 I would give this little chainlet,
 Give to him this cross and girdle,
 Saying, 'O thou dear, dear robber,
 Take this chain, this cross and girdle,
 That you may not need to plunder
 Or to murder our dear father!'"
 And the robber hears it all
 Under the high crucifix.

From afar he hears approaching
 Snorting steeds and wheels swift rolling.
 Slowly then he takes his rifle,
 Slowly does he seize his sabre,
 And he stands there deeply thinking,
 Under the high crucifix.

And the children still are kneeling,—
 "O thou Guide of the deserted,
 O thou Guardian of the wanderer,
 Send us home our own dear father!"

And the father came home riding
 All in safety, unendangered;
 Clasps his children to his bosom,—
 Happy stammerings, kisses sweet.

Only the bare sabre found they;
 Found the rifle heavy loaded;
 Both had fallen from his hand
 Under the high crucifix.

—*Translation from the German.*

PRECEPTS.—THOMAS RANDOLPH.*

First, worship God; he that forgets to pray,
 Bids not himself good morrow nor good day;
 Let thy first labor be to purge thy sin,
 And serve Him first whence all things did begin.

Honor thy parents to prolong thine end;
 With them, though for a truth, do not contend;

*The Thomas Randolph who wrote the following "precepts" was a wit, poet and playwright in the early portion of the seventeenth century, and a great favorite with "Ben Jonson."

Whoever makes his father's heart to bleed,
Shall have a child that shall avenge the deed.

Think that is just; 'tis not enough to do,
Unless thy very thoughts are upright too.
Defend the truth; for that who will not die
A coward is, and gives himself the lie.

Take well whate'er shall chance, though bad it be,
Take it for good, and 'twill be good to thee.

First think; and if thy thoughts approve thy will,
Then speak, and after, that thou speakest fulfill.

So live with men as if God's curious eye
Did everywhere into thine actions pry,
For never yet was sin so void of sense,
So fully faced with brazen impudence,
As that it durst before men's eyes commit
Their brutal lusts, lest they should witness it.
How dare they then offend when God shall see,
That must alone both judge and jury be?

Would'st thou live long? The only means are these,
'Bove Galen's diet or Hippocrates,
Strive to live well; tread in the upright ways,
And rather count thine actions than thy days,
Then thou hast lived enough amongst us here;
For every day well spent I count a year.
Live well, and then, how soon soe'er thou die,
Thou art of age to claim eternity;
But he that outlives Nestor, and appears
To have passed the date of gray Methusaleh's years,
If he his life to sloth and sin doth give,
I say he only was—he did not live.

BURR AND BLENNERHASSETT.—WILLIAM WIRT.

A plain man, who knew nothing of the curious transmutations which the wit of man can work, would be very apt to wonder by what kind of legerdemain Aaron Burr had contrived to shuffle himself down to the bottom of the pack, as an accessory, and turn up poor Blennerhassett as principal, in this treason. Who, then, is Aaron Burr, and what the part which he has borne in this transaction? He is its author, its projector, its active executor. Bold, ardent, rest-

less and aspiring, his brain conceived it, his hand brought it into action.

Who is Blennerhassett? A native of Ireland, a man of letters, who fled from the storms of his own country, to find quiet in ours. On his arrival in America, he retired, even from the population of the Atlantic States, and sought quiet and solitude in the bosom of our western forests. But he brought with him taste, and science, and wealth; and "lo, the desert smiled!" Possessing himself of a beautiful island in the Ohio, he rears upon it a palace, and decorates it with every romantic embellishment of fancy. A shrubbery, that Shenstone might have envied, blooms around him. Music, that might have charmed Calypso and her nymphs, is his. An extensive library spreads its treasures before him. A philosophical apparatus offers to him all the secrets and mysteries of nature. Peace, tranquillity, and innocence shed their mingled delights around him. And, to crown the enchantment of the scene, a wife, who is said to be lovely even beyond her sex, and graced with every accomplishment that can render it irresistible, had blessed him with her love, and made him the father of several children.

The *evidence* would convince you, Sir, that this is but a faint picture of the real life. In the midst of all this peace, this innocence, and this tranquillity,—this feast of the mind, this pure banquet of the heart,—the destroyer comes. He comes to turn this paradise into a hell. Yet the flowers do not wither at his approach, and no monitory shuddering through the bosom of their unfortunate possessor warns him of the ruin that is coming upon him. A stranger presents himself. It is Aaron Burr. Introduced to their civilities by the high rank which he had lately held in his country, he soon finds his way to their hearts, by the dignity and elegance of his demeanor, the light and beauty of his conversation, and the seductive and fascinating power of his address. The conquest was not difficult. Innocence is ever simple and credulous. Conscious of no designs itself, it suspects none in others. It wears no guards before its breast. Every door and portal and avenue of the heart is thrown open, and all who choose it enter. Such was the state of Eden when the serpent entered its bowers!

The prisoner, in a more engaging form, winding himself into the open and unpracticed heart of the unfortunate Blennerhassett, found but little difficulty in changing the native character of that heart, and the objects of its affection. By degrees, he infuses into it the poison of his own ambition. He breathes into it the fire of his own courage; a daring and desperate thirst for glory; an ardor, panting for all the storm, and bustle, and hurricane of life. In a short time, the whole man is changed, and every object of his former delight relinquished. No more he enjoys the tranquil scene: it has become flat and insipid to his taste. His books are abandoned. His retort and crucible are thrown aside. His shrubbery blooms and breathes its fragrance upon the air in vain—he likes it not. His ear no longer drinks the rich melody of music; it longs for the trumpet's clangor, and the cannon's roar. Even the prattle of his babes, once so sweet, no longer affects him; and the angel smile of his wife, which hitherto touched his bosom with ecstasy so unspeakable, is now unfelt and unseen. Greater objects have taken possession of his soul. His imagination has been dazzled by visions of diadems, and stars, and garters, and titles of nobility. He has been taught to burn with restless emulation at the names of great heroes and conquerors,—of Cromwell, and Cæsar, and Bonaparte. His enchanted island is destined soon to relapse into a wilderness; and, in a few months, we find the tender and beautiful partner of his bosom, whom he lately “permitted not the winds” of summer “to visit too roughly,”—we find her shivering, at midnight, on the wintry banks of the Ohio, and mingling her tears with the torrents that froze as they fell.

Yet this unfortunate man, thus deluded from his interest and his happiness,—thus seduced from the paths of innocence and peace,—thus confounded in the toils which were deliberately spread for him, and overwhelmed by the mastering spirit and genius of another,—this man, thus ruined and undone, and made to play a subordinate part in this grand drama of guilt and treason,—this man is to be called the principal offender; while he, by whom he was thus plunged in misery, is comparatively innocent, a mere accessory! Is

this reason? Is it law? Is it humanity? Sir, neither the human heart nor the human understanding will bear a perversion so monstrous and absurd; so shocking to the soul; so revolting to reason!

TWO LITTLE ROGUES.—MRS. A. M. DIAZ.

Says Sammy to Dick,
 "Come, hurry! come quick!
 And we'll do, and we'll do, and we'll do!
 Our mammy's away,
 She's gone for to stay,
 And we'll make a great hullabaloo!
 Ri too! ri loo! loo! loo! loo!
 We'll make a great hullabaloo."

Says Dicky to Sam,
 "All weddy I am
 To do, and to do, and to do,
 But how doesth it go?
 I so ittle to know,
 Thay, what be a hullabawoo
 Ri too! ri loo! woo! woo! woo!
 Thay, what be a hullabawoo?"

"Oh, slammings and bangings,
 And whingings and whangings;
 And very bad mischief we'll do!
 We'll clatter and shout,
 And knock things about,
 And that's what's a hullabaloo!
 Ri too! ri loo! loo! loo! loo!
 And that's what's a hullabaloo!"

"Slide down the front stairs!
 Tip over the chairs!
 Now into the pantry break through!
 Pull down all the tin-ware,
 And pretty things in there!
 Ah aboard for a hullabaloo!
 Ri too! ri loo! loo! loo! loo!
 All aboard for a hullabaloo!"

"Now roll up the table,
 Far up as you are able,
 Chairs, sofa, big easy-chair too!
 Put the lamps and the vases
 In funny old places.

How's this for a hullabaloo?
 Ri too! ri loo! loo! loo! loo!
 How's this for a hullabaloo?

"Let the dishes and pans
 Be the womans and mans;
 Everybody keep still in their pew!
 Mammy's gown I'll get next,
 And preach you a text.
 Dick! hush with your hullabaloo!
 Ri too! ri loo! loo! loo! loo!
 Dicky! hush with your hullabaloo!"

As the preacher in gown
 Climbed up and looked down
 His queer congregation to view,
 Said Dicky to Sammy,
 "Oh, dere comes our mammy!
 She'll pank for dis hullabawoo!
 Ri too! ri loo! woo! woo! woo!
 She'll pank for dis hullabawoo!"

"O mammy! O mammy!"
 Cried Dicky and Sammy,
 "We'll never again, certain true!"
 But with firm step she trod
 To take down the rod—
 Oh, then came a hullabaloo!
 Bohoo! bohoo! woo! woo! woo!
 Oh, then came a hullabaloo!

—*From Our Young Folks.*

SHADOWS.

Yes; I own I start at shadows;
 Listen—I will tell you why
 (Life itself is but a taper,
 Casting shadows till we die).

Once in Italy, at Florence,
 I a radiant girl adored;
 When she came, she saw, she conquered;
 And by Cupid I was floored.

"Mia cara Mandolina!
 Are we not indeed," I cried,
 "All the world to one another?"
 Mandolina smiled and sighed.

Earth was Eden—she an angel—
 I a Jupiter enshrined:

Till one night I saw a fatal
Double shadow on the blind.

Fire and fury! Double shadows
On their window curtains ne'er
To my knowledge have been cast by
Ladies virtuous as fair.

False and fickle Mandolina!
Fare thee well forevermore.
"Vengeance," shrieked I, "vengeance, vengeance!"
And I thundered at the door.

This event occurred next morning:—
Mandolina staring sat,
Stark-amazed, as out I stumbled,
Raving mad, without a hat.

Six weeks after I'd a letter,
On its road six weeks delayed,
With a dozen re-directions,
From the lost one. And it said,

"Foolish, wicked, cruel Albert!
Base, suspicious doubt resign.
Double lights throw double shadows.
Mandolina, ever thine."

"Heavens, what an ass!" I muttered,
"Not before to think of that."
And again I rushed excited
To the rail without my hat.

'Mandolina! Mandolina!
Rushing to her house, I cried.
'Pardon, dearest A.," she answered,
I'm the Russian Consul's bride."

KARL THE MARTYR.

It was the closing of a summer's day,
And trellised branches from encircling trees
Threw silver shadows o'er the golden space
Where groups of merry-hearted sons of toil
Were met to celebrate a village feast,
Casting away, in frolic sport, the cares
That ever press and crowd and leave their mark
Upon the brows of all whose bread is earned
By daily labor. 'Twas, perchance, the feast
Of fav'rite saint, or anniversary

Of one of bounteous Nature's season gifts
To grateful husbandry—no matter what
The cause of their uniting. Joy beamed forth
On ev'ry face, and the sweet echoes rang
With sounds of honest mirth, too rarely heard
In the vast workshop man has made his world,
Where months of toil must pay one day of song:

Somewhat apart from the assembled throng
There sat a swarthy giant, with a face
So nobly grand, that though (unlike the rest)
He wore nor festal garb nor laughing mien,
Yet was he study for the painter's art.
He joined not in their sports, but rather seemed
To please his eye with sight of others' joy.
There was a cast of sorrow on his brow,
As though it had been early there. He sat
In listless attitude, yet not devoid
Of gentlest grace, as down his stalwart form
He bent, to catch the playful whisperings
And note the movements of a bright-haired child
Who danced before him in the evening sun,
Holding a tiny brother by the hand.
He was the village smith (the rolled-up sleeves
And the well-charred leathern apron showed his craft),
Karl was his name, a man beloved by all.

He was not of the district. He had come
Amongst them ere his forehead bore one trace
Of age or suffering. A wife and child
He had brought with him; but the wife was dead.
Not so the child, who danced before him now
And held a tiny brother by the hand—
Their mother's last and priceless legacy!
So Karl was happy still that these two lived,
And laughed and danced before him in the sun.

The frolics pause: now Casper's laughing head
Rests wearily against his father's knee
In trusting lovingness: while Trudchen runs
To snatch a hasty kiss (the little man,
It may be, wonders if the tiny hand
With which he strives to reach his father's neck
Will ever grow so big and brown as that
He sees imbedded in his sister's curls);
When quick as lightning's flash up starts the smith,
Huddles the frightened children in his arms,
Thrusts them far back, extends his giant frame,
And covers them as with Goliath's shield.

Now hark! a rushing, yelping, panting sound,
So terrible that all stood chilled with fear;

And in the midst of that late joyous throng
Leapt an infuriate hound, with flaming eyes,
Half-open mouth, and fiercely bristling hair,
Proving that madness drove the brute to death.
One spring from Karl, and the wild thing was seized
Fast prisoned in the stalwart Vulcan's gripe.
A sharp, shrill cry of agony from Karl
Was mingled with the hound's low fevered growl;
And all, with horror, saw the creature's teeth
Fixed in the blacksmith's shoulder. None had power
To rescue him; for scarcely could you count
A moment's space ere both had disappeared—
The man and dog. The smith had leapt a fence,
And gained the forest with a frantic rush,
Bearing the hideous mischief in his arms.

A long receding cry came on the ear,
Showing how swift their flight, and fainter grew
The sound. Ere well a man had time to think
What might be done for help, the sound was hushed—
Lost in the very distance; women crouched
And huddled up their children in their arms,
Men flew to seek their weapons—'twas a change
So swift and fearful none could realize
Its actual horrors for a time: but now,
The panic past, to rescue and pursuit!
Crash through the brake into the forest track;
But pitchy darkness, caused by closing night
And foliage dense, impedes the avengers' way,
When lo! they trip o'er something in their path—
It was the bleeding body of the hound,
Warm, but quite dead. No other trace of Karl
Was near at hand; they called his name in vain,
They sought him in the forest all night through—
Living or dead he was not to be found.

At break of day they left the fruitless search.
Next morning as an anxious village group
Stood meditating plans what best to do,
Came little Trudchen, who, in simple tones,
Said, "Father's at the forge, I heard him there
Working long hours ago, but he is angry;
I raised the latch, he bade me to begone.
What have I done to make him chide me so?"
And then her bright blue eyes ran o'er with tears.
"The child's been dreaming through this troubled night,"
Said a kind dame, and drew the child towards her;
But the sad answers of the girl were such
As led them all to seek her father's forge.
It lay beyond the village some short span;
They forced the door, and there beheld the smith.

His sinewy frame was drawn to its full height,
And round his loins a double chain of iron,
Wrought with true workman skill, was riveted
Fast to an anvil of enormous weight.

He stood as pale and statue-like as death.
Now let his own words close the hapless tale.

"I killed the hound, you know, but not until
His maddening venom through my veins had passed;
I know full well the death in store for me,
And would not answer when you called my name,
But crouched among the brushwood while I thought
Over some plan. I know my giant strength,
And dare not trust it after reason's loss;
Why, I might turn and rend whom most I love.
I've made all fast now. 'Tis a hideous death.
I thought to plunge me into the deep, still pool
That skirts the forest, to avoid it; but
I thought that for the suicide's poor shift
I would not throw away my chance of heaven,
And meeting one who made earth heaven to me.
So I came home and forged these chains about me—
Full well I know no human hand can rend them—
And now am safe from harming those I love.
Keep off, good friends! Should God prolong my life,
Throw me such food as nature may require;
Look to my babes: *this* you are bound to do;
For by my deadly grasp on that poor hound
How many of you have I saved from death
Such as *I* now await? But hence, away!
The poison works! These chains must try their strength;
My brain's on fire! With me 'twill soon be night."

Too true his words: the brave, great-hearted Karl—
A raving maniac—battled with his chains
For three fierce days. The fourth day saw him free—
For Death's strong hand had loosed the martyr's bonds.

PRAYER.—ALFRED TENNYSON.

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer,
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so, the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

HIS TIME FOR FIDDLING.—M. QUAD.

A Bible canvasser, meandering along the street, halted before a tumble-down tenement. A small, lame girl opened the door in answer to his knock, and just as he entered, a man sitting on the edge of a forlorn-looking bed raised a fiddle to his shoulder, and commenced scraping out a tune.

"Have you a Bible in the house?" asked the canvasser, as he crossed the room.

"Nary Bibe," answered the man; "and—

"'Old Dan Tucker
Dreamt a dream—'"

"Or a hymn book?" continued the canvasser.

"No, nary; and—

"'If you love me, Molly darling,
Let your answer be a kiss.'"

"I am agent for the sale of this Bible," said the canvasser, taking the volume out of his satchel.

"Couldn't buy one cover, and—

"'Oh, darkies! how my heart grows weary,
Sighing for the old folks at home.'"

"I can sell you the book for a small amount down, and the balance in weekly payments. A great many—"

"Bibuls are all right, but I've got a sore foot, and—

"'Twas a calm still night,
And the moon's pale light—'"

"If you do not care to read the book yourself, you should not refuse your child permission," remarked the canvasser.

"And the old woman up stairs sick with fever, and—

"'They have taken her to Georgia,
For to wear her life away—'"

"But it seems hard to think that you are permitting yourself and family to live in ignorance of religious—"

"Bibuls is all right, and I'd encourage 'em if times wasn't so awful—

"'Ha, ha, ha! you and me!
Little brown jug, don't I love thee!'"

"I have a smaller edition like this. You can have that by paying fifty cents down and twenty-five cents per week until paid up."

"No use, stranger," replied the man; "there ha'n't nothing to do, money is tight, and—

"'I've wandered this wide world all over—'"

"I wish you would cease that fiddling and singing for a moment, and let me talk to you," said the agent.

"Bibuls is all right, you is all right, and—

"'Oh! this world is sad and dreary,
Everywhere I roam.'"

"Won't you stop for just one moment?"

I'd like to oblige you, but now's my reg'lar time for fiddling and singing, and—

"'Up in a balloon, boys,
Up in a balloon.'"

"Then I can't sell you a Bible?"

"Don't look as if you could, for—

"'I've wandered through the village, Tom,
I've sat beneath the tree.'"

And the canvasser left the house in despair.

CATALOGUE OF DICKENS' WORKS.

Oliver Twist who had some very *Hard Times* in the *Battle of Life*, and having been saved from *The Wreck of the Golden Mary* by *Our Mutual Friend*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, had just finished reading *A Tale of Two Cities* to *Martin Chuzzlewit*, during which time *The Cricket on the Hearth* had been chirping merrily while *The Chimes* from an adjacent church were heard when *Seven Poor Travelers* from *Mugby Junction* commenced singing *A Christmas Carol*; *Barnaby Rudge* then arrived from *The Old Curiosity Shop* with some *Pictures from Italy*, and *Sketches by Boz*, to show to *Little Dorrit*, who was busy with the *Pickwick Papers*, when *David Copperfield*, who had been taking *American Notes*, entered and informed the company that the *Great Expectations* of *Dombey and Son* regarding *Mrs. Lirripur's Legacy* had not been realized; and that he had seen *Boots at the Inn* taking *Somebody's Luggage* to *Mrs. Lirripur's Lodgings* in a street that has *No Thoroughfare*, opposite *Bleak House*; where the *Haunted Man*, who had just given one of *Doctor Marigold's Prescriptions* to an *Uncommercial Traveler*, was brooding over the *Mystery of Edwin Drood*.

A LEGEND OF BREGENZ.—A. A. PROCTOR.

Girt round with rugged mountains the fair Lake Constance
lies;
In her blue heart reflected, shine back the starry skies;
And watching each white cloudlet float silently and slow,
You think a piece of heaven lies on our earth below!

Midnight is there: and silence enthroned in heaven, looks
down
Upon her own calm mirror, upon a sleeping town:
For Bregenz, that quaint city upon the Tyrol shore,
Has stood above Lake Constance, a thousand years and more.

Her battlements and towers, upon their rocky steep,
Have cast their trembling shadows for ages on the deep;
Mountain, and lake, and valley, a sacred legend know,
Of how the town was saved one night, three hundred years
ago.

Far from her home and kindred, a Tyrol maid had fled,
To serve in the Swiss valleys, and toil for daily bread;
And every year that fledged so silently and fast,
Seemed to bear farther from her the memory of the past.

She served kind, gentle masters, nor asked for rest or change;
Her friends seemed no more new ones, their speech seemed
no more strange;
And when she led her cattle to pasture every day,
She ceased to look and wonder on which side Bregenz lay.

She spoke no more of Bregenz, with longing and with tears;
Her Tyrol home seemed faded in a deep mist of years;
She heeded not the rumors of Austrian war or strife;
Each day she rose contented, to the calm toils of life.

Yet, when her master's children would clustering round her
stand,
She sang them the old ballads of her own native land;
And when at morn and evening she knelt before God's
throne,
The accents of her childhood rose to her lips alone.

And so she dwelt: the valley more peaceful year by year;
When suddenly strange portents of some great deed seemed
near.
The golden corn was bending upon its fragile stalk,
While farmers, heedless of their fields, paced up and down
in talk.

The men seemed stern and altered, with looks cast on the
ground;
With anxious faces, one by one, the women gathered round;
All talk of flax, or spinning, or work, was put away;
The very children seemed afraid to go alone to play.

One day, out in the meadow with strangers from the town,
Some secret plan discussing, the men walked up and down.
Yet now and then seemed watching a strange uncertain
gleam,
That looked like lances 'mid the trees that stood below the
stream.

At eve they all assembled, all care and doubt were fled;
With jovial laugh they feasted, the board was nobly spread.
The elder of the village rose up, his glass in hand,
And cried, "We drink the downfall of an accursed land!

"The night is growing darker, ere one more day is flown,
Bregenz, our foemen's stronghold, Bregenz shall be our
own!"

The women shrank in terror, (yet pride, too, had her part,)
But one poor Tyrol maiden felt death within her heart.

Before her, stood fair Bregenz, once more her towers arose;
What were the friends beside her? Only her country's foes!
The faces of her kinsfolk, the days of childhood flown,
The echoes of her mountains reclaimed her as their own!

Nothing she heard around her, (though shouts rang forth
again,)

Gone were the green Swiss valleys, the pasture, and the
plain;

Before her eyes one vision, and in her heart one cry,
That said, "Go forth, save Bregenz, and then if need be, die!"

With trembling haste and breathless, with noiseless step
she sped;

Horses and weary cattle were standing in the shed;
She loosed the strong white charger, that fed from out her
hand,

She mounted and she turned his head toward her native land.

Out—out into the darkness—faster, and still more fast;
The smooth grass flies behind her, the chestnut wood is
passed;

She looks up; clouds are heavy: Why is her steed so slow?—
Scarcely the wind beside them, can pass them as they go.

"Faster!" she cries, "Oh, faster!" Eleven the church-bells
chime;

"O God," she cries, "help Bregenz, and bring me there in
time!"

But louder than bells' ringing, or lowing of the kine,
Grows nearer in the midnight the rushing of the Rhine.

Shall not the roaring waters their headlong gallop check?
The steed draws back in terror, she leans above his neck
To watch the flowing darkness, the bank is high and steep,
One pause—he staggers forward, and plunges in the deep.

She strives to pierce the blackness, and looser throws the
rein;

Her steed must breast the waters that dash above his mane.
How gallantly, how nobly, he struggles through the foam,
And see—in the far distance, shine out the lights of home!

Up the steep bank he bears her, and now they rush again
Towards the heights of Bregenz, that tower above the plain.
They reach the gate of Bregenz, just as the midnight rings,
And out come serf and soldier to meet the news she brings.

Bregenz is saved! Ere daylight her battlements are manned;
Defiance greets the army that marches on the land.
And if to deeds heroic should endless fame be paid,
Bregenz does well to honor the noble Tyrol maid.

Three hundred years are vanished, and yet upon the hill
An old stone gateway rises, to do her honor still.
And there, when Bregenz women sit spinning in the shade,
They see in quaint old carving the charger and the maid.

And when, to guard old Bregenz, by gateway, street, and
tower,

The warder paces all night long, and calls each passing hour:
"Nine," "ten," "eleven," he cries aloud, and then (O crown
of fame!)

When midnight pauses in the skies he calls the maiden's
name.

CHARLES SUMNER.—CARL SCHURZ.

There was in Charles Sumner, as a public man, a peculiar power of fascination. It acted much through his eloquence, but not through his eloquence alone. There was still another source from which that fascination sprang. Behind all he said and did there stood a grand manhood, which never failed to make itself felt. What a figure he was, with his tall and stalwart frame, his manly face, topped with his shaggy locks, his noble bearing, the finest type of American senatorship, the tallest oak of the forest!

And how small they appeared by his side, the common run of politicians, who spend their days with the laying of pipe, and the setting up of pins, and the pulling of wires; who barter an office to secure this vote, and procure a contract to get that; who stand always with their ears to the wind to hear how the Administration sneezes, and what their constituents whisper, in mortal trepidation lest they fail in being all things to everybody!

How he stood among them! he whose very presence made you forget the vulgarities of political life, who dared to differ with any man ever so powerful, any multitude ever so numerous; who regarded party as nothing but a means for higher ends, and for those ends defied its power; to whom the arts of demagogism were so contemptible that he would rather have sunk into obscurity and oblivion than descend to them; to whom the dignity of his office was so sacred that he would not even ask for it for fear of darkening its lustre!

Honor to the people of Massachusetts, who, for twenty-three years, kept in the Senate, and would have kept him there never so long, had he lived, a man who never, even to them, conceded a single iota of his convictions in order to remain there.

And what a life was his! a life so wholly devoted to what was good and noble! There he stood in the midst of the grasping materialism of our times, around him the eager chase for the almighty dollar, no thought of opportunity ever entering the smallest corner of his mind, and disturbing his high endeavors; with a virtue which the possession of power could not even tempt, much less debauch; from whose presence the very thought of corruption instinctively shrank back; a life so unspotted, an integrity so intact, a character so high, that the most daring eagerness of calumny, the most wanton audacity of insinuation, standing on tiptoe, could not touch the soles of his shoes.

They say that he indulged in overweening self-appreciation. Ay, he did have a magnificent pride, a lofty self-esteem. Why should he not? Let wretches despise themselves, for they have good reason to do so; not he. But in his self-esteem there was nothing small and mean; no man

lived to whose very nature envy and petty jealousy were more foreign. His pride of self was like his pride of country. He was the proudest American; he was the proudest New Englander; and yet he was the most cosmopolitan American we have ever seen.

He is at rest now, the stalwart, brave old champion, whose face and bearing were so austere, and whose heart was so full of tenderness; who began his career with a pathetic plea for universal peace and charity, and whose whole life was an arduous, incessant, never-resting struggle, which left him all covered with scars. And we can do nothing for him but remember his lofty ideals of liberty, and equality, and justice, and reconciliation, and purity, and the earnestness, and courage, and touching fidelity with which he fought for them—so genuine in his sincerity, so single-minded in his zeal, so heroic in his devotion.

People of Massachusetts! He was the son of your soil, in which he now sleeps; but he is not all your own. He belongs to all of us in the North and in the South—to the blacks he helped to make free, and to the whites he strove to make brothers again. Over the grave of him whom so many thought to be their enemy, and found to be their friend, let the hands be clasped which so bitterly warred against each other. Let the youth of America be taught, by the story of his life, that not only genius, power, and success, but more than these, patriotic devotion and virtue, make the greatness of the citizen. If this lesson be understood, more than Charles Sumner's living word could have done for the glory of America, will be done by the inspiration of his great example. And it will truly be said, that although his body lies moldering in the earth, yet in the assured rights of all, in the brotherhood of a reunited people, and in a purified Republic, he still lives, and will live forever.

DIFFIDENCE.

"I'm after axin', Biddy dear—"
 And here he paused awhile
 To fringe his words the merest mite
 With something of a smile—

2BBB5 ,

A smile that found its image
 In a face of beauteous mold,
 Whose liquid eyes were peeping
 From a broidery of gold.

"I've come to ax ye, Biddy dear,
 If—" then he stopped again,
 As if his heart had bubbled o'er
 And overflowed his brain.
 His lips were twitching nervously
 O'er what they had to tell,
 And timed the quavers with the eyes
 That gently rose and fell.

"I've come—" and then he took her hands
 And held them in his own,
 "To ax"—and then he watched the buds
 That on her cheeks had blown,—
 "Me purty dear—" and then he heard
 The throbbing of her heart,
 That told how love had entered in
 And claimed its every part.

"Och! don't be tazin' me," said she,
 With just the faintest sigh,
 "I've sinse enough to see you've come,
 But what's the reason why?"
 "To ax—" and once again the tongue
 Forbore its sweets to tell,
 "To ax—if *Mrs. Mulligan*
Has any pigs to sell."

THE LIPS THAT TOUCH LIQUOR MUST NEVER TOUCH MINE.—GEORGE W. YOUNG.

You are coming to woo me, but not as of yore,
 When I hastened to welcome your ring at the door;
 For I trusted that he who stood waiting me then,
 Was the brightest, the truest, the noblest of men.
 Your lips, on my own when they printed "Farewell,"
 Had never been soiled by "the beverage of hell;"
 But they come to me now with the bacchanal sign,
 And the lips that touch liquor must never touch mine.

I think of that night in the garden alone,
 When in whispers you told me your heart was my own,
 That your love in the future should faithfully be
 Unshared by another, kept only for me.

Oh, sweet to my soul is the memory still,
Of the lips which met mine, when they murmured "I will;"
But now to their pressure no more they incline,
For the lips that touch liquor must never touch mine!

O John! how it crushed me, when first in your face
The pen of the "Rum Fiend" had written "disgrace;"
And turned me in silence and tears from that breath
All poisoned and foul from the chalice of death.
It scattered the hopes I had treasured to last;
It darkened the future and clouded the past;
It shattered my idol, and ruined the shrine,
For the lips that touch liquor must never touch mine.

I loved you—Oh, dearer than language can tell,
And you saw it, you proved it, you knew it too well!
But the man of my love was far other than he
Who now from the "Tap-room" comes reeling to me:
In manhood and honor so noble and right—
His heart was so true, and his genius so bright—
And his soul was unstained, unpolluted by wine;
But the lips that touch liquor must never touch mine.

You promised reform, but I trusted in vain;
Your pledge was but made to be broken again:
And the lover so false to his promises now,
Will not, as a husband, be true to his vow.
The word must be spoken that bids you depart—
Though the effort to speak it should shatter my heart—
Though in silence, with blighted affection, I pine,
Yet the lips that touch liquor must never touch mine!

If one spark, in your bosom, of virtue remain,
Go fan it with prayer till it kindle again;
Resolved, with "God helping," in future to be
From wine and its follies unshackled and free!
And when you have conquered this foe of your soul,—
In manhood and honor beyond his control—
This heart will again beat responsive to thine,
And the lips free from liquor be welcome to mine.

SHORT SENSATIONAL STORY.

Sophia Saunders searchingly scrutinized Sarah, scowling severely.

Stephen Smith—Sarah's suitor—strong, splendidly sinewed, shapely Stephen, slept soundly.

Sophia spoke. She said Sarah should sell stale smelling soles.

Stephen snored.

Sophia spitefully shook Sarah.

"Surrender!" said she.

Sarah screamed shrilly.

Stephen seeing sweet Sarah's situation, stealing stealthily, suddenly squeezed Sophia's side, saying: "Stop such silly squabbles, such stupid strife; stop striking Sarah."

She staggered.

"So," sneered Sophia, "savage Stephen sneakingly supports Sarah! Seek safety—skedaddle!"

Stephen smiling satirically said: "Sarah shall sell stale soles, sweet Sophia, shall she?"

"She shall!" shrieked Sophia.

So saying, Sophia Saunders strolled seaward stalking stiffly, selecting sloppy shingle spots. Slackening speed, she sat. Straightway she sentimentalized:

"See star-spangled sky; see sinking sun; see salt sea; see Sophia Saunders, spinster, Sarah's sister, spurned, slighted, scorned. So Sarah supposes selling stale soles sinful! Sacre! She shall see."

She stood still some seconds solemnly sea-surveying. Suddenly she said: "See Stephen so sneaking, so sanctimonious, so supremely stupid; see sister Sarah so sweetly seraphic, sweet Sunday school scholar, sublime sinner, see Sophia swim. Stephen, sister Sarah shall sell sweet soles—so shall she starve."

Sarah shuddered.

Stephen sneezed.

Suddenly Sophia sprang screaming, splashing salt spray skyward.

"Save Sophia, Stephen! see, she sinks!" screamed Sarah.

"Scarcely, sweetheart," said Stephen, sullenly.

So Sophia Saunders sank.

Sophia's suicide saved Sarah selling soles so stale. She systematically sold sweet soles. She survived Sophia several summer seasons.

Sometimes she sang sad songs softly, sorrowing Sophia's sad suicide. Still she stayed single, scornfully spurning Stephen Smith's soft speeches.

A LESSON FROM "THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT."

ARRANGED FOR A SABBATH-SCHOOL EXERCISE BY P. GARRETT.*

This I say then, Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfill the lust of the flesh.—Gal. v : 16.

SCHOOL.

But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance: against such there is no law.—Gal. v : 22, 23.

For all the law is fulfilled in one word, even in this, Thou shalt LOVE thy neighbor as thyself.—Gal. v : 14.

SCHOOL.

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.—John, xv : 13.

Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.—John, xv : 14.

SCHOOL.

He that loveth not, knoweth not God, for God is love.
I. John, iv : 8.

The Lord preserveth all them that love Him.—Psalm cxiv : 20.

(THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE.)

They sin, who tell us love can die:
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity;
In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
Nor avarice in the vaults of hell;
Earthly these passions of the earth,
They perish where they have their birth;
But love is indestructible;
Its holy flame forever burneth,
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times oppressed,

*This combination of extracts and responsive readings can be rendered with very good effect by the teacher, or a leader, repeating the FINE PRINT and the school, or class, responding by giving the remaining portions, either in concert or singly, as the case may be.

The assignment of parts is given as a guide, but they can be changed to suit different cases, and any number of divisions and sub-divisions may be introduced. The extracts not assigned are intended for individual recitations.

Other extracts may be substituted for those given, and the number may be increased, or diminished, at pleasure. Singing can also be very readily interspersed throughout the exercise, if desirable.

It here is tried and purified,
Then hath in heaven its perfect rest:
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest-time of love is there.

Robert Southey.

JUNIOR CLASS.

God is Love, saith the Evangel;
And our world of woe and sin
Is made light and happy only,
When a love is shining in.

J. G. Whittier.

What is JOY?

1st Voice.—A Deity believed, is joy begun;
2nd Voice.—A Deity adored is joy advanced;
3rd Voice.—A Deity beloved is joy matured.

Thou wilt show me the path of life: in thy presence is fulness of joy—
Psalm xvi: 11.

SCHOOL.

And the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to
Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads: they
shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall
flee away.—*Isaiah, xxxv: 10.*

INFANT CLASS.

That pleasure is of all
Most bountiful and kind,
That fades not straight, but leaves
A living joy behind.

Campion.

Follow PEACE with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the
Lord.—*Hebrews xiii: 14.*

(THE PATH OF PEACE.)

Poor worldling! stay thy vain pursuit of peace
In empty vanities: no good can live
In all the gilded charms that mock thee: cease
Thy hold on these; loose every cord, and hear
The voice of God: "Come ye that weary are!
Ye heavy-laden, come, and I will give
You rest." Oh, heed that call! in holy fear,
In deep humility, bow down: the star
Of hope shall rise, and joy shall speak thy soul's release.
Isaac F. Shepard.

SENIOR CLASS.

In active health or sad disease
Oh, ne'er forget that precious word—
"He shall be kept in perfect peace,
Whose soul is stayed on God."

G. B. Cheever.

The Lord is—LONG SUFFERING and of great mercy.—Numbers, xiv : 18.

SCHOOL.

But thou, O Lord, art a God full of compassion, and gracious ; long suffering, and plenteous in mercy and truth.
Psal'm lxxxvi : 15.

(BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN.)

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night ;
And *grief* may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

For God hath marked each sorrowing day
And numbered every secret tear,
And Heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

W. C. Bryant.

It hath been truly said, " Long suffering leads to GENTLENESS."

BIBLE CLASS.

(THE POWER OF GENTLENESS.)

If a soul thou wouldst redeem,
And lead a lost one back to God :—
Wouldst thou a guardian-angel seem
To one who long in guilt hath trod,—
Go kindly to him—take his hand
With gentlest words within thine own,
And by his side a brother stand,
Till all the demons thou dethrone.

C. M. Sawyer.

Shakspeare has said—"God's goodness hath been great," What saith the Holy Scriptures?

SCHOOL.

Or despiseth thou the riches of his *goodness* and forbearance and long-suffering ; not knowing that the *goodness* of God leadeth thee to repentance.—*Romans, ii : 4.*

(AN EXTRACT.)

The goodness which struggles and battles, and goes down deep and soars high, is the quality of which heroism is made, by which the world is salted and kept pure;—it is the seed which bears fruit in martyrs, making mankind “faithful unto death.”

The Scriptures saith “Now the just shall live by faith;”—will you tell me, by the same authority, What is FAITH?

SCHOOL.

Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.—*Heb. xi: 1.*

Who hath given us the most wonderful lesson on Faith?

INFANT CLASS.

The apostle Paul, in Hebrews, 11th Chapter.

SENIOR CLASS.

(TRUE FAITH.)

The childlike *faith* that asks not sight,
 Waits not for wonder or for sign,
 Believes, because it loves, aright,
 Shall see things greater, things divine.
 Heaven to that gaze shall open wide,
 And brightest angels to and fro
 On messages of love shall glide
 Twixt God and man below.

Keble.

MEEKNESS has been defined as “A grace which Jesus alone inculcated, and which no ancient philosopher seems to have understood or recommended.”

SCHOOL.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.
Matthew, v: 5.

(REWARD OF MEEKNESS.)

The gentle heart that thinks with pain,
 It scarce can lowliest task fulfill,
 And if it dared its life to scan,
 Would ask but pathway low and still;
 Often such gentle heart is brought
 To act with power beyond its thought.
 For God, through ways they have not known,
 Will lead his own.

Who will speak for TEMPERANCE?

JUNIOR CLASS.

'Tis to thy rules, O temperance! that we owe
All pleasures, which from health and strength can flow;
Vigor of body, purity of mind,
Unclouded reason, sentiments refined.

M. Chandler.

While we are especially enjoined to be "temperate in ALL THINGS," God, reason,
and humanity DEMAND us to "Beware of strong drink!"

(A SHORT TEMPERANCE SPEECH.)

Let truth and temperance prevail
Throughout our favored land,
And may a numerous host come forth
To join our growing band.

Let young and old, let rich and poor
Their energies unite,
Until all people, climes and tongues
In temperance delight.

What lesson do we find in Proverbs, 23rd Chapter?

1st Voice.—Who hath woe?

2nd Voice.—Who hath sorrow?

3rd Voice.—Who hath contentions?

4th Voice.—Who hath babbling?

5th Voice.—Who hath wounds without cause?

6th Voice.—Who hath redness of eyes?

SCHOOL.

They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek
mixed wine.

And what the solemn warning?

SCHOOL.

Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth
his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright.

At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an
adder.

Will the INFANT CLASS please tell us what our drink shall be?

INFANT CLASS.

The sweetest, purest, best of things
That for our use is given;
Is cool, bright water flowing free,
Free as the air of Heaven.

1888*

SCHOOL.

(A SUMMARY OF "THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT.")

Then "*Love* thy neighbor as thyself,"
 So shall thy *joys* increase,
 Thy ways be ways of pleasantness
 And all thy paths be *peace*!

Let *long-suffering* lead to *gentleness*,—
 With *goodness* strew thy way;
 And *faith*, by bounteous Grace supplied,
 Will yield thee "fruit" each day.

In *meekness* looking unto God,
Temperance in all things show!
 Thus thou shalt find "the law fulfilled,"
 And Heaven begun below.

P. Garrett.

THE DEMON SHIP.—LLOYD MIFFLIN.

Her prow was bright with an evil light,
 Her sails were as red as gore;
 She drifted alone in an endless night,
 On a sea without a shore.

As the blood of a babe her decks were red,
 Where her crimson masts careened;
 Her criminal crew were doomed as dead,
 And her name was the Scarlet Fiend;—

Black was the sea as a sorcerer's heart,
 Black as the soul of sin,—
 And she sailed the waves with never a chart,
 And gathered her victims in.

There was Age with his red-rimmed rheumy eyes:
 There were babes but newly born;
 There was haggard Woman, with lips of lies,
 And faded Youth forlorn.

Thus she sailed the sea for a thousand years:
 Her corpses rotted therein
 Till the sea grew black—this sea of Tears—
 With the stench of her awful sin.

Millions had stood 'neath the sanguine sails
 Till they gorged the graves of fools;

Her shrouds were wove of the whole world's wails,
And her crews were worse than ghouls.

She is sailing to-day on that dreadful sea;
Her cargo is blood of the vine;
"Ho-ho!" they shout in their demon glee,
"There is no God but Wine!"

The last fresh water they pour in the flood:
"May we taste no more of it!"
She's sinking down, but, by Bacchus' blood,
We'll quaff till she touches the pit!"

And their hoarse throats yell, while their frantic feet
Drip red with the running wine
As it floods the deck like a slippery street
At the foot of the guillotine:

"Ho-ho! ho-ho! How the sea doth roar,
While our ship sinks slow in the dark!
By the Devil's soul! in a minute or more
There'll be food for a shoal of shark!"

As the lightnings crash through the midnight black
She is sinking slow in the wave:
"Ho-ho!" they scoff, "Let the red masts crack,
Yet we'll drink on the brink of the grave!"

"Let death gape wide and swallow us up—
Here's a health to his soul again!—
She sinks!—she sinks!—then cheer the red cup!"
And the whole crew whooped, "Amen!"

The black sea yawned one ravenous hole:
Up rose a sickening yell;
For the Fiend plunged down with every soul
Headlong to the heart of hell.

O'er the vortex black where the ship went in
The seething sea swirls red;
O God! is't the stain of wine or of sin,
Or the blood of her drunken dead!

She may sink to the depths for the millionth time—
The Scarlet Fiend and her crew,—
Yet ever she rises, crimson with crime,
With a million souls anew.

For the ship is bright as an evil light,
And her decks drip red with gore;
But she drifts to an awful gulf of night,
Where they thirst for evermore.

SOMETHING SPILT.

Barnet's boy left a sack of flour at Archibald's last evening. It was one of those evil-minded paper sacks that had a hundred pounds in it.

"Henry, won't you take that flour up in the garret?" said Mrs. A. persuasively after supper.

"Ain't it awful heavy?" and Henry looked at it apprehensively.

"If I was as big as you, I wouldn't talk about any thing being heavy."

"Big, eh? I like the big part of it. Who busted one of the West-Ward cars last summer, I'd like to know?"

"Old man, you look out now! we are not discussing street-cars. You just grab that sack, and I'll help you with a boost behind."

Henry persuaded the sack on a chair, and from the chair to the table. Then he leaned down, and pulled it over on his shoulder; but it came on him with such a rush, that it jammed him against the kitchen-door, nearly knocking the top of his head in.

"Where are you going?" screamed Mrs. A. as he staggered back, ramming her over the stove, stepping on the hired girl's corn and the dog's tail in one motion. "What are you kicking things around that way for, you benighted old idiot?"

"Why don't you grab hold of this thing, and steady it, afore it chases a fellow down the cellar? Blamed thing weighs about a ton."

She grabbed the hind end of the sack, and steered Henry to the stairs. They were crooked, and he went up them with caution. At the next turn something stopped him: the miserable sack had found a nail.

"What in sin are you pullin' back for?"

"Who's a-pullin' back? Go on, you bandy-legged imbecile, afore a person lifts their heart out helping you."

Henry gave a jerk and a grunt. The bag came loose, and ten pounds of flour came down on Mrs. A.'s head.

"Whew!—phew!—merciful powers!" But she was too mad for language, and struck out wildly, hitting Henry just

back of the knee, on the leg that had all the strain on it. That leg doubled up like a dissipated dishcloth. He reeled wildly a moment, and let go the sack, which immediately went down on top of Mrs. Archibald, precipitated her into the kitchen on top of the girl, who went backwards into the basket of clean clothes, at the same time nearly breaking the dog's back with her head. Henry just went backwards into a heap until his head struck the wall at the turn of the stairs; when he rolled over, and sat three steps up, feeling around for the place where his backbone came through with one hand, while he rubbed the flour and stars out of his eyes with the other.

"Old woman, didn't you spill something?" he meekly inquired.

"O you murderous villain!" and she fired the stove-lifter at him; which, with a woman's usual aim, went out at the window, and knocked over her pet lily.

"Old woman's getting mad, I guess!" and Henry scrambled up into the garret and bolted himself in, and leaned out at the end window, inflicting an hour-and-a-half joke on Oxtoby, next door, about the Russians being fond of poultry, because they were going to live on Turkey all summer.

WHEN THE COWS COME HOME.

When klinge, klange, klinge,
 Far down the dusty dingle,
 The cows are coming home;
 Now sweet and clear, now faint and low,
 The airy tinklings come and go,
 Like chimings from the far-off tower,
 Or patterings of an April shower
 That makes the daisies grow;
 Ko-ling, ko-lang, klingeledge,
 Far down the darkening dingle,
 The cows come slowly home.

And old-time friends, and twilight plays,
 And starry nights and sunny days,
 Come trooping up the misty ways
 When the cows come home.

With jingle, jangle, jingle,
Soft tones that sweetly mingle—
The cows are coming home;

Malvine, and Pearl, and Florimel,
DeKamp, Red Rose, and Gretchen Schell,
Queen Bess, and Sylph, and Spangled Sue,
Across the fields I hear her "loo-oo"
And clang her silver bell;
Go-ling, go-lang, golingledingle,
With faint, far sounds that mingle,
The cows come slowly home.

And mother-songs of long-gone years,
And baby-joys and childish fears,
And youthful hopes and youthful tears,
When the cows come home.
With ringle, rangle, ringle,
By twos and threes and single,
The cows are coming home.

Through violet air we see the town,
And the summer sun a-sliding down,
And the maple in the hazel glade
Throws down the path a longer shade,
And the hills are growing brown;
To-ring, to-rang, toringleringle,
By threes and fours and single,
The cows come slowly home.

The same sweet sound of wordless psalm,
The same sweet June-day rest and calm,
The same sweet smell of buds and balm,
When the cows come home.
With tinkle, tankle, tinkle,
Through fern and periwinkle,
The cows are coming home.

A-loitering in the checkered stream,
Where the sun-rays glance and gleam,
Clarine, Peach-bloom, and Phebe Phillis
Stand knee-deep in the creamy lilies,
In a drowsy dream;
To-link, to-lank, tolinklelinkle,
O'er banks with buttercups a-twinkle,
The cows come slowly home.

And up through memory's deep ravine
Come the brook's old song and its old-time sheen,
And the crescent of the silver queen,
When the cows come home.

With klinge, klang, klinge,
With loo-oo, and moo-oo, and jingle,
The cows are coming home.

And over there on Merlin Hill
Sounds the plaintive cry of the whip-poor-will,
And the dew-drops lie on the tangled vines,
And over the poplars Venus shines,
And over the silent mill.
Ko-ling, ko-lang, kolineleling,
With ting-a-ling and jingle,
The cows come slowly home.

Let down the bars ; let in the train
Of long-gone songs, and flowers, and rain ;
For dear old times come back again,
When the cows come home.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN.—W. C. BRYANT.

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name :
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,
Wearing a bright black wedding coat ;
White are his shoulders and white his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note :
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Look, what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings :
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Brood, kind creature ; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she,
 One weak chirp is her only note,
 Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
 Pouring boasts from his little throat:
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink ;
 Never was I afraid of man ;
 Catch me, cowardly knaves if you can.
 Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
 Flecked with purple, a pretty sight !
 There as the mother sits all day,
 Robert is singing with all his might:
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink ;
 Nice good wife, that never goes out,
 Keeping house while I frolic about.
 Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell
 Six wide mouths are open for food ;
 Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
 Gathering seed for the hungry brood.
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink ;
 This new life is likely to be
 Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
 Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
 Sober with work and silent with care ;
 Off is his holiday garment laid,
 Half forgotten that merry air,
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink ;
 Nobody knows but my mate and I
 Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
 Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes ; the children are grown ;
 Fun and frolic no more he knows ;
 Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crono ;
 Off he flies, and we sing as he goes :
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink ;
 When you can pipe that merry old strain,
 Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
 Chee, chee, chee.

THE VISION OF MIRZA.—JOSEPH ADDISON.

On the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdati, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here refreshing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation of the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, surely, said I, man is but a shadow, and life a dream. Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eye towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, but who was in reality a being of superior nature. I drew near with profound reverence, and fell down at his feet. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability, that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, "Mirza," said he, "I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me."

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock; and placing me on the top of it, "Cast thine eyes eastward," said he, "and tell me what thou seest." "I see," said I, "a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it." "The valley that thou seest, said he, "is the vale of misery; and the tide of water that thou seest, is part of the great tide of eternity." "What is the reason," said I, "that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other end?" "What thou seest," said he, "is that portion of eternity which is called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now," said he, "this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it." "I see a bridge," said I, "standing in the midst of the tide." "The bridge thou seest," said he, "is human life; consider it attentively." Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken

arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about a hundred.

As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. "But tell me further," said he, "what thou discoverest on it." "I see multitudes of people passing over it," said I "and a black cloud hanging on each end of it." As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and, upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, than they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud than many fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the ends of the arches that were entire. There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy, to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them, to save themselves. Some were looking up toward the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and, in the midst of a speculation, stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles, that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often, when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sank. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimitars in their hands, and others with weapons, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

The genius seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me that I had dwelt long enough upon it. "Take thine eyes off the bridge," said he, "and tell me if thou seest anything thou dost not comprehend." Upon looking up, "What mean," said I, "those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and, among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches." "These," said the genius, "are envy, avarice, superstition, despair, and love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life."

I here fetched a deep sigh. "Alas," said I, "man was made in vain! how is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!" The genius, being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. "Look no more," said he, "on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it." I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or not the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate,) I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean, planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers.

Gladness grew in me at the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. "The

islands," said he, "that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears dotted as far as thou canst see it, are more in number than the sands on the seashore. There are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thine eyes, or even thine imagination can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degrees and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasure of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them; every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives the opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him." I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, "Show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant." The genius making no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating; but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long, hollow valley of Bagdad, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it.

—*The Spectator.*

THE PERILS OF INVISIBILITY.—W. S. GILBERT.

Old Peter led a wretched life—
 Old Peter had a furious wife;
 Old Peter too was truly stout,
 He measured several yards about.

The little fairy Picklekin
 One summer afternoon looked in,
 And said, "Old Peter, how de do?
 Can I do anything for you?"

"I have three gifts—the first will give
Unbounded riches while you live;
The second, health where'er you be;
The third, invisibility."

"O little fairy Picklekin,"
Old Peter answered with a grin,
"To hesitate would be absurd,—
Undoubtedly I choose the third."

"'Tis yours," the fairy said; "be quite
Invisible to mortal sight
Whene'er you please. Remember me
Most kindly, pray, to Mrs. P."

Old Mrs. Peter overheard
Wee Picklekin's concluding word,
And jealous of her girlhood's choice,
Said, "That was some young woman's voice!"

Old Peter let her scold and swear—
Old Peter, bless him, didn't care.
"My dear, your rage is wasted quite—
Observe, I disappear from sight!"

A well-bred fairy (so I've heard)
Is always faithful to her word:
Old Peter vanished like a shot,
But then—*his suit of clothes did not.*

For when conferred the fairy slim
Invisibility on him,
She popped away on fairy wings,
Without referring to his "things."

So there remained a coat of blue,
A vest and double eye-glass too,
His stock, his shoes, his socks as well,
His pair of—no, I must not tell.

Old Mrs. Peter soon began
To see the failure of his plan,
And then resolved (I quote the Bard)
To "hoist him with his own petard."

Old Peter woke next day and dressed,
Put on his coat and shoes and vest,
His shirt and stock—but could not find
His only pair of—never mind!

Old Peter was a decent man,
And though he twigg'd his lady's plan,

Yet, hearing her approaching, he
Resumed invisibility.

"Dear Mrs. P., my only joy,"
Exclaimed the horrified old boy;
"Now give them up, I beg of you—
You know what I'm referring to!"

But no; the cross old lady swore
She'd keep his—what I said before—
To make him publicly absurd;
And Mrs. Peter kept her word.

The poor old fellow had no rest;
His coat, his stock, his shoes, his vest,
Were all that now met mortal eye—
The rest, invisibility!

"Now, madam, give them up, I beg—
I've bad rheumatics in my leg;
Besides, until you do, its plain
I cannot come to sight again!

"For though some mirth it might afford
To see my clothes without their lord,
Yet there would rise indignant oaths
If he were seen without his clothes!"

But no: resolved to have her quiz,
The lady held her own—and his—
And Peter left his humble cot
To find a pair of—you know what.

But—here's the worst of this affair—
Whene'er he came across a pair,
Already placed for him to don,
He was too stout to get them on!

So he resolved at once to train,
And walked and walked with all his main;
For years he paced this mortal earth,
To bring himself to decent girth.

At night when all around is still,
You'll find him pounding up a hill;
And shrieking peasants whom he meets,
Fall down in terror on the peats.

Old Peter walks through wind and rain,
Resolved to train, and train, and train,
Until he weighs twelve stone or so—
And when he does I'll let you know.

THE THREE WISHES.

"You've saved my life," the master said,
 "At risk of yours, my faithful Ned;
 And that a service so immense
 May not fail of such recompense
 As lies in human means to make,
 (Would mine were god-like for your sake!)
 Three dearest wishes straight unfold—
 Each shall be granted soon as told."

"Well, den," grinned Ned, with ivory show,
 "Since massa please to hab it so,
 My firs' s'all be for—for—e'yah!
 As much good old peach-brandy, sah,
 As dis 'ere darkey an' his wife
 Can jubilate in all dere life.
 De nex'—Virginia weed enough
 For me to smoke an' her to snuff,
 Till life's las' mile-stone s'al be past."
 "It shall be so, Ned—now the last!"
 "De las'—hem—gorry! let me see—
 W'at s'all it in partic'lar be?
 Oh! now I hab him—chee, e'yah!
 A *leetle more* peach-brandy, sah!"

THE SPELLING CLASS.—E. P. DYER.

INSCRIBED TO ALL OUR MODEL SPELLERS.

Stand up, ye spellers now and spell—
 Since spelling matches are the rage,
 Spell Phenakistoscope and Knell,
 Diphtheria, Syzygy, and Gauge.
 Or take some simple word as Chilly,
 Or Willie or the garden Lily.
 To spell such words as Syllogism,
 And Lachrymose and Synchronism,
 And Pentateuch and Saccharine,
 Apocrypha and Celendine,
 Lactiferous and Cecity,
 Jejune and Homœopathy,
 Paralysis and Chloroform,
 Rhinoceros and Pachyderm,
 Metempsychosis, Gherkins, Basque,
 It is certainly no easy task.
 Kaleidoscope and Tennessee,
 Kamtschatka and Dispensary,

Would make some spellers colicky.
 Diphthong and Erysipelas,
 And Etiquette and Sassafras,
 Infallible and Ptyalism,
 Allopathy and Rheumatism,
 And Cataclysm and Beleaguer,
 Twelfth, Eighteenth, Rendezvous, Intriguer,
 And hosts of other words are found
 On English and on Classic ground.
 Thus Behring Straits and Michaelmas,
 Thermopylæ, Cordilleras,
 Suite, Jalap, Hemorrhage, and Havana,
 Cinquefoil and Ipecacuanha,
 And Rappahannock, Shenandoah,
 And Schuylkill and a thousand more
 Are words some prime good spellers miss,
 In Dictionary lands like this.
 Nor need one think himself a Scroyle,
 If some of these his efforts foil,
 Nor deem himself undone forever
 To miss the name of either river;
 The Dnieper, Seine or Guadalquiver.

"IN THE GARRET ARE OUR BOYS."

Here I'm sitting, stitching, darning
 Little stockings, toes and heels,
 While above my head the racket
 Sounds like distant thunder peals.
 What on earth can mean this tumult,
 Whence comes this distracting noise?
 Ah, I know it, yes I hear them,—
 In the garret are our boys.

There is Grayson, "dead in earnest,"
 Wanting things to go "just so;"
 Banging all the boards together,
 Placing boxes in a row;
 "Make believe" he's having auction,
 Selling worn-out, broken toys,
 Do you wonder at the clatter?
 In the garret are our boys.

Now the barrel from the corner
 Fast is rolling o'er and o'er,
 And the croquet balls are bounding
 Here and there across the floor.
 "Seize a mallet," "quick," "get ready,"
 "There's your ball, and here mine goes."

"I can beat you if I try it."

"I can strike the hardest blows."

Hark, a shout of merry laughter—

Hammond's joyful, jolly glee!

"Brother, don't you see I'm beating?

Better clear the track for me."

Bang, bang, bang! Oh dear, tis deafening,

Have you ever heard this noise?

Not unless you are the mother

Of just three such darling boys.

Now I hear a shout from Milton—

He's the youngest of the three—

"Oh, that's nothing, if I missed it."

"Take care, brother, don't hit me."

"Mamma, mamma! call to Hammie."

"Here's my book, and there's my ball."

"Let me be, or I'll go tell her,—

Mamma, Hammie made me fall."

Yes, I'm sitting, stitching, mending,

Pants and jackets quite a sight;

Need I grieve o'er countless stitches,

If they cover hearts all right?

Should the bustle in the garret

E'er disturb my sweetest joys,

If my heart is yearning heavenward,

For the welfare of our boys?

If when years have brought them manhood

And the broad world is their field;

When this heart that so much loves them,

Its first place is forced to yield;

When I ponder o'er the by-gones,

Will these days be reckoned joys?

Will I wish that I could say then,

"In the garret are our boys?"

HOW "RUBY" PLAYED.

Jud Brownin, when visiting New York, goes to hear Rubinstein, and gives the following description of his playing:

Well, sir, he had the blamdest, biggest, catty-cornedest pianner you ever laid eyes on; somethin' like a distracted billiard table on three legs. The lid was hoisted, and mighty well it was. If it hadn't been he'd a tore the entire inside clean out, and scattered 'em to the four winds of heaven.

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Played well? You bet he did; but don't interrupt me. When he first sit down, he 'peared to keer mighty little 'bout playin', and wisht he hadn't come. He tweedle-leede'd a little on the treble, and twoodle-oodled some on the base—just foolin' and boxin' the thing's jaws for bein' in his way. And I says to a man settin' next to me, says I: "What sort of fool playin' is that?" And he says, "Heish!" But presently his hands commenced chasin' one another up and down the keys, like a passel of rats scamperin' through a garret very swift. Parts of it was sweet, though, and reminded me of a sugar squirrel turnin' the wheel of a candy cage.

"Now," I says to my neighbor, "he's showin' off. He thinks he's a-doin' of it, but he ain't got no idee, no plan of nothin'. If he'd play me a tune of some kind or other I'd—"

But my neighbor says "Heish!" very impatient.

I was just about to git up and go home, bein' tired of that foolishness, when I heard a little bird waking up away off in the woods, and call sleepy-like to his mate, and I looked up and see that Rubin was beginning to take some interest in his business, and I sit down again. It was the peep of day. The light came faint from the east, the breezes blowed gentle and fresh, some more birds waked up in the orchard, then some more in the trees near the house, and all begun singin' together. People began to stir, and the gal opened the shutters. Just then the first beam of the sun fell upon the blossoms a leetle more, and it techt the roses on the bushes, and the next thing it was broad day; the sun fairly blazed, the birds sung like they'd split their little throats; all the leaves was movin', and flashin' diamonds of dew, and the whole wide world was bright and happy as a king. Seemed to me like there was a good breakfast in every house in the land, and not a sick child or woman anywhere. It was a fine mornin'.

And I says to my neighbor: "That's music, that is."

But he glared at me like he'd like to cut my throat.

Presently the wind turned; it begun to thicken up, and a kind of gray mist came over things; I got low-spirited directly. Then a silver rain begun to fall. I could see the drops touch the ground; some flashed up like long pearl ear-rings, and the rest rolled away like round rubies. It

was pretty but melancholy. Then the pearls gathered themselves into long strands and necklaces, and then they melted into thin silver streams, running between golden gravels, and then the streams joined each other at the bottom of the hill, and made a brook that flowed silent, except that you could kinder see the music, specially when the bushes on the banks moved as the music went along down the valley. I could smell the flowers in the meadow. But the sun didn't shine, nor the birds sing; it was a foggy day, but not cold.

The most curious thing was the little white angel-boy, like you see in pictures, that run ahead of the music brook and led it on, and on, away out of the world, where no man ever was, certain. I could see that boy just as plain as I see you. Then the moonlight came, without any sunset, and shone on the graveyards, where some few ghosts lifted their hands and went over the wall, and between the black, sharp-top trees splendid marble houses rose up, with fine ladies in the lit-up windows, and men that loved 'em, but could never get a-nigh 'em, who played on guitars under the trees, and made me that miserable I could have cried, because I wanted to love somebody, I don't know who, better than the men with the guitars did.

Then the sun went down, it got dark, the wind moaned and wept like a lost child for its dead mother, and I could a got up then and there and preached a better sermon than any I ever listened to. There wasn't a thing in the world left to live for, not a blame thing, and yet I didn't want the music to stop one bit. It was happier to be miserable than to be happy without being miserable. I couldn't understand it. I hung my head and pulled out my handkerchief, and blowed my nose loud to keep me from cryin'. My eyes is weak anyway; I didn't want anybody to be a-gazin' at me a-snivlin', and it's nobody's business what I do with my nose. It's mine. But some several glared at me mad as blazes. Then, all of a sudden, old Rubin changed his tune. He ripped out and he rared, he tipped and he tared, he pranced and he charged like the grand entry at a circus. 'Peared to me that all the gas in the house was turned on at once, things got so bright, and I hilt up my head, ready to look any

man in the face, and not afraid of nothin'. It was a circus, and a brass band, and a big ball all goin' on at the same time. He lit into them keys like a thousand of brick; he give em no rest day or night; he set every livin' joint in me a-goin', and not bein' able to stand it no longer, I jumped spang onto my seat, and jest hollered;

"Go it, my Rube!"

Every blamed man, woman, and child in the house riz on me, and shouted, "Put him out! put him out!"

"Put your great grandmother's grizzly gray greenish cat into the middle of next month!" I says. "Tech me if you dare? I paid my money and you jest come a-nigh me!"

With that some several policemen run up, and I had to simmer down. But I would a fit any fool that laid hands on me, for I was bound to hear Ruby out or die.

He had changed his tune again. He hop-light ladies and tip-toed fine from end to end of the key-board. He played soft and low and solemn. I heard the church bells over the hills. The candles of heaven was lit, one by one; I saw the stars rise. The great organ of eternity began to play from the world's end to the world's end and all the angels went to prayers. * * * * Then the music changed to water, full of feeling that couldn't be thought, and began to drop—drip, drop—drip, drop, clear and sweet, like tears of joy falling into a lake of glory. It was sweeter than that. It was as sweet as a sweet-heart sweetened with white sugar mixt with powdered silver and seed diamonds. It was too sweet. I tell you the audience cheered. Rabin he kinder bowed, like he wanted to say, "Much obleeged, but I'd rather you wouldn't interrup' me."

He stopt a moment or two to ketch breath. Then he got mad. He run his fingers through his hair, he shoved up his sleeve, he opened his coat tails a leetle further, he drug up his stool, he leaned over, and, sir, he just went for that old pianner. He slapt her face, he boxed her jaws, he pulled her nose, he pinched her ears, and he scratched her cheeks until she fairly yelled. He knockt her down and he stampt on her shameful. She bellowed like a bull, she bleated like a calf, she howled like a hound, she squealed like a pig, she shrieked like a rat, and then he wouldn't let

her up. He run a quarter stretch down the low grounds of the base, till he got clean in the bowels of the earth, and you heard thunder galloping after thunder, through the hollows and caves of perdition ; and then he fox-chased his right hand with his left till he got way out of the treble into the clouds, whar the notes was finer than the pints of cambric needles, and you couldn't hear nothin' but the shadders of 'em. And *then* he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He far'ard two'd, he crost over first gentleman, he chassade right and left, back to your places, he all hands'd aroun', ladies to the right, promenade all, in and out, here and there, back and forth, up and down, perpetual motion, double twisted and turned and tacked and tangled into forty-eleven thousand double bow knots.

By jinks! it was a mixtery. And then he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He fecht up his right wing, he fecht up his left wing, he fecht up his center, he fecht up his reserves. He fired by file, he fired by platoons, by company, by regiments, and by brigades. He opened his cannon—siege guns down thar, Napoleons here, twelve pounders yonder—big guns, little guns, middle-sized guns, round shot, shells, shrapnels, grape, canister, mortar, mines and magazines, every livin' battery and bomb a-goin' at the same time. The house trembled, the lights danced, the walls shuk, the floor come up, the ceilin' come down, the sky split, the ground rokt—heavens and earth, creation, sweet potatoes, Moses, ninepences, glory, ten-penny nails, Sampson in a 'simmon tree, Tump, Tompson in a tumbler-cart, roodle-oodle-oodle-oodle — ruddle-uddle-uddle-uddle — rad-dle-addle-addle-addle — riddle-iddle-iddle-iddle — reedle-eedle-eedle—p-r-r-r: rlang! Bang! ! ! lang! perlang! p-r-r-r-r-r!! Bai z!!!

With that bang! he lifted himself bodily into the a'r and he come down with his knees, his ten fingers, his ten toes, his elbows, and his nose, striking every single solitary key on the pianner at the same time. The thing busted and went off into seventeen hundred and fifty-seven thousand five hundred and forty-two heme-demi-semi quivers, and I know'd no mo'.

When I come to, I were under ground about twenty

foot, in a place they call Oyster Bay, treatin' a Yankee that I never laid eyes on before, and never expect to agin. Day was breakin' by the time I got to the St. Nicholas Hotel, and I pledge you my word I did not know my name. The man asked me the number of my room, and I told him, 'Hot music on the half-shell for two!'

THE IDEAL AND THE REAL.—I. EDGAR JONES.

"I have seen," said the maid, "often seen in my dreams,
The man that my image of bravery seems;
A form like a statue, a face like a god's;
A hero that battles, nor thinks of the odds;
But moves in the strength of his majesty's might,
And conquers or dies in his struggle for right;
His lofty emotions marked out on his face,
And his form like Apollo's for beauty and grace."

"Do you see," said her comrade, "that figure forlorn,
With weather-worn garments all tattered and torn—
Its rough matted hair, and the marks on its face
That labor, nor love, nor a life can efface—
Grim poverty's stamp on its features engraved?
Yet there stands the hero who rescued and saved
A score of brave men, who are living to-day,
And morning and night for their rescuer pray."

"It was one year ago, in the midst of the night,
When mad waves were rolling in tumult and fright,
As they followed each other—a murderous band—
And thundered, and dashed on the sea-sodden sand;
White silvery summits sprang high in the air,
Like tigers, enraged, springing up from their lair,
While the wind drove in gusts o'er the tempest-tossed sea,
And shrieked like a fiend in demoniac glee."

Far out a brave ship, with a shudder and shock,
Was driven like a bolt on yon treacherous rock,
And reduced in an hour to a terror-tied wreck;
While the sea in mad anger swept over her deck,
And bore some poor sailor with glee to its lair
As he clung to a rope with the grasp of despair,
And prayed for the help that was hourly denied
As he struggled in anguish, grew weary, and died."

"We stood on the shore, in the wind's horrid breath,
And witnessed their fate; but 'twere toying with death
To row to their rescue; and though we were brave,
We shrank from the grasp of a watery grave."

But Amsalom Smith walked erect to his boat,
In spite of remonstrance ; and getting afloat—
With a word to his wife, and a hero's good-bye—
Pulled out through the breakers to do or to die.

"As he plunged in the valleys, or hung on the brink,
It seemed his frail bark could but instantly sink ;
But, with thoughts that his God and himself only knew,
He finally triumphed and rescued the crew ;
All those that were left of the terrified band
Were, thanks to his courage, brought safe to the land.
He's rough and unlettered, but not on God's ground
Can truer or worthier hero be found."

The maiden, with meek and admiring surprise,
Looked on, while the tears trickled fast from her eyes,
And reverently bowed with a worshipful grace
To the poorly-clad form and the weather-worn face,
Convinced that some heroes who win in the strife
Are called and ordained from the lowliest life,
To brand with heaven's scorn the poor impotent plan
That builds up a hero on models of man.

DAILY DYING.

The maple does not shed its leaves
In one tempestuous scarlet rain,
But softly, when the south wind grieves,
Slow, wandering over wood and plain,
One by one they waver through
The Indian summer's hazy blue,
And drop at last on the forest mold,
Coral, and ruby, and burning gold.

Our death is gradual like these ;
We die with every waning day ;
There is no waft of sorrow's breeze
But bears some heart-leaf slow away !
Up and on to the vast To Be,
Our life is going eternally !
Less of life than we had last year
Throbs in your veins, and throbs in mine,
But the way to heaven is growing clear,
And the gates of the city fairer shine,
And the day that our latest treasures flee,
Wide they will open for you and me.

MORNING.—EDWARD EVERETT.

As we proceeded, the timid approach of twilight became more perceptible; the intense blue of the sky began to soften; the smaller stars, like little children, went first to rest; the sister beams of the Pleiades soon melted together; but the bright constellations of the west and north remained unchanged. Steadily the wondrous transfiguration went on. Hands of angels hidden from mortal eyes shifted the scenery of the heavens; the glories of night dissolved into the glories of the dawn. The blue sky now turned more softly gray; the great watch-stars shut up their holy eyes; the east began to kindle. Faint streaks of purple soon blushed along the sky; the whole celestial concave was filled with the inflowing tides of the morning light, which came pouring down from above in one great ocean of radiance; till at length, as we reached the Blue Hills, a flash of purple fire blazed out from above the horizon, and turned the dewy tear-drops of flower and leaf into rubies and diamonds. In a few seconds the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown wide open, and the lord of day, arrayed in glories too severe for the gaze of man, began his state.

FATHER MOLLOY.—SAMUEL LOVER.**THE DYING CONFESSION OF PADDY M'CABE.**

Paddy McCabe was dying one day,
 And Father Molloy he came to confess him;
 Paddy prayed hard he would make no delay,
 But forgive him his sins and make haste for to bless him.
 "First tell me your sins," says Father Molloy,
 "For I'm thinking you've not been a very good boy."
 "Oh," says Paddy, "so late in the evenin' I fear
 'Twould trouble you such a long story to hear,
 For you've ten long miles o'er the mountain to go,
 While the road I've to travel's much longer, you know;
 So give us your blessin' and get in the saddle;
 To tell all my sins my poor brain it would addle;
 And the docthor gave ordhers to keep me so quiet—
 'Twould disturb me to tell all my sins, if I'd thry it—

And your Reverence has towld us unless we tell *all*
 'Tis worse than not makin' confession at all :
 So I'll say, in a word, I'm no very good boy,
 And therefore, your blessin', sweet Father Molloy."

"Well, I'll read from a book," says Father Molloy,
 "The manifold sins that humanity's heir to ;
 And when you hear those that your conscience annoy,
 You'll just squeeze my hand, as acknowledging thereto."
 Then the Father began the dark roll of iniquity,
 And Paddy, thereat, felt his conscience grow rickety,
 And he gave such a squeeze that the priest gave a roar—
 "Oh, murder!" says Paddy, "don't read any more ;
 For if you keep readin', by all that is thrue,
 Your Reverence's fist will be soon black and blue ;
 Besides, to be troubled my conscience begins,
 That your Reverence should have any hand in *my* sins.
 So you'd better suppose I committed them all—
 For whether they're great ones, or whether they're small,
 Or if they're a dozen, or if they're four-score,
 'Tis your Reverence knows how to absolve them, asthore :
 So I'll say, in a word, I'm no very good boy,
 And therefore, your blessin', sweet Father Molloy."

"Well," says Father Molloy, "if your sins I forgive,
 So you must forgive all your enemies truly,
 And promise me also that, if you should live,
 You'll leave off your old tricks, and begin to live newly."
 "I forgive ev'rybody," says Pat, with a groan,
 "Except that big vagabone, Micky Malone ;
 And him I will murder if ever I can—"
 "Tut, tut!" says the priest, "you're a very bad man ;
 For without your forgiveness, and also repentance,
 You'll ne'er go to heaven, and that is my sentence."
 "Pooh!" says Paddy McCabe, "that's a very hard case.
 With your Reverence and heaven I'm content to make pace :
 But with heaven and your Reverence I wondher—*och hone*,
 You would think of comparin' that blackguard, Malone.
 But since I'm hard pressed and that I *must* forgive,
 I forgive—if I die ; but as sure as I live
 That ugly blackguard I will surely deströy !—
 So *now* for your blessin', sweet Father Molloy!"

RELICS.—ANNIE D. WARE.

Three shining, silken rings of hair
 I'm gazing fondly on to-day,
 Yet sadly too ; for they declare
 That all things lovely pass away :

That friends, like flowers, spring and bloom,
Like flowers they wither, droop, and fall;
We lay them gently in the tomb
Which time holds open for us all,
And turn away in grief, to find
There's naught but memory left behind.

This little flaxen curl I hold,
Carries me back full many a day
To boyhood, when, both free and bold,
I cared for naught save fun and play.
As standing up one day in school,
Beside a rosy, blue-eyed girl,
I, quite unmindful of the rule,
Whispering asked her for a curl.
She shook her head; and then, in strife,
I severed this one with my knife.

In leaf torn from my spelling-book
I wrapt the trophy up with care;
She laughed at all the pains I took,
And blushing, looked most wondrous fair.
I kept the ringlet for my own,
And half in earnest, half in play,
Promised when we were older grown,
To give her one of mine in pay.
From that time forth there seemed to be
No flower so fair as Mary Lee.

The next few years flew swiftly by;
And then a day of sadness came,
Which severed every home-loved tie
And sent me forth to win a name.
'Twas then at gentle Mary's side
I sought to win her loving heart:
She promised me to be my bride,
And as we were about to part
She shook her curling tresses down,
And I cut out this ringlet brown.

With both fair locks together laid,
I started onward into life;
And when at length a home I made,
Sweet Mary Lee became my wife.
With blessings all unknown before,
Our Heavenly Father strewed our way;
For fifty happy years or more,
We watched each other turning gray.
Our children's children gathering round,
With perfect love our hearth-stone crowned.

Her gentle spirit 's passed away :
 Heaven holds for me a stronger tie.
 I watched her drooping, and to-day
 I held her in my arms to die ;
 Around her brow, so cold and white,
 Hung scattered rings of snowy hair ;
 This precious curl of silver bright,
 I took, then left her sleeping there ;—
 And now that I am left alone,
 Each silken tress has dearer grown.

COUNTRY SLEIGHING.—E. C. STEDMAN.

In January, when down the dairy the cream and clabber freeze,
 'When snow-drifts cover the fences over, we farmers take our
 ease.
 At night we rig the team, and bring the cutter out ;
 'Then fill it, fill it, fill it, fill it, and heap the furs about.
 'Here friends and cousins dash up by dozens, and sleighs at
 least a score ;
 'Here John and Molly, behind, are jolly,—Neh rides with
 me, before.
 All down the village street we range us in a row :
 Now jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle, and over the crispy snow !
 The windows glisten, the old folks listen to hear the sleigh-
 bells pass ;
 The fields grow whiter, the stars are brighter, the road as
 smooth as glass.
 Our muffled faces burn, the clear north-wind blows cold,
 The girls all nestle, nestle, nestle, each in her lover's hold.
 Through bridge and gateway we're shooting straightway,
 their toll-man was too slow !
 He'll listen after our song and laughter as over the hill we go.
 The girls cry, " Fie ! for shame !" their cheeks and lips are red,
 And so with kisses, kisses, kisses, they take the toll instead.
 Still follow, follow ! across the hollow the tavern fronts the
 road.
 Whoa, now ! all steady ! the host is ready,—he knows the
 country mode !
 The irons are in the fire, the hissing flip is got ;
 So pour and sip it, sip it, sip it, and sip it while 'tis hot.
 Push back the tables, and from the stables bring Tom, the
 fiddler, in ;
 All take your places, and make your graces, and let the
 dance begin.

The girls are beating time to hear the music sound;
Now foot it, foot it, foot it, foot it, and swing your partners
round.

Last couple toward the left! all forward! Cotillon's through,
let's wheel:

First tune the fiddle, then down the middle in old Virginia
Reel.

Play Monkey Musk to close, then take the "long chassé,"
While in to supper, supper, supper, the landlord leads the
way.

The bells are ringing, the ostlers bringing the cutters up
anew;

The beasts are neighing, too long we're staying, the night is
half way through.

Wrap close the buffalo robes, we're all aboard once more;
Now jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle, away from the tavern-door.

So follow, follow, by hill and hollow, and swiftly homeward
glide.

What midnight splendor! how warm and tender the maiden
by your side!

The sleighs drop far apart, her words are soft and low;
Now, if you love her, love her, love her, 'tis safe to tell her so.

THE LAST WISH.—B. W. KIRKHAM.

When friends are gone and the last flowers are spread,
And thou, dear wife, left silent with the dead,
Ere the official puts the screws in place,
From air and sunshine to conceal my face—
Do thou, dear soul, the last approach my bier,
Reserve thy strength, but freely drop the tear.

Have faith in me and courage in thy heart,
And give me one long kiss before we part;
Then fate a moment will his doom resign,
A moment only, but that moment's thine!
A moment only, but when love's the power
That moment holds the raptures of an hour!

As when in life, compliant with thy will,
Thy kiss had magic, now, believe it still,
From old time habit, my dead heart will beat
At that fond signal, and thy signal meet;
Conscious of thee, and answering to thy spell,
My voice will whisper, "Dearest wife, farewell!"

THE CHARITY DINNER.—LITCHFIELD MOSELY.

Time: half-past six o'clock. Place: The London Tavern. Occasion: Fifteenth Annual Festival of the Society for the Distribution of Blankets and Top-Boots among the Natives of the Cannibal Islands.

On entering the room we find more than two hundred noblemen and gentlemen already assembled; and the number is increasing every minute. The preparations are now complete, and we are in readiness to receive the chairman. After a short pause, a little door at the end of the room opens, and the great man appears, attended by an admiring circle of stewards and toadies, carrying white wands like a parcel of charity-school boys bent on beating the bounds. He advances smilingly to his post at the principal table, amid deafening and long-continued cheers.

The dinner now makes its appearance, and we yield up ourselves to the enjoyments of eating and drinking. These important duties finished, and grace having been beautifully sung by the vocalists, the real business of the evening commences. The usual loyal toasts having been given, the noble chairman rises, and, after passing his fingers through his hair, places his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, gives a short preparatory cough, accompanied by a vacant stare round the room, and commences as follows:

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN:—It is with feelings of mingled pleasure and regret that I appear before you this evening: of pleasure, to find that this excellent and world-wide-known society is in so promising a condition; and of regret, that you have not chosen a worthier chairman; in fact, one who is more capable than myself of dealing with a subject of such vital importance as this. (Loud cheers.) But, although I may be unworthy of the honor, I am proud to state that I have been a subscriber to this society from its commencement; feeling sure that nothing can tend more to the advancement of civilization, social reform, fireside comfort, and domestic economy among the Cannibals, than the diffusion of blankets and top-boots. (Tremendous cheering, which lasts for several minutes.) Here in this England of ours, which is an island surrounded by water,

as I suppose you all know—or, as our great poet so truthfully and beautifully expresses the same fact, 'England bound in by the triumphant sea'—what, down the long vista of years, have conduced more to our successes in arms, and arts, and song, than blankets? Indeed, I never gaze upon a blanket without my thoughts reverting fondly to the days of my early childhood. Where should we all have been now but for those warm and fleecy coverings?

My Lords and Gentlemen! Our first and tender memories are all associated with blankets: blankets when in our nurses' arms, blankets in our cradles, blankets in our cribs, blankets to our French bedsteads in our school-days, and blankets to our marital four-posters now. Therefore, I say, it becomes our bounden duty as men—and, with feelings of pride, I add, as Englishmen—to initiate the untutored savage, the wild and somewhat uncultivated denizen of the prairie, into the comfort and warmth of blankets; and to supply him, as far as practicable, with those reasonable, seasonable, luxurious, and useful appendages. At such a moment as this, the lines of another poet strike familiarly upon the ear. Let me see, they are something like this—ah—ah—

"Blankets have charms to soothe the savage breast,
And to—to do—a—"

I forget the rest. (Loud cheers.) Do we grudge our money for such a purpose? I answer, fearlessly, No! Could we spend it better at home? I reply, most emphatically, No! True, it may be said that there are thousands of our own people who at this moment are wandering about the streets of this great metropolis without food to eat or rags to cover them. But what have *we* to do with them? Our thoughts, our feelings, and our sympathies are all wafted on the wings of charity to the dear and interesting Cannibals in the far-off islands of the great Pacific Ocean. (Hear, hear!) Besides, have not our own poor the work-houses to go to; the luxurious straw of the casual wards to repose upon, if they please; the mutton broth to bathe in; and the ever toothsome, although somewhat scanty allowance of "toke" provided for them! If people choose to be poor, is it our business? And let it ever be remembered that our own people are not savages and man-eaters, and, therefore,

our philanthropy would be wasted upon them. (Overwhelming applause.) To return to our subject. Perhaps some person or persons here may wonder why we should not send out side-springs and bluchers, as well as top-boots. To those I will say, that top-boots alone answer the object desired—namely, not only to keep the feet dry, but the legs warm, and thus to combine the double uses of shoes and stockings. Is it not an instance of the remarkable foresight of this society, that it purposely abstains from sending out any other than top-boots? To show the gratitude of the Cannibals, for the benefits conferred upon them, I will just mention that, within the last few weeks, his illustrious majesty, Hokee Pokey Wankey Fum the First—surnamed by his loving subjects ‘The Magnificent,’ from the fact of his wearing, on Sundays, a shirt-collar and an eye-glass as full court costume—has forwarded the president of the society a very handsome present, consisting of two live alligators, a boa constrictor, and three pots of preserved Indian, to be eaten with toast; and I am told by competent judges, that it is quite equal to Russian caviare.

“My Lords and Gentlemen! I will not trespass on your patience by making any further remarks; knowing how incompetent I am—no, no! I don’t mean that—knowing how incompetent you all are—no! I don’t mean that either—but you all know what I mean. Like the ancient Roman lawgiver, I am in a peculiar position; for the fact is I cannot sit down—I mean to say, that I cannot sit down without saying that, if there ever *was* an institution, it is *this* institution; and, therefore, I beg to propose, ‘Prosperity to the society for the Distribution of Blankets and Top-Boots among the Natives of the Cannibal Islands.’”

The toast having been cordially responded to, his lordship calls upon Mr. Duffer, the secretary, to read the report. Whereupon that gentleman, who is of a bland and oily temperament, and whose eyes are concealed by a pair of green spectacles, produces the necessary document, and reads in the orthodox manner—

“Thirtieth Half-yearly Report of the Society for the Distribution of Blankets and Top-Boots to the Natives of the Cannibal Islands.

"The society having now reached its fifteenth anniversary, the committee of management beg to congratulate their friends and subscribers on the success that has been attained.

"When the Society first commenced its labors, the generous and noble-minded natives of the islands, together with their King—a chief whose name is well known in connection with one of the most sterling and heroic ballads of this country—attired themselves in the light but somewhat insufficient costume of their tribe—viz., little before, nothing behind, and no sleeves, with the occasional addition of a pair of spectacles; but now, thanks to this useful association, the upper classes of the Cannibals seldom appear in public without their bodies being enveloped in blankets, and their feet encased in top-boots.

"When the latter useful articles were first introduced into the islands, the society's agents had a vast amount of trouble to prevail upon the natives to apply them to their proper purpose; and, in their work of civilization, no less than twenty of its representatives were massacred, roasted, and eaten. But we persevered; we overcame the natural antipathy of the Cannibals to wear any covering to their feet; until, after a time, the natives discovered the warmth and utility of boots; and now they can scarcely be induced to remove them until they fall off through old age.

"During the past half-year, the society has distributed no less than 71 blankets and 128 pairs of top-boots; and your committee, therefore, feel convinced that they will not be accused of inaction. But a great work is still before them; and they earnestly invite co-operation, in order that they may be enabled to supply the whole of the Cannibals with these comfortable, nutritious, and savory articles.

"As the balance sheet is rather a lengthy document, I will merely quote a few of the figures for your satisfaction. We have received, during the last half-year, in subscriptions, donations, and legacies, the sum of 5,403*l.* 6*s.* 8½*d.* We have disbursed for advertising, &c., 222*l.* 6*s.* 2*d.* Rent, rates, and taxes, 305*l.* 10*s.* 0½*d.* Seventy-one pairs of blankets, at 20*s.* per pair, have taken 71*l.* exactly; and 128 pairs of top-boots at 21*s.* per pair, cost us 134*l.* some odd shillings. The salaries and

expenses of management amount to 1,307*l.* 4*s.* 2½*d.*; and sundries, which include committee meetings and traveling expenses, have absorbed the remainder of the sum, and amount to 3,268*l.* 9*s.* 1½*d.* So that we have expended on the dear and interesting Cannibals the sum of 205*l.* and the remainder of the sum—amounting to 5,198*l.*—has been devoted to the working expenses of the society."

The reading concluded, the secretary resumes his seat amid hearty applause which continues until Mr Alderman Gobbleton rises, and, in a somewhat lengthy and discursive speech—in which the phrases, "the Corporation of the City of London," "suit and service," "ancient guild," "liberties and privileges," and "Court of Common Council," figure frequently,—states that he agrees with everything the noble chairman has said; and has, moreover, never listened to a more comprehensive and exhaustive document than the one just read; which is calculated to satisfy even the most obtuse and hard-headed of individuals.

Gobbleton is a great man in the city. He has either been lord mayor, or sheriff, or something of the sort; and, as a few words of his go a long way with his friends and admirers, his remarks are very favorably received.

"Clever man, Gobbleton!" says a common councilman, sitting near us, to his neighbor, a languid swell of the period.

"Ya-as, vewy! Wemarkable style of owatowy—gweat fluency," replies the other.

But attention, if you please!—for M. Hector de Longuebeau, the great French writer, is on his legs. He is staying in England for a short time, to become acquainted with our manners and customs.

"MILORS AND GENTLEMANS!" commences the Frenchman, elevating his eyebrows and shrugging his shoulders. "Milors and Gentlemans—You excellent chairman, M. le Baron de Mount-Stuart, he have say to me, 'Make de toast.' Den I say to him dat I have no toast to make; but he nudge my elbow ver soft, and say dat dere is von toast dat nobody but von Frenchman can make proper; and, derefore, wid your kind permission, I vill make de toast. 'De brevete is de sole of de feet,' as you great philosophere, Dr. Johnson, do say, in dat amusing little vork of his, de Pronouncing Dic-

tionnaire; and, derefore, I vill not say ver moch to de point. Ven I vas a boy, about so moch tall, and used for to promenade de streets of Marseilles et of Rouen, vid no feet to put onto my shoe, I nevare to have expose dat dis day would to have arrive. I vas to begin de vorld as von garcon—or, vat you call in dis countrie, von vaitaire in a café—vere I vork ver hard, vid no habillemens at all to put onto myself, and ver little food to eat, excep' von old bleu blouse vat vas give to me by de proprietaire, just for to keep myself fit to be showed at; but, tank goodness, tings dey have change ver moch for me since dat time and I have rose myself, seulement par mon industrie et perseverance. (Loud cheers.) Ah! mes amis! ven I hear to myself de flowing speech, de oration magnifique of you Lor' Maire, Monsieur Gobble-down, I feel dat it is von great privilege for von étranger to sit at de same table, and to eat de same food, as dat grand, dat majestique man, who are de terreur of de voleurs and de brigands of de metropolis; and who is also, I for to suppose, a halterman and de chief of you common scoundrel. Milors and gentlemans, I feel dat I can perspire to no greatare honneur dan to be von common scoundrelman myself; but, hélas! dat plaisir are not for me, as I are not freeman of your great cité, not von liveryman servant of von of you compagnies joint-stock. But I must not forget de toast. Milors and Gentlemans! De immortal Shakispeare he have write, 'De ting of beauty are de joy for nevermore.' It is de ladies who are de toast. Vat is more entrancing dan de charmante smile, de soft voice, de vinking eye of de beautiful lady! It is de ladies who do sweeten de cares of life. It is de ladies who are de guiding stars of our existence. It is de ladies who do cheer but not inebriate, and, derefore, vid all homage to dere sex, de toast dat I have to propose is, 'De Ladies! God bless dem all!'"

And the little Frenchman sits down amid a perfect tempest of cheers.

A few more toasts are given, the list of subscriptions is read, a vote of thanks is passed to the noble chairman; and the Fifteenth Annual Festival of the Society for the Distribution of Blankets and Top-Boots among the Natives of the Cannibal Islands is at an end.

THE PALACE O' THE KING.—WILLIAM MITCHELL.

It's a bonnie, bonnie warl' that we're livin' in the noo,
 An' sunny is the lan' we aften traivel thro';
 But in vain we look for something to which our hearts can
 cling,
 For its beauty is as naetning to the palace o' the King.

We like the gilded simmer, wi' its merry, merry tread,
 An' we sigh when hoary winter lays its beauties wi' the dead;
 For though bonnie are the snawflakes, an' the down on win-
 ter's wing,
 It's fine to ken it daurna' touch the palace o' the King.

Then again, I've juist been thinkin' that when a'thing here's
 sae bricht,
 'The sun in a' its grandeur an' the mune wi' quiverin' licht,
 'The ocean i' the simmer or the woodland i' the spring,
 What maun it be up yonder i' the palace o' the King.

It's here we hae oor trials, an' it's here that he prepares
 A' his chosen for the raiment which the ransomed sinner
 wears,
 An' it's here that he wad hear us, 'mid oor tribulations sing,
 "We'll trust oor God wha reigneth i' the palace o' the King."

Though his palace is up yonder, he has kingdoms here below,
 An' we are his ambassadors, wherever we may go;
 We've a message to deliver, an' we've lost anes hame to bring
 To be leal and loyal-heartit i' the palace o' the King.

Oh, it's honor heaped on honor that his courtiers should be
 ta'en
 Frae the wand'rin' anes he died for, i' this warl' o' sin an'
 pain,
 An' it's fu'est love an' service that the Christian aye should
 bring
 To the feet o' him wha reigneth i' the palace o' the King.

An' let us trust him better than we've ever done afore,
 For the King will feed his servants frae his ever bounteous
 store.

Let us keep a closer grip o' him, for time is on the wing,
 An' sune he'll come and tak' us to the palace o' the King.

Its iv'ry halls are bonnie, upon which the rainbows shine,
 An' its Eden bow'rs are trellised wi' a never-fadin' vine.
 An' the pearly gates o' heaven do a glorious radiance fling
 On the starry floor that shimmers i' the palace o' the King.

Nae nicht shall be in heaven, an' nae desolatin' sea,
 An' nae tyrant hoofs shall trample i' the city o' the free.
 There's an everlastin' daylight, an' a never-fadin' spring,
 Where the Lamb is a' the glory, i' the palace o' the King

We see oor frien's await us ower yonder at his gate:
 Then let us a' be ready, for ye ken it's gettin' late.
 Let oor lamps be brichtly burnin': let's raise oor voice an
 sing,
 "Sune we'll meet, to pairt nae mair, i' the palace o' the King."

THE GIFT OF TRITEMIUS.—J. G. WHITTIER.

Tritemius of Herbipolis one day,
 While kneeling at the altar's foot to pray,
 Alone with God, as was his pious choice,
 Heard from beneath a miserable voice,—
 A sound that seemed of all sad things to tell,
 As of a lost soul crying out of hell.

Thereat the Abbot rose, the chain whereby
 His thoughts went upward broken by that cry,
 And, looking from the casement, saw below
 A wretched woman, with gray hair aflow,
 And withered hands, stretched up to him, who cried
 For alms as one who might not be denied.

She cried: "For the dear love of Him who gave
 His life for ours, my child from bondage save,
 My beautiful, brave first-born, chained with slaves
 In the Moor's galley, where the sun-smit waves
 Lap the white walls of Tunis!" "What I can
 I give," Tritemius said,—“my prayers.” “O man
 Of God!” she cried, for grief had made her bold,
 “Mock me not so; I ask not prayers, but gold;
 Words cannot serve me, alms alone suffice;
 Even while I plead, perchance my first-born dies!”

“Woman!” Tritemius answered, “from our door
 None go unfed; hence are we always poor.
 A single soldo is our only store.
 Thou hast our prayers; what can we give thee more?”

“Give me,” she said, “the silver candlesticks
 On either side of the great crucifix;
 God well may spare them on His errands sped,
 Or He can give you golden ones instead.”

Then said Tritemius, “Even as thy word,
 Woman, so be it; and our gracious Lord,

Who loveth mercy more than sacrifice,
 Pardon me if a human soul I prize
 Above the gifts upon His altar piled!
 'Take what thou askest, and redeem thy child.'

But his hand trembled as the holy alms
 He laid within the beggar's eager palms;
 And as she vanished down the linden shade,
 He bowed his head and for forgiveness prayed.

So the day passed; and when the twilight came
 He rose to find the chapel all a-flame,
 And, dumb with grateful wonder, to behold
 Upon the altar candlesticks of gold!

BILLY'S FIRST AND LAST DRINK OF LAGER.

"Poy Pilly" was the adopted son of Father Zende, an eccentric Teuton, who was much shocked one day at seeing the boy in a lager-beer saloon, taking off a flaming glass of lager. He bade the boy go home, but said nothing about the matter till evening. After tea, Zende seated himself at the table, and placed before him a variety of queer things, whereon Billy looked with curiosity.

"Kommen zie hier, Pilly!" cried Christian. "Vy vast du in te peer shops te tay, hein? Vy drinks peer, mein poy?"

"O—O—because it's good," said Billy, boldly.

"No, Pilly, it vast not gute to dein mout. I did see neffer so pig vaces als didst make, Pilly. Pilly, you dinks it vill dast gute py-ant-py, and it ees like a man to trinks, an' so you trinks. Now, Pilly, eef it is gute, haf it; ef it ees likes ein man, trinks, Pilly. I vill not hinders you vrom vat ees gute ant manly, mein shilt; *but* trinks at home, dakes your trink pure, Pilly, and lets me pays vor it. Kom, mein poy! You likes peer. Vell, kom, open dein mout, heir I haf all te peer stuff simons pure vrom te schops, mein poy. Kom, opens dein mout, ant I vill puts it een."

Billy drew near, but kept his mouth close shut. Said Zende, "Don you makes me madt, Pilly! Opens dein mout!"

Thus exhorted, Billy opened his mouth, and Christian put a small bit of alum in it. Billy drew up his face, but boys can stand alum. After a little, Christian cried, "Opens dein mout, peer ist not all alums!" And he dropped in a bit of aloes. This was worse. Billy winced. Again, "Opens dein mout!" The least morsel of red pepper, now, from a knife point; but Billy howled.

"Vat! not likes dein peer!" said Zende. "Opens dein mout!" Just touched now with a knife point dipped in oil of turpentine. Billy began to cry. "Opens dein mout, dein peer is not hafs mate, yet, Pilly!" And Billy's tongue got the least dusting of lime, and potash, and salcratus. Billy now cried loudly. "Opens dein mout!" Unlucky Billy! This time about a grain of liquorice, hop pollen, and saltpetre.

"Looks, Pilly! Here ist some arsenic, and some strychnine; dese pelongs in te peer. Opens dein mout!"

"I can't, I can't!" roared Billy. "Arsenic and strychnine are to kill rats! I shall die!—O—O—O—do you want to kill me, father Zende!"

"Kills him; joost py ein leetle peer! all gute and pure! He dells me he likes peer, and eet ees manly to trinks eet, and ven I gives heem te peer he cries I kills heem! So, Pilly, heir is water; dere ist mooch water in peer—trinks dat!"

Billy drank the water eagerly. Zende went on, "Ant, dere is mooch alcohol in peer. Heir! opens dein mout!" and he dropped four drops of raw spirit carefully on his tongue. Billy went dancing about the room, and then ran for more water.

"Kommen zie heir, dein peer ist not done, Pilly," shouted Christian; and seizing him, he put the cork of an ammonia bottle to his lips, then a drop of honey, a taste of sugar, a drop of molasses, a drop of gall; then, "Pilly! heir is more of dein peer! Heir ist jalap, copperas, sulphuric acid, acetic acid, and nux vomica: opens dein mout!"

"O no, no!" mourned Billy. "Let me go! I hate beer! I'll never drink any more! I'll never go in that shop again; I'll be a good boy—I'll sign the pledge. Oh, let me be! I can't eat those things! I'll die! My mouth tastes awful now. Oh, take 'em away, father Zende!"

"Dakes em avay! dakes avay dein goot peer!" cried the old man, innocently, "ven I hafs paid vor eet, ant mein Pilly can trinks eet pure at his home, likes ein shentilman! Vy, poy, dese ist te makins of peer, ant you no likes dem? All dese honey, ant sugar, ant vater, poy?"

But the other things," said Billy. "Oh, the other

things—they are the biggest part—ugh—they make me sick.”

“Mein poy, you trinks dem fast to-day! Looks, Pilly—a man he trinks all dese pad dings mix up in vater, ant call peer. Ach! he gets redt in hees faces—he gets pig in hees poddy—he gets shaky in hees hands, he gets clumsy on hees toes, he gets veak in hees eyes, he gets pad in hees breat, he gets mean in hees manners. Vy? Pilly, you sees vy. All dese dings on mein dable ees vy!”

Happy Billy! Few boys get so good a temperance lecture, such home thrusts, such practical experiments as fall to your lot. Billy was satisfied on the beer question.

“He ees all goot now,” said Zende. “I hafs no more droubles mit mein Pilly.”

—*A Strange Sea Story.*

THE SPELLING BEE AT ANGELS.—BRET HARTE.

REPORTED BY TRUTHFUL JAMES.

Waltz in, waltz in, ye little kids, and gather round my knee,
And drop them books and first pot-hooks, and hear a yarn
from me.

I kin not sling a fairy tale of Jinny's* fierce and wild,
For I hold it is unchristian to deceive a simple child;
But as from school yer driftin' by I thowt ye'd like to hear
Of a "Spellin' Bee" at Angels that we organized last year.

It warn't made up of gentle kids—of pretty kids—like you,
But gents ez hed their reg'lar growth, and some enough for
two.

There woz Lanky Jim of Sutter's Fork and Bilson of La-
grange,
And "Pistol Bob," who wore that day a knife by way of
change.

You start, you little kids, you think these are not pretty
names,
But each had a man behind it, and—my name is Truthful
James.

Thar was Poker Dick from Whisky Flat and Smith of Shoot-
er's Bend,
And Brown of Calaveras—which I want no better friend.

*Genil.

Three-Fingered Jack—yes, pretty dears—three fingers —*you*
have five,
Clapp cut off two—it's sing'lar, too, that Clapp ain't now
alive.

"Twas very wrong, indeed, my dears, and Clapp was much to
blame;
Likewise was Jack, in after years, for shootin' of that same.

The nights was kinder lengthenin' out, the rains had jest
begun,
When all the camp came up to Pete's to have their usual
fun;
But we all sot kinder sad-like around the bar-room stove,
Till Smith got up, permiskiss-like, and this remark he hove:
"Thar's a new game down in Frisco, that ez far ez I kin see,
Beats euchre, poker and van-toon, they calls the 'Spellin'
Bee.'"

Then Brown of Calaveras simply hitched his chair and
spake:

"Poker is good enough for me," and Lanky Jim sez "Shake!"
And Bob allowed he warn't proud, but he "must say right
thar

That the man who tackled euchre hed his education sqar."
This brought up Lenny Fairchild, the school-master, who
said,
He knew the game and he would give instructions on that
head.

"For instance, take some simple word," sez he, "like 'sepa-
rate,'

Now who can spell it?" Dog my skin, ef there was one in
eight.

This set the boys all wild at once. The chairs was put in row,
And at the head was Lanky Jim, and at the foot was Joe,
And high upon the bar itself the school-master was raised,
And the bar-keep put his glasses down, and sat and silent
gazed.

The first word out was "parallel," and seven let it be,
Till Joe waltzed in his double "l" betwixt the "a" and "e";
For, since he drilled them Mexicans in San Jacinto's fight,
There warn't no prouder man got up than Pistol Joe tha!
night—

Till "rhythm" came! He tried to smile, then said, "they
had him there,"

And Lanky Jim, with one long stride, got up and took his
chair.

O little kids! my pretty kids, 'twas touchin' to survey
These bearded men, with weppings on, like school-boys at
their play.

They'd laugh with glee, and shout to see each other lead the
 van,
 And Bob sat up as monitor with a cue for a rattan,
 Till the chair gave out "incinerate," and Brown said he'd
 be durned
 If any such blamed word as that in school was ever learned.

When "phthisis" came they all sprang up, and vowed the
 man who rung
 Another blamed Greek word on them be taken out and hung.
 As they sat down again I saw in Bilson's eye a flash,
 And Brown of Calaveras was a-twistin' his mustache,
 And when at last Brown slipped on "gneiss" and Bilson
 took his chair,
 He dropped some casual words about some folks who dyed
 their hair.

And then the Chair grew very white, and the Chair said
 he'd adjourn,
 But Poker Dick remarked that *he* would wait and get his
 turn;
 Then with a tremblin' voice and hand, and with a wanderin'
 eye,
 The Chair next offered "eider-duck," and Dick began with "I,"
 And Bilson smiled—then Bilson shrieked! Just how the
 fight begun
 I never knowed, for Bilson dropped and Dick he moved
 up one.

Then certain gents arose and said "they'd business down in
 camp,
 And "ez the road was rather dark, and ez the night was damp,
 They'd ——" here got up Three-fingered Jack and locked
 the door and yelled:
 'No, not one mother's son goes out till that thar word is
 spelled!'
 But while the words were on his lips, he groaned and sank
 in pain,
 And sank with Webster on his chest and Worcester on his
 brain.

Below the bar dodged Poker Dick, and tried to look ez he
 Was huntin' up authorities 'thet no one else could see;
 And Brown got down behind the stove, allowin' he "was
 cold,"
 Till it upsot and down his legs the cinders freely rolled,
 And several gents called "Order!" till in his simple way
 Poor Smith began with "O" "R"—"or"—and *he* was dragged
 away.

() little kids, my pretty kids, down on your knees and pray!
 You've got your eddication in a peaceful sort of way;

1DEDD

And bear in mind thar may be sharps ez slings their spellin'
 square,
 But likewise slings their bowie-knives without a thought or
 care—
 You wants to know the rest, my dears? Thet's all! In me
 you see
 The only gent that lived to tell about thet Spellin' Bee!"

He ceased and passed, that truthful man; the children went
 their way
 With downcast heads and downcast hearts—but not to sport
 or play,
 For when at eve the lamps were lit, and supperless to bed,
 Each child was sent, with tasks undone and lessons all un-
 said,
 No man might know the awful woe that thrilled their
 youthful frames,
 As they dreamed of Angels' Spelling Bee and thought of
 Truthful James.

—Scribner's Monthly.

WARDEN, KEEP A PLACE FOR ME.

PELEG ARKWRIGHT.

AN INCIDENT OF PRISON LIFE IN THE KINGS COUNTY PENITEN-
 TIARY.

Discharged again! Yes, I am free,
 But, warden, keep a place for me!
 For freedom means that I must go
 Out in the wind and rain and snow,
 To fight with hunger, shame and cold—
 A woman gray and worn and old;
 To clothe myself in rags again,
 And seek some wretched, narrow den.
 And after that what must be done?
 Steal? Beg? Hard lines for any one.
 To work is easier. I would try,
 But there's no work for such as I.
 A fine thing, truly, to be free—
 But, warden, keep a place for me!

For I'll come back. It's seven years
 Since first I entered here in tears.
 "Drunk and disorderly" I came,
 And felt the burden and the shame,
 The prison taint, the outlaw's dread
 When first behind his hopeless tread

The gates clang to with dreadful sound,
And the dark prison walls close round.

But when I went away, I said :
" If I can earn my daily bread,
I'll work my fingers off before
I'll wear a convict's dress once more."
'Twas easy said—I meant it too—
Work? Is there work enough to do
For those who spend their weary lives
Like toiling bees in busy hives,
And starve at last? When willing hands
That never broke the law's commands
Are idle by the thousands, how
Can jail-birds keep a virtuous vow?

No work, but all the same I found
The time for meals would come around ;
No work, but time enough to think,
And that's the easy road to drink.
Who cared, who cares, that I was then
" Drunk and disorderly" again?
Who cares that ever with the best
I was a woman like the rest?
Who cares that one day in my life
I was a happy, joyous wife?
None care, and I care less than they,
And curse the man and curse the day.

How did I know that he would be
A drunken scoundrel, dragging me
Down in the mire? Alas, the life
He led me! Oh, the bitter strife
'Twixt love and hate! He went away
And left me with my little May—
My little child! My little pearl!
My pretty brown-eyed baby-girl!
Bah—that was only childhood's grace!
She grew up with her father's face,
Her father's selfish, wicked heart;
Grew up to take an evil part;
Grew up to soil her mother's name,
And cover it with double shame.

But I've a little baby dress—
The one soft vein of tenderness
That's run through all these hateful years—
I've wet it many a time with tears,
And many a time at dead of night
I've clasped it to my bosom tight.

What for? Because it means for me
 A simple, sinless memory;
 Because it means there was a time
 When I, now gray with want and crime,
 Old jail-bird as I am to-day,
 Knew how to love and dared to pray.

What did I do? How could I know
 That things would go against me so?
 How could I help it? Did I plan
 The fate that bound me to that man?—
 The hard, blind fate that dragged me down
 Among the wretches of the town?—
 That snatched away all hope, all chance,
 And twisted every circumstance
 Against me, till at last I stood
 Stripped of my very womanhood?
 I could not dare to stop and think—
 Was it my fault I took to drink?

No, I'm not fit for liberty;
 It's not a wholesome thing for me;
 The jail takes care of me too well.
 Better to be locked in a cell,
 Where all is clean and sleep is sweet,
 Than roam the misery-haunted street;
 Better the work they give us here
 Than what awaits me when I'm clear;
 Better the silence we must keep
 Than drunken cries and curses deep;
 Better the dull days free from pain
 Than shattered nerves and throbbing brain;
 Better the quiet, sober life
 Than yonder city's desperate strife;
 Better the prison's homely fare,
 Better the prison's watchful care,
 Better for me than liberty—
 So, warden, keep a place for me!

THE AMERICAN TRAVELER.—ROBERT H. NEWELL.

To Lake Aghmoogenegamook,
 All in the State of Maine,
 A man from Wittequergauma came
 One evening in the rain.

"I am a traveler," said he,
 "Just started on a tour,
 And go to Nomjamskillicook
 To-morrow morn at four."

He took a tavern bed that night,
And with the morrow's sun,
By way of Sekledobskus went,
With carpet-bag and gun.

A week passed on ; and next we find
Our native tourist come
To that sequestered village called
Genasagarnagum.

From thence he went to Absequoit,
And there—quite tired of Maine—
He sought the mountains of Vermont,
Upon a railroad train.

Dog-Hollow, in the Green Mount State,
Was his first stopping-place,
And then Skunk's-Misery displayed
Its sweetness and its grace.

By easy stages then he went
To visit Devil's-Den ;
And Scrabble-Hollow, by the way,
Did come within his ken.

Then *via* Nine-Holes and Goose-Green
He traveled through the State,
And to Virginia, finally,
Was guided by his fate.

Within the Old Dominion's bounds
He wandered up and down ;—
To-day at Buzzard-Roost ensconced,
To-morrow at Hell-Town.

At Pole-Cat, too, he spent a week,
Till friends from Bull-Ring came,
And made him spend a day with them
In hunting forest game.

Then, with his carpet-bag in hand,
To Dog-Town next he went ;
Though stopping at Free-Negro-Town,
Where half a day he spent.

From thence into Negationburg
His route of travel lay,
Which having gained, he left the State
And took a southward way.

North Carolina's friendly soil
He trod at fall of night,
And on a bed of softest down
He slept at Hell's-Delight.

Morn found him on the road again,
 To Lazy-Level bound;
 At Bull's-Tail, and Lick-Lizzard too,
 Good provender he found.

But the plantations near Burnt-Coat
 Were even finer still,
 And made the wondering tourist feel
 A soft, delicious thrill.

At Tear-Shirt, too, the scenery
 Most charming did appear,
 With Snatch-It in the distance far,
 And Purgatory near.

But, 'spite of all these pleasant scenes,
 The tourist stoutly swore,
 That home is brightest after all,
 And travel is a bore.

So back he went to Maine, straightway,
 A little wife he took,
 And now is making nutmegs at
 Moosehimagunticook.

ONLY A JEW.

In the land of Brittany, and long ago,
 Lived one of those
 Despised and desolate, whose records show
 Insult and blows,
 Their old inheritance of wrong, who were
 Free once as the eyelids of the morn; nor care
 Knew, nor annoy,
 That city of joy,
 Heaven-chosen child, whom none to harm might dare;--

Lived one who did as if his God stood near
 Watching his deed,
 Slow to give answer, ever swift to hear;
 Whose brain would breed,
 Walking alone or watching through the night,
 No idle thought; but he with ill would fight,
 And day by day
 Would wax alway
 Wiser and better and nearer to the light.

And in this land a mother lost her child,
 And charged the Jew

With crucifying him, who calmly smiled
Denial. "You
Have slain," quoth she, "to keep your Passover,
My son with sorceries." He answered her,
"Your wit must fail;
An idle tale
Is this; what proof thereof can you prefer?"

But she went from him raging. Then he fled
Out of that land;
And those there set a price on his gray head,
Who with skilled hand
Of craft had fed one daughter fair as day,
Now destitute. Soon gold before her lay
The bait of shame;
But she, aflame
With honor, flung such happiness away,

And writing told her father, who came back
By night, and bade
Her claim his life's reward. "Rather the rack
Rend me," she said;
"And shall I give him death who life gave me?
Sell him and feed on him? Far sooner we
Both died! Somewhere
Beyond earth's care
Hereafter we shall meet; it well may be—
Somewhere hereafter." "Nay, you still shall live,"
He murmured; then
Went out into the market, crying, "Give
This price, ye men,
For me to her my daughter." But these laid
False hands on both, nor other duty paid
Than death; for they,
Gold hair and gray,
Were slain hard by in the holy minster's shade.

After, in no long time, the little child
Returned, a stray
Fresh from the sea: it by a ship beguiled,
In the hold at play,
Had sailed unseen till the land a small speck grew.
But still the people prayed in the porch, in view
Of the blood-splashed stone,
And made no moan;
" 'Twas only a Jew," the folk said, "only a Jew!"

GLOVERSON THE MORMON.—ARTEMUS WARD.

The morning on which Reginald Gloverson was to leave Great Salt Lake City with a mule-train dawned beautifully.

Reginald Gloverson was a young and thrifty Mormon, with an interesting family of twenty young and handsome wives. His unions had never been blessed with children. As often as once a year he used to go to Omaha, in Nebraska, with a mule-train, for goods; but although he had performed the rather perilous journey many times with entire safety, his heart was strangely sad on this particular morning, and filled with gloomy forebodings.

The time for his departure had arrived. The high-spirited mules were at the door, impatiently champing their bits. The Mormon stood sadly among his weeping wives.

"Dearest ones," he said, "I am singularly sad at heart this morning, but do not let this depress you. The journey is a perilous one, but—pshaw! I have always come back heretofore, and why should I fear? Besides, I know that every night, as I lay down on the broad, starlit prairie, your bright faces come to me in my dreams, and make my slumbers sweet and gentle. You, Emily, with your mild blue eyes; and you, Henrietta, with your splendid black hair; and you, Nelly, with your hair so brightly, beautifully golden; and you, Molly, with your cheeks so downy; and you, Betsey, with your wine-red lips—far more delicious, though, than any wine I ever tasted; and you, Maria, with your winsome voice; and you, Susan, with your—with your—that is to say, Susan, with your—and the other thirteen of you, each as good and beautiful, will come to me in sweet dreams, will you not, dearestists?"

"Our own," they lovingly chimed, "we will!"

"And so farewell!" cried Reginald. "Come to my arms, my own," he said—"that is, as many of you as can do it conveniently at once, for I must away."

He folded several of them to his throbbing breast and drove sadly away.

But he had not gone far when the traces of the off-hind mule became unhitched. Dismounting, he essayed to adjust the trace; but ere he had fairly commenced the task,

the mule, a singularly refractory animal, snorted wildly and kicked Reginald frightfully in the stomach. He arose with difficulty and tottered feebly towards his mother's house, which was near by, falling dead in her yard, with the remark, "Dear mother, I've come home to die."

"So I see," she said; "where's the mules?"

Alas! Reginald Gloverson could give no answer. In vain the heart-stricken mother threw herself upon his inanimate form, crying, "Oh, my son, my son! only say where the mules is, and then you may die if you want to!"

In vain! in vain! Reginald had passed on.

The mules were never found.

Reginald's heart-broken mother took the body home to her unfortunate son's widows. But before her arrival she discreetly sent a boy to bust the news gently to the afflicted wives, which he did by informing them in a hoarse whisper that "their old man had gone in."

The wives felt very badly indeed.

"He was devoted to me," sobbed Emily.

"And to me," said Maria.

"Yes," said Emily, he thought considerably of you, but not so much as he did of me."

"I say he did."

"And I say he didn't."

"He did."

"He didn't."

"Don't look at me with your squint eyes!"

"Don't shake your red head at me!"

"Sisters," said the black-haired Henrietta, "cease this unseemly wrangling. I, as Reginald's first wife, shall strew flowers on his grave!"

"No, you won't," said Susan; "I, as his last wife, shall strew flowers on his grave. It is my business to strew."

"You shan't; so there!" said Henrietta.

"You bet I will!" said Susan, with a tear-suffused cheek.

"Well, as for me," said the practical Betsey, "I ain't on the strew much, but I shall ride at the head of the funeral procession!"

"Not if I've ever been introduced to myself, you won't," said the golden-haired Nelly; "that's my position. You bet your bonnet-strings it is."

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"Children," said Reginald's mother, "you must do some crying, you know, on the day of the funeral; and how many pocket-handkerchers will it take to go round? Betsey, you and Nelly ought to make one do between you."

"I'll tear her eyes out if she perpetrates a sob on my handkercher," said Nelly.

"Dear daughters-in-law," said Reginald's mother, "how unseemly is this anger! Mules is five hundred dollars a span, and every identical mule my poor boy had has been gobbled up by the red men. I knew when my Reginald staggered into the door-yard that he was on the die; but if I'd only thunk to ask him about them mules ere his gentle spirit took flight, it would have been four thousand dollars in our pockets, and no mistake. Excuse these real tears, but you've never felt a parent's feelin's."

"It's an oversight," sobbed Maria. "Don't blame us."

The funeral passed off in a very pleasant manner, nothing occurring to mar the harmony of the occasion. By a happy thought of Reginald's mother, the wives walked to the grave twenty abreast, which rendered that part of the ceremony thoroughly impartial.

* * * * *

That night the twenty wives, with heavy hearts, sought their twenty respective couches. But no Reginald occupied those twenty respective couches—Reginald would nevermore linger all night in blissful repose on those twenty respective couches—Reginald's head would nevermore press the twenty respective pillows of those twenty respective couches—never, nevermore!

* * * * *

In another house, not many leagues from the house of mourning, a gray-haired woman was weeping passionately. "He died," she cried—"he died without sigerfyin', in any respect, where them mules went to!"

Two years are supposed to have elapsed.

A manly Mormon, one evening, as the sun was preparing to set among a select company of gold and crimson clouds in the western horizon—although, for that matter, the sun has a right to "set" where it wants to, and so, I may add, has a hen—a manly Mormon, I say, tapped gently at the door of the mansion of the late Reginald Gloverson.

The door was opened by Mrs. Susan Gloverson.

"Is this the house of the widow Gloverson?" the Mormon asked.

"It is," said Susan.

"And how many is there of she?" inquired the Mormon.

"There is about twenty of her, including me," courteously returned the fair Susan.

"Can I see her?"

"You can."

"Madame," he softly said, addressing the twenty disconsolate widows, "I have seen part of you before. And although I have already twenty-five wives, whom I respect and tenderly care for, I can truly say that I never felt love's holy thrill till I saw thee! Be mine—be mine!" he enthusiastically cried, "and we will show the world a striking illustration of the beauty and truth of the noble lines, only a good deal more so—

Twenty-one souls with a single thought,
Twenty-one hearts that beat as one."

They were united, they were.

Gentle reader, does not the moral of this romance show that—does it not, in fact, show that however many there may be of a young widow woman, or rather does it not show that whatever number of persons one woman may consist of—well never mind what it shows.

MAD MAG.—LEONARD WHEELER.

Ye ask me why I'm mad—again
Ye ask me why I weep,
And why I wander up and down
This rocky mountain steep.
I'll tell thee—ye may know the tale—
I'll tell thee once again:
I'm seeking for my little child
O'er mountain, field, and plain;
Hark! now I hear its angel voice—
'Tis gone. My God! no, no!
'Twas not the sighing, pitying winds,
That murmur as they blow.

I was not always Crazy Mag,
 The mad witch of the glen;
 I did not always haunt the hills,
 And roam through lowland fen:
 My hair is silver—then 'twas gold—
 My skin was white as snow,
 My eyes were as the violets blue
 That in the meadows blow;
 My ripe lips red as rosy dawn
 When autumn sunlight smiled;
 And *he*—it drives me crazy, mad,
 To think of him—my child.

My child, my child! O God, my child!
 I think I see him now,
 The streaming, curling, golden hair
 That crowned his snowy brow;
 His face as pure as ocean pearl,
 Tinged with the ruby's glow;
 His bright eye sparkled like the wavelets,
 Dancing to and fro.
 I press him fondly to my breast—
 My God! he's gone, he's gone.
 I seek him over hill and dale,
 From eventide till morn.

I'm mad, I'm mad, I *know* I'm mad—
 Enough to *drive* one wild,
 Stark, raving, howling, crazy mad,
 It is to lose one's child.
 Ah! now I see him—no! it's gone.
 Come back, come back! once more.
 I laugh! ha, ha!—hark! there again—
 No! 'tis the torrent's roar—
 Away, away, away! begone!
 Ye idle fancies wild;
 Ye mock me, echoes! Shame! begone!
 Ha, ha! where is my child?

I rave—ah, yes! I rave—but still
 I did not always rave;
 I'm Crazy Mag, and will be till
 I sleep within the grave.
 The grave! ho, ho! Sleep in the grave—
 Will Mad Mag *ever* sleep?
 No! But until I've found my child
 I'll roam this mountain steep!
 Ye start and tremble—do not fear—
 Poor Mag will do no harm,
 Although when roused she has the strength
 Of many in that arm.

Listen! I'll tell it o'er again—
Let poor Mag tell her tale,
And curse the man that spurned a wife
And scorned a mother's wail.
The night was dark as night could be,
A storm rolled in the west,
A mother went all peacefully
With her sweet babe to rest;
But, soon as sleep had settled o'er,
The mother, screaming wild,
Rose from her couch and madly screeched:
"O God! where is my child?"

My child! my child! great God, my child!
I cannot tell the tale.
Away, away! I'm wild! I'm wild!
Hark! Is that but the gale?
No, no! Ah! yes, my poor, poor brain,
What fancies you do form!
What's that? Ah! yes, 'tis but the thunder
Of the distant storm.
See yonder flashing lightning gleams;
How those dark waters pour!
They mock and jeer me in my dreams,
And murmur, ah, no more!

Good-bye, good-bye! Farewell! I go.
See how yon clouds arise;
The laughing streamlet answers still,
The mocking echo cries:
Ha, ha! ha, ha! Good-bye, good-bye!
Farewell, Mad Mag! farewell!
Ha, ha! ho, ho! Good-bye, I cry,
Ye demons of the dell!
The storm-cloud down the mountain sweeps,
The lightning dances wild;
Ho, ho! ha, ha! again I cry—
My child! my child! my child!

Ha, ha! ye wild fiends of the storm,
Welcome! ha, ha! ho, ho!
Flash on! ye blasting lightning gleams.
Blow on! ye wild winds, blow!
Rush on within your hollow bed,
Dark stream, rush on and roar!
The rolling thunder overhead
Still groans; ye black floods, pour!
Howl on, ye winds! pour on, ye floods!
Roll on, ye thunders wild!
Mad Mag will cry: "Farewell! Good-bye!
My child! my child! my child!"

THREE LITTLE GRAVES.

'Twas autumn, and the leaves were dry
And rustled on the ground,
And chilly winds went whistling by,
With low and passive sound;
As through the graveyard's lone retreat,
By meditation led,
I walked with slow and cautious feet
Above the sleeping dead.
Three little graves, ranged side by side,
My close attention drew;
O'er two the tall grass bending sighed,
And one seemed fresh and new.
As lingering there I mused awhile
On death's long dreamless sleep,
And mourning life's deceitful smile,
A mourner came to weep.

Her form was bowed, but not with years,
Her words were faint and few;
And on those little graves, her tears
Distilled like morning dew.
A prattling boy, some four years old,
Her trembling hand embraced;
And from my heart, the tale he told
Will never be effaced.
"Mamma, now you must love me more;
For little sister's dead;
And t'other sister died before,
And brother, too, you said.
Mamma, what made sweet sister die;
She loved me when we played.
You told me if I would not cry,
You'd show me where she's laid."

"'Tis here, my child, that sister lies,
Deep buried in the ground;
No light comes to her little eyes,
And she can hear no sound."
"Mamma, why can't we take her up,
And put her in my bed?
I'll feed her from my little cup,
And then she won't be dead.
For sister'll be afraid to lie
In this dark grave to-night;
And she'll be very cold, and cry,
Because there is no light."
"No, sister is not cold, my child,
For God, who saw her die,

As he looked down from heaven and smiled,
Called her above the sky.

"And then her spirit quickly fled
To God, by whom 'twas given;
Her body in the ground is dead,
But sister lives in heaven."

"Mamma, won't she be hungry there,
And want some bread to eat?
And who will give her clothes to wear,
And keep them clean and neat?
Papa must go and carry some;
I'll send her all I've got:
And he must bring sweet sister home;
Mamma, now must he not?"

"No, my dear child, that cannot be;
But if you're good and true,
You'll one day go to her, but she
Can never come to you.

'Let little children come to me,'
Once the good Saviour said;
And in his arms she'll always be,
And God will give her bread."

THE LAST STATION.

He had been sick at one of the hotels for three or four weeks, and the boys on the road had dropped in daily to see how he got along, and to learn if they could render him any kindness. The brakeman was a good fellow, and one and all encouraged him in the hope that he would pull through. The doctor didn't regard the case as dangerous; but the other day the patient began sinking, and it was seen that he could not live the night out. A dozen of his friends sat in the room when night came, but his mind wandered, and he did not recognize them.

It was near one of the depots, and after the great trucks and noisy drays had ceased rolling by, the bells and the short, sharp whistles of the yard-engines sounded painfully loud. The patient had been very quiet for half an hour, when he suddenly unclosed his eyes and shouted:

"Kal-a-ma-zoo!"

One of the men brushed the hair back from the cold forehead, and the brakeman closed his eyes and was quiet

for a time. Then the wind whirled around the depot and banged the blinds on the window of his room, and he lifted his hand and cried out:

"Jack-son! Passengers going north by the Saginaw Road change cars!"

The men understood. The brakeman thought he was coming east on the Michigan Central. The effort seemed to have greatly exhausted him, for he lay like one dead for the next five minutes, and a watcher felt for his pulse to see if life had not gone out. A tug going down the river sounded her whistle loud and long, and the dying brakeman opened his eyes and called out:

"Ann Arbor!"

He had been over the road a thousand times, but had made his last trip. Death was drawing a spectral train over the old track, and he was brakeman, engineer, and conductor.

One of the yard-engines uttered a shrill whistle of warning, as if the glare of the headlight had shown to the engineer some stranger in peril, and the brakeman called out:

"Yp-silanti! Change cars here for the Eel River Road!"

"He's coming in fast," whispered one of the men.

"And the end of his 'run' will be the end of his life," said a second.

The dampness of death began to collect on the patient's forehead, and there was that ghastly look on the face that death always brings. The slamming of a door down the hall startled him again, and he moved his head and faintly said:

"Grand Trunk Junction! Passengers going east by the Grand Trunk change cars!"

He was so quiet after that that all the men gathered around the bed, believing that he was dead. His eyes closed, and the brakeman lifted his hand, moved his head, and whispered:

"De—"

Not "Detroit," but Death! He died with the half-uttered whisper on his lips. And the headlight on death's engine shone full in his face and covered it with such pallor as naught but death can bring.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.—C. C. MOORE.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the
house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse ;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there :
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads ;
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,—
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave a lustre of midday to objects below ;
When, what to my wandering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name :
" Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Dunder and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys,—and St. Nicholas too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot ;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry ;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump,—a right jolly old elf ;
And I laughed, when I saw him, in spite of myself.

A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
 Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
 He spoke not a word but went straight to his work,
 And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
 And laying his finger aside of his nose,
 And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
 He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
 And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
 But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
 "Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"

THE NIGHT AFTER CHRISTMAS.

'Twas the night *after* Christmas, when all through the house
 Every soul was abed, and as still as a mouse;
 Those stockings so lately St. Nicholas' care
 Were emptied of all that was eatable there.
 The darlings had duly been tucked in their beds,
 With very full stomachs and pains in their heads.
 I was dozing away in my new cotton cap,
 And Nancy was rather far gone in a nap,
 When out in the nursery rose such a clatter,
 I sprang from my sleep, crying, "What is the matter?"
 I flew to each bedside, still half in a doze,
 Tore open the curtains and threw off the clothes;
 While the light of the taper served clearly to show
 The piteous plight of those objects below.
 For, what to the fond father's eyes should appear
 But the pale little face of each sick little dear;
 Each pet, having crammed itself full as a tick,
 I knew in a moment, now felt like old Nick!
 Their pulses were rapid, their breathings the same;
 What their stomachs rejected I'll mention by name:
 Now turkey, now stuffing, plum pudding, of course,
 And custards, and crullers, and cranberry sauce—
 Before outraged Nature all went to the wall,—
 Yes, lollypops, flapdoodle, great things and small;
 Like pellets, which urchins from pop-guns let fly,
 Went figs, nuts and raisins, jam, jelly and pie,
 Till each error of diet was brought to my view,
 To the shame of mamma and of Santa Claus, too.
 I turned from the sight, to my bedroom stepped back,
 And brought out a vial marked *Pulv. Ipecac.*,
 When my Nancy exclaimed—for their sufferings shocked
 her—
 "Don't you think you had better, love, run for the doctor?"
 I ran—and was scarcely back under my roof,
 When I heard the sharp clatter of old Jalap's hoof;

I might say that I hardly had turned myself round,
 When the doctor came into the room with a bound.
 He was spattered with mud from his hat to his boots,
 And the clothes he had on seemed the drollest of suits;
 In his haste he'd put all quite awry on his back,
 And he looked like John Falstaff half fuddled with sack.
 His eyes, how they twinkled! Had the doctor got merry?
 His cheeks looked like Port and his breath smelt of Sherry;
 He hadn't been shaved for a fortnight or so,
 And the beard on his chin wasn't white as the snow.
 But, inspecting their tongues, in despite of their teeth,
 And drawing his watch from his waistcoat beneath,
 He felt of each pulse, saying, "each little belly
 Must get rid"—here he laughed—"of the rest of that jelly."
 I gazed on each plump, chubby, sick little elf,
 And groaned when he said so, in spite of myself.
 But a wink of his eye, as he physicked dear Fred,
 Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
 He didn't prescribe—but went straightway to work
 And dosed all the rest—gave his trousers a jerk,
 And adding directions while blowing his nose,
 He buttoned his coat, from his chair he arose,
 Then jumped in his gig, gave old Jalap a whistle,
 And Jalap dashed off as if pricked by a thistle.
 But the doctor exclaimed, ere he drove out of sight.
 'They'll be well by to-morrow—good night, Jones, good
 night!"

THE OLD STORY.—ALICE CARY.

The waiting women wait at her feet,
 And the day is fading into the night,
 And close at her pillow, and round and sweet,
 The red rose burns like a lamp alight,
 And under and over the gray mists fold;
 And down and down from the mossy eaves,
 And down from the sycamore's long wild leaves
 The slow rain droppeth so cold, so cold.

 Ah! never had sleeper a sleep so fair;
 And the waiting women that weep around,
 Have taken the combs from her golden hair,
 And it slideth over her face to the ground.
 They have hidden the light from her lovely eyes;—
 And down from the eaves where the mosses grow
 The rain is dripping so slow, so slow,
 And the night wind cries and cries and cries.

From her hand they have taken the shining ring,
 They have brought the linen her shroud to make :
 Oh, the lark she was never so loath to sing,
 And the morn she was never so loath to awake !
 And at their sewing they hear the rain,—
 Drip-drop, drip-drop over the eaves,
 And drip-drop over the sycamore leaves,
 As if there would never be sunshine again.

The mourning train to the grave have gone,
 And the waiting women are here and are there,
 With birds at the windows, and gleams of the sun,
 Making the chamber of death to be fair.
 And under and over the mist unlaps,
 And ruby and amethyst burn through the gray,
 And driest bushes grow green with spray,
 And the dimpled water its glad hands claps.

The leaves of the sycamore dance and wave,
 And the mourners put off the mourning shrouds;
 And over the pathway down to the grave
 The long grass blows and blows and blows,
 And every drip-drop rounds to a flower,
 And love in the heart of the young man springs,
 And the hands of the maidens shine with rings,
 As if all life were a festival hour.

QUESTIONS.—HENRY S. KENT.

Who shall lead a brother duly
 By the light?
 Who shall teach another truly
 What is right?
 Who our night of error turneth
 Into day?
 In whose lamp is oil that burneth
 Clear away?
 Who is priest of God's anointing
 Richly blessed,
 Raised by his divine appointing
 O'er the rest?
 Whose extended vision reaches
 Through the spheres?
 Whose unerring wisdom teaches
 All the years?
 Who of ancient seers or sages
 Found such dust
 As these searching acid ages
 May not rust?

To whose sacred trust is given
The saving faith
Without which each mortal living
Dies the death?
Can the way of life be spoken
By a word
And all ears receive the token
In accord?
May the unerring word be written
In a book
And all seeking eyes be smitten
If they look?
No! my inmost soul makes answer
To my quest,
Right and wrong's perplexing riddle
Still is guessed.
No! I may not teach another
All of good;
Truth and error are but darkly
Understood.
Each may hold a little measure
Of the light,
Each may give his little treasure
Labeled *right*;
But the eternal search remaineth
Ours to find
Loftier and still loftier Pisgahs
Of the mind.
Something from the ancient sowing
We may reap,
But the manna of the Hebrew
Will not keep.
Give us daily bread, O Father!
Fashioned so
To our growing needs, that ever
We shall grow.
Thou who lead'st thy yearning children
Toward the light,
Know'st their strength is in the *climbing*
Not the height.

AURELIA'S UNFORTUNATE YOUNG MAN.

MARK TWAIN (S. L. CLEMENS).

The facts in the following case came to me by letter from a young lady who lives in the beautiful city of San José; she is perfectly unknown to me, and simply signs herself

"Aurelia Maria," which may possibly be a fictitious name. But no matter, the poor girl is almost heart-broken by the misfortunes she has undergone, and so confused by the conflicting counsels of misguided friends and insidious enemies, that she does not know what course to pursue in order to extricate herself from the web of difficulties in which she seems almost hopelessly involved. In this dilemma she turns to me for help, and supplicates for my guidance and instruction with a moving eloquence that would touch the heart of a statue. Hear her sad story:

She says that when she was sixteen years old she met and loved, with all the devotion of a passionate nature, a young man from New Jersey, named Williamson Breckinridge Caruthers, who was some six years her senior. They were engaged, with the free consent of their friends and relatives, and for a time it seemed as if their career was destined to be characterized by an immunity from sorrow beyond the usual lot of humanity. But at last the tide of fortune turned; young Caruthers became infected with small-pox of the most virulent type, and when he recovered from his illness, his face was pitted like a waffle-mold, and his comeliness gone forever. Aurelia thought to break off the engagement at first, but pity for her unfortunate lover caused her to postpone the marriage-day for a season, and give him another trial.

The very day before the wedding was to have taken place, Breckinridge, while absorbed in watching the flight of a balloon, walked into a well and fractured one of his legs, and it had to be taken off above the knee. Again Aurelia was moved to break the engagement, but again love triumphed, and she set the day forward and gave him another chance to reform.

And again misfortune overtook the unhappy youth. He lost one arm by the premature discharge of a Fourth-of-July cannon, and within three months he got the other pulled out by a carding machine. Aurelia's heart was almost crushed by these latter calamities. She could not but be deeply grieved to see her lover passing from her by piecemeal, feeling, as she did, that he could not last forever under this disastrous process of reduction, yet knowing

of no way to stop its dreadful career; and in her tearful despair she almost regretted, like brokers who hold on and lose, that she had not taken him at first, before he had suffered such an alarming depreciation. Still her brave soul bore her up, and she resolved to bear with her friend's unnatural disposition yet a little longer.

Again the wedding day approached, and again disappointment overshadowed it; Caruthers fell ill with the erysipelas, and lost the use of one of his eyes entirely. The friends and relatives of the bride, considering that she had already put up with more than could reasonably be expected of her, now came forward and insisted that the match should be broken off; but after wavering awhile, Aurelia, with a generous spirit that did her credit, said she had reflected calmly upon the matter, and could not discover that Breckinridge was to blame.

So she extended the time once more, and he broke his other leg.

It was a sad day for the poor girl when she saw the surgeons reverently bearing away the sack whose uses she had learnt by previous experience, and her heart told her the bitter truth that some more of her lover was gone. She felt that the field of her affections was growing more and more circumscribed every day, but once more she frowned down her relatives and renewed her betrothal.

Shortly before the time set for the nuptials another disaster occurred. There was but one man scalped by the Owens River Indians last year. That man was Williamson Breckinridge Caruthers, of New Jersey. He was hurrying home with happiness in his heart, when he lost his hair forever, and in that hour of bitterness he almost cursed the mistaken mercy that had spared his head.

At last Aurelia is in a serious perplexity as to what she ought to do. She still loves her Breckinridge, she writes, with true womanly feeling—she still loves what is left of him—but her parents are bitterly opposed to the match, because he has no property and is disabled from working, and she has not sufficient means to support both comfortably. “Now what should she do?” she asks with painful and anxious solicitude.

It is a delicate question ; it is one which involves the life-long happiness of a woman, and that of nearly two-thirds of a man, and I feel that it would be assuming too great a responsibility to do more than make a mere suggestion in the case. How would it do to build to him? If Aurelia can afford the expense, let her furnish her mutilated lover with wooden arms and wooden legs, and a glass eye and a wig, and give him another show; give him ninety days, without grace, and if he does not break his neck in the meantime, marry him and take the chances. It does not seem to me that there is much risk, any way, Aurelia, because if he sticks to his infernal propensity for damaging himself every time he sees a good opportunity, his next experiment is bound to finish him, and then you are all right, you know, married or single. If married, the wooden legs and such other valuables as he may possess revert to the widow, and you see you sustain no actual loss save the cherished fragment of a noble but most unfortunate husband, who honestly strove to do right, but whose extraordinary instincts were against him. Try it, Maria! I have thought the matter over carefully and well, and it is the only chance I see for you. It would have been a happy conceit on the part of Caruthers if he had started with his neck and broken that first; but since he has seen fit to choose a different policy, and string himself out as long as possible, I do not think we ought to upbraid him for it if he has enjoyed it. We must do the best we can under the circumstances, and try not to feel exasperated at him.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.—MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Our darling little Florence, our blessing and our pride,
With dimpled cheeks, and golden hair, and brown eyes
open wide,
To look at every pretty thing, came flying in to me:
"O please," she pleaded earnestly, "I want a Christmas
tree."
"Who put that in your head, my dear? There's one at
Sunday-school,
And you will see its laden boughs with lovely presents full."

"Yes," said the child, "but I would like one of my very own.
And I will ask my company to come; myself alone.

"I had a dream last night; I seemed out in the woods to be,
And growing up right in the snow I saw a splendid tree;
Two little angels hovered near, and while I watched they
spread
Their fairy wings, and seemed to make a curtain o'er my
head.

"The tree was shining like the stars, with tapers burning
bright,
And happy faces seemed to glow around it in the night;
The little angels talked and talked; they said: 'This is the
tree
That we've been keeping beautiful for Florence dear to see.

"We'll lift it clear, we'll bear it far, we'll take it to her
door,
The prettiest, greenest Christmas tree, we'll set it on her
floor,
And if she asks the guests she ought we'll linger there and
sing,
Our voices blending in with theirs, as cheerily they ring.'"

"A lovely dream, indeed," I said; but whom will you invite?
We'll find a tree quite easily, and star its boughs with light;
But baby is not old enough to have her playmates come,
And yours are all engaged, my love, each in her own bright
home."

"I thought I'd go to Bridget's house, and ask her little
Kate,
And that bare-footed boy who sells us matches at the gate,
And we will dress them up with shoes and stockings to
begin,
And give them presents; I will put all my own money in.

"You only ought to see the doll poor Kate thinks so superb,
Its dingy face is just as brown as some old bunch of herb,
And all the sawdust's pouring out its broken arm, and yet
She loves it, and considers it a beauty and a pet.

"Poor Johnny has no mother. His feet are bare and blue,
And his eyes have such a hungry look when he dares to
look at you,
I think it would be sweet to give a bit of Christmas joy
And happiness—don't you—to such a little lonely boy?"

Well, children have their way with me, and Florence has
a way
That is so free from selfishness, so gentle and so gay,
EEEE

We love to please her; that's the truth. We helped her
all we could,
And half a dozen little guests around the tree there stood.

Its branches hung with golden fruit, dolls and dishes and
drums,
Elephants, horses, and woolly dogs, and boxes of sugar-
plums;

A trumpet was given to Johnny that terribly frightened the
cat.

And the top of his Christmas was crowned when we gave
him a soldier hat.

Our baby was charmed with a rattle, and for Florence's
dainty self

Was a music-box that played sweet tunes from its niche on
a rosewood shelf;

And Katie brooded over her doll in a sort of motherly rap-
ture,

Holding it close, lest a ruthless hand its form from her grasp
should capture;

And Bridget's jolly, half-moon face beamed over the happy
scene—

The tree was a tree to be glad about, and Florence felt like
a queen.

For somehow, not only for Christmas, but all the long year
through,

The joy that you give to others is the joy that comes back
to you;

And the more you spend in blessing the poor, the lonely,
and sad,

The more to your heart's possessing, returns to make you glad.

ENJOYMENT OF THE PRESENT.—R. C. TRENCH.

We live not in our moments or our years—

The present we fling from us as the rind

Of some sweet future, which we after find

Bitter to taste, or bind *that* in with fears,

And water it beforehand with our tears—

Vain tears for that which never may arrive;

Meanwhile the joy whereby we ought to live

Neglected or unheeded disappears.

Wiser it were to welcome and make ours

Whate'er of good, though small, the present brings—

Kind greetings, sunshine, song of birds, and flowers,

With a child's pure delight in little things;

And of the griefs unborn to rest secure,

Knowing that mercy ever will endure.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY LEAVING THE YORKSHIRE SCHOOL.—CHARLES DICKENS.

(AS CONDENSED FOR READING BY THE AUTHOR.)

As time passed away, the poor creature Smike paid bitterly for the friendship of Nicholas Nickleby; all the spleen and ill-humor that could not be vented on Nicholas were bestowed on *him*. Stripes and blows, stripes and blows, stripes and blows, morning, noon, and night, were his penalty for being compassionated by the daring new master. Squeers was jealous of the influence which the said new master soon acquired in the school, and hated him for it; Mrs. Squeers had hated him from the first; and poor Smike paid heavily for all.

One night he was poring hard over a book, vainly endeavoring to master some task which a child of nine years old could have conquered with ease, but which to the brain of the crushed boy of nineteen was a hopeless mystery.

Nicholas laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"I can't do it."

"Do not try. You will do better, poor fellow, when I am gone."

"Gone! Are you going?"

"I cannot say. I was speaking more to my own thoughts than to you. I shall be driven to that at last! The world is before me, after all."

"Is the world as bad and dismal as this place?"

"Heaven forbid! Its hardest, coarsest toil is happiness to this."

"Should I ever meet you there?"

"Yes,"—willing to soothe him.

"No, no! Should I—should I— Say I should be sure to find you."

"You would, and I would help and aid you, and not bring fresh sorrow on you, as I have done here."

The boy caught both his hands, and uttered a few broken sounds which were unintelligible. Squeers entered at the moment, and he shrunk back into his old corner.

Two days later, the cold, feeble dawn of a January morning was stealing in at the windows of the common sleeping-

room, when Nicholas, raising himself on his arm, looked among the prostrate forms in search of one.

"Now, then," cried Squeers, from the bottom of the stairs, "are you going to sleep all day up there—"

"We shall be down directly, sir."

"Down directly! Ah! you had better be down directly, or I'll be down upon some of you in less time than directly. Where's that Smike?"

Nicholas looked round again.

"He is not here, sir."

"Don't tell me a lie. He is."

"He is not. Don't tell me one."

Squeers bounced into the dormitory, and swinging his cane in the air ready for a blow, darted into the corner where Smike usually lay at night. The cane descended harmlessly. There was nobody there.

"What does this mean? Where have you hid him?"

"I have seen nothing of him since last night."

"Come, you won't save him this way. Where is he?"

"At the bottom of the nearest pond for anything I know."

"D—n you, what do you mean by that?"

In a fright, Squeers inquired of the boys whether any one of them knew anything of their missing schoolmate.

There was a general hum of denial, in the midst of which one shrill voice was heard to say (as indeed everybody thought):—

"Please, sir, I think Smike's run away, sir."

"Ha! who said that?"

Squeers made a plunge into the crowd, and caught a very little boy, the perplexed expression of whose countenance, as he was brought forward, seemed to intimate that he was uncertain whether he was going to be punished or rewarded for his suggestion. He was not long in doubt.

"You think he has run away, do you, sir?"

"Yes, please, sir."

"And what reason have you to suppose that any boy would want to run away from this establishment? Eh?"

The child raised a dismal cry by way of answer, and Squeers beat him until he rolled out of his hands. He mercifully allowed him to roll away.

"There! Now, if any other boy thinks Smike has run away, I shall be glad to have a talk with him."

Profound silence.

"Well, Nickleby, *you* think he has run away I suppose?"

"I think it extremely likely."

"Maybe you know he has run away."

"I know nothing about it."

"He didn't tell you he was going, I suppose?"

"He did not. I am very glad he did not, for it would then have been my duty to have told you."

"Which no doubt you would have been devilish sorry to do."

"I should, indeed."

Mrs. Squeers had listened to this conversation from the bottom of the stairs; but now, losing all patience, she hastily made her way to the scene of action.

"What's all this here to-do? What on earth are you talking to him for, Squeery! The cow-house and stable are locked up, so Smike can't be there; and he's not down stairs anywhere, for the girl has looked. He must have gone York way, and by a public road. He must beg his way, and he could do that nowheres but on the public road. Now, if you takes the chaise and goes one road, and I borrows Swallow's chaise and goes t'other, what with keeping our eyes open, and asking questions, one or other of us is moral sure to lay hold of him."

The lady's plan was put in execution without delay, Nicholas remaining behind in a tumult of feeling. Death, from want and exposure, was the best that could be expected from the prolonged wandering of so helpless a creature through a country of which he was ignorant. There was little, perhaps, to choose between this and a return to the tender mercies of the school. Nicholas lingered on, in restless anxiety, picturing a thousand possibilities, until the evening of the next day, when Squeers returned alone.

"No news of the scamp!"

Another day came, and Nicholas was scarcely awake when he heard the wheels of a chaise approaching the house. It stopped, and the voice of Mrs. Squeers was heard, ordering a glass of spirits for somebody, which was in itself a sufficient sign that something extraordinary had hap-

pened. Nicholas hardly dared to look out of the window, but he did so, and the first object that met his eyes was the wretched Smike, bedabbled with mud and rain, haggard and worn and wild.

"Lift him out," said Squeers. "Bring him in, bring him in!"

"Take care," cried Mrs. Squeers. "We tied his legs under the apron, and made 'em fast to the chaise, to prevent his giving us the slip again."

With hands trembling with delight, Squeers unloosened the cord; and Smike, more dead than alive, was brought in and locked up in a cellar, until such a time as Squeers should deem it expedient to operate upon him.

The news that the fugitive had been caught and brought back ran like wildfire through the hungry community, and expectation was on tiptoe all the morning. On tiptoe it remained until the afternoon, when Squeers, having refreshed himself with his dinner and an extra libation or so, made his appearance (accompanied by his amiable partner), with a fearful instrument of flagellation, strong, supple, wax-ended, and new.

"Is every boy here?"

Every boy was there, but every boy was afraid to speak so Squeers glared along the lines to assure himself.

"Each boy keep his place. Nickleby! you go to your desk sir!"

There was a curious expression in the usher's face; but he took his seat, without opening his lips in reply. Squeers left the room, and shortly afterwards returned, dragging Smike by the collar—or rather by that fragment of his jacket which was nearest the place where his collar ought to have been.

"Now, what have you got to say for yourself? (Stand a little out of the way, Mrs. Squeers, my dear; I've hardly got room enough.)"

"Spare me, sir!"

"Oh, that's all you've got to say, is it? Yes, I'll flog you within an inch of your life, and spare you that."

One cruel blow had fallen on him, when Nicholas Nickleby cried, "Stop!"

"Who cried stop!"

"I did. This must not go on."

"Must not go on!"

"No! Must not! Shall not! I will prevent it! You have disregarded all my quiet interference in this miserable lad's behalf; you have returned no answer to the letter in which I begged forgiveness for him, and offered to be responsible that he would remain quietly here. Don't blame me for this public interference. You have brought it upon yourself, not I."

"Sit down, beggar!"

"Wretch, touch him again at your peril! I will not stand by, and see it done. My blood is up, and I have the strength of ten such men as you. By Heaven! I will not spare you, if you drive me on! I have a series of personal insults to avenge, and my indignation is aggravated by the cruelties practiced in this foul den. Have a care; for if you raise the devil in me, the consequences will fall heavily upon your head!"

Squeers, in a violent outbreak, spat at him, and struck him a blow across the face. Nicholas instantly sprang upon him, wrested his weapon from his hand, and, pinning him by the throat, beat the ruffian till he roared for mercy.

He flung him away with all the force he could muster, and the violence of his fall precipitated Mrs. Squeers over an adjacent form; Squeers, striking his head against the same form in his descent, lay at his full length on the ground, stunned and motionless.

Having brought affairs to this happy termination, and having ascertained, to his satisfaction, that Squeers was only stunned, and not dead (upon which point he had had some unpleasant doubts at first), Nicholas packed up a few clothes in a small valise, and, finding that nobody offered to oppose his progress, marched boldly out by the front door, and struck into the road. Then such a cheer arose as the walls of Dotheboys Hall had never echoed before, and would never respond to again. When the sound had died away, the school was empty; and of the crowd of boys not one remained.

When Nicholas had cooled sufficiently to give his present circumstances some reflection, they did not appear in an encouraging light; he had only four shillings and odd pence

in his pocket, and was something more than two hundred and fifty miles from London.

Lifting up his eyes, he beheld a horseman coming towards him, whom he discovered to be no other than Mr. John Browdie, carrying a thick ash stick.

"I am in no mood for more noise and riot, and yet, do what I will, I shall have an altercation with this honest blockhead, and perhaps a blow or two from yonder cudgel."

There appeared reason to expect it, for John Browdie no sooner saw Nicholas, than he reined in his horse, and waited until such time as he should come up.

"Servant, young genelman."

"Yours."

"Weel; we ha' met at last."

"Yes.—Come! We parted on no very good terms the last time we met; it was my fault; but I had no intention of offending you, and no idea that I was doing so. I was very sorry for it afterwards. Will you shake hands?"

"Shake honds! Ah! that I weel! But wa'at be the matter wi' thy feace, mun? It be all brokken loike."

"It is a cut,—a blow; but I returned it to the giver, and with good interest."

"Noa, did'ee though? Well deane! I loike 'un for thot."

"The fact is, I have been ill-treated."

"Noa! Dean't say thot."

"Yes, I have, by that man Squeers, and I have beaten him soundly, and am leaving this place in consequence."

"What!" cried John Browdie, with such an ecstatic shout that the horse shied at it. "Beatten the schoolmeasther! Ho! ho! ho! Beatten the schoolmeasther! Who ever heard o' the loike o' that noo! Giv' us thee hond agean, yoongster. Beatten the schoolmeasther! Dang it, I loove thee for 't."

When his mirth had subsided, he inquired what Nicholas meant to do. On his replying, to go straight to London, he shook his head, and inquired if he knew how much the coaches charged to carry passengers so far?

"No, I do not; but it is of no great consequence to me, for I intend walking."

"Gang awa' to Lunnun afoot! (Stan' still, tell'ee, old horse,) Hoo much cash hast thee gotten?"

"Not much, but I can make it enough. Where there's a will, there's a way, you know."

John Browdie pulled out an old purse, and insisted that Nicholas should borrow from him whatever he required.

"Dean't be afeard, mun, tak' eneaf to carry thee whoam. Thee'lt pay me yan day, a' warrant."

Nicholas would by no means be prevailed upon to borrow more than a sovereign, with which loan Mr. Browdie was fain to content himself, after many entreaties that he would accept of more.

He observed, with a touch of Yorkshire caution, that if Nicholas didn't spend it all, he could put the surplus by, till he had an opportunity of remitting it carriage free.

"Tak' that bit 'o timber to help thee on wi', mun; keep a good heart, and bless thee. Beatten the schoolmeasther! 'Cod, it's the best thing 'a 've heard this twonty year!"

John set spurs to his horse, and went off at a smart canter. Nicholas watched the horse and rider until they disappeared over the brow of a distant hill, and then set forward on his journey.

He did not travel far, that afternoon, for by this time it was nearly dark; so he lay, that night, at a cottage, where beds were let cheap; and, rising betimes next morning, made his way before night to Boroughbridge. There he stumbled on an empty barn; and in a warm corner stretched his weary limbs and fell asleep.

When he awoke next morning, he sat up, rubbed his eyes, and stared at some motionless object in front of him.

"Strange! It cannot be real; and yet I—I am awake! Smike!"

It was Smike, indeed.

"Why do you kneel to me?"

"To go with you—anywhere—everywhere—to the world's end—to the churchyard. Let me go with you; Oh! do let me. You are my home, my kind friend; take me with you, pray!"

He had followed Nicholas, it seemed; had never lost sight of him all the way; had watched while he slept, and when he halted for refreshment; and had feared to appear sooner, lest he should be sent back.

"Poor fellow! Your hard fate denies you any friend but one, and he is nearly as poor and helpless as yourself."

"May I—may I go with you? I will be your faithful, hard-working servant. I want no clothes; these will do very well. I only want to be near you."

"And you shall. And the world shall deal by you as it does by me, till one or both of us shall quit it for a better. Come!"

So he strapped his burden on his shoulders, and, taking his stick in one hand, extended the other to his delighted charge. And so they passed out of the old barn together.

BILLY GRIMES, THE DROVER.

"To-morrow, ma, I'm sweet sixteen,
And Billy Grimes, the drover,
Has popped the question to me, ma,
And wants to be my lover;
To-morrow morn, he says, mamma,
He's coming here quite early,
To take a pleasant walk with me
Across the field of barley."

"You must not go, my gentle dear,
There's no use now a-talking;
You shall not go across the field
With Billy Grimes a-walking.
To think of his presumption, too,
The dirty, ugly drover!
I wonder where your pride has gone,
To think of such a lover!"

"Old Grimes is dead, you know, mamma,
And Billy is so lonely;
Besides, they say, to Grimes' estate,
That Billy is the only
Surviving heir to all that's left;
And that they say is nearly
A good ten thousand dollars, ma—
And quite six hundred yearly!"

"I did not hear, my daughter dear,
Your last remark quite clearly,
But Billy is a clever lad,
And no doubt loves you dearly;
Remember then, to-morrow morn,
To be up bright and early,
To take a pleasant walk with him
Across the field of barley!"

JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.—N. P. WILLIS.

And Jephthah vowed a vow unto the Lord, and said, If thou shalt without fail deliver the children of Ammon into mine hands,

Then it shall be, that whatsoever cometh forth of the doors of my house to meet me, when I return in peace from the children of Ammon, shall surely be the Lord's, and I will offer it up for a burnt-offering.—Judges xi: 30, 31.

She stood before her father's gorgeous tent,
To listen for his coming. Her loose hair
Was resting on her shoulders, like a cloud
Floating around a statue, and the wind,
Just swaying her light robe, revealed a shape
Praxiteles might worship. She had clasped
Her hands upon her bosom, and had raised
Her beautiful, dark, Jewish eyes to heaven,
Till the long lashes lay upon her brow.
Her lip was slightly parted, like the cleft
Of a pomegranate blossom; and her neck,
Just where the cheek was melting to its curve
With the unearthly beauty sometimes there,
Was shaded, as if light had fallen off,
Its surface was so polished. She was stilling
Her light, quick breath to hear; and the white rose
Scarce moved upon her bosom, as it swelled,
Like nothing but a lovely wave of light,
To meet the arching of her queenly neck.
Her countenance was radiant with love.
She looked like one to die for it—a being
Whose whole existence was the pouring out
Of rich and deep affections.

Onward came
The leaden tramp of thousands. Clarion notes
Rang sharply on the ear at intervals;
And the low, mingled din of mighty hosts,
Returning from the battle, poured from far,
Like the deep murmur of a restless sea.
They came, as earthly conquerors always come,
With blood and splendor, revelry and wo.
The stately horse treads proudly—he hath trod
The brow of death, as well. The chariot-wheels
Of warriors roll magnificently on—
Their weight hath crushed the fallen. *Man is there—*
Majestic, lordly man—with his sublime
And elevated brow, and godlike frame;
Lifting his crest in triumph—for his heel
Hath trod the dying like a wine-press down!

The mighty Jephthah led his warriors on
Through Mizpeh's streets. His helm was proudly set,

And his stern lip curled slightly, as if praise
Were for the hero's scorn. His step was firm,
But free as India's leopard; and his mail,
Whose shekels none in Israel might bear,
Was like a cedar's tassel on his frame.
His crest was Judah's kingliest; and the look
Of his dark, lofty eye, and bended brow,
Might quell the lion. He led on; but thoughts
Seemed gathering round which troubled him. The veins
Grew visible upon his swarthy brow,
And his proud lip was pressed as if with pain.
He trod less firmly; and his restless eye
Glanced forward frequently, as if some ill
He dared not meet, were there. His home was near,
And men were thronging, with that strange delight
They have in human passions, to observe
The struggle of his feelings with his pride.
He gazed intently forward. The tall firs
Before his door were motionless. The leaves
Of the sweet aloe, and the clustering vines
Which half concealed his threshold, met his eye,
Unchanged and beautiful; and one by one,
The balsam, with its sweet-distilling stems,
And the Circassian rose, and all the crowd
Of silent and familiar things, stole up,
Like the recovered passages of dreams.
He strode on rapidly. A moment more,
And he had reached his home; when lo! there sprang
One with a bounding footstep, and a brow
Of light, to meet him. Oh, how beautiful!
Her dark eye flashing like a sun-lit gem,
And her luxuriant hair,—'twas like the sweep
Of a swift wing in visions. He stood still,
As if the sight had withered him. She threw
Her arms about his neck: he heeded not.
She called him "Father," but he answered not.
She stood and gazed upon him. Was he wroth?
There was no anger in that blood-shot eye.
Had sickness seized him? She unclasped his helm,
And laid her white hand gently on his brow,
And the large veins felt stiff and hard, like cords.
The touch aroused him. He raised up his hands,
And spoke the name of God, in agony.
She knew that he was stricken then, and rushed
Again into his arms, and with a flood
Of tears she could not stay, she sobbed a prayer
That he would breathe his agony in words.
He told her—and a momentary flush
Shot o'er her countenance; and then the soul
Of Jephthah's daughter awakened; and she stood

Calmly and nobly up, and said 'twas well—
And she would die. * * * *

The sun had well-nigh set.
The fire was on the altar; and the priest
Of the High God was there. A pallid man
Was stretching out his trembling hands to heaven,
As if he would have prayed, but had no words—
And she who was to die, the calmest one
In Israel at that hour, stood up alone,
And waited for the sun to set. Her face
Was pale, but very beautiful—her lip
Had a more delicate outline, and the tint
Was deeper; but her countenance was like
The majesty of angels.

The sun set—
And she was dead—but not by violence.

A CHRISTMAS CHANT—ALFRED DOMMET.

It was the calm and silent night!
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
And now was queen of land and sea.
No sound was heard of clashing wars,—
Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars,
Held undisturbed their ancient reign,—
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

'Twas in the calm and silent night!
The senator of haughty Rome
Impatient, urged his chariot's flight
From lordly revel rolling home;
Triumphal arches, gleaming, swell
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway;
What recked the Roman what befell
A paltry province far away,—
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago?

Within that province far away
Went plodding home a weary boor;
A streak of light before him lay,
Fallen through a half-shut stable-door,
Across his path. He passed, for naught
Told what was going on within;

How keen the stars, his only thought,—
 The air, how calm, and cold, and thin,
 In the solemn midnight,
 Centuries ago!

Oh, strange indifference! low and high
 Drowns over common joys and cares;
 The earth was still, but knew not why;
 The world was listening—unaware.
 How calm a moment may precede
 One that shall thrill the world forever
 To that still moment none would heed,
 Man's doom was linked no more to sever,—
 In the solemn midnight,
 Centuries ago!

It is the calm and silent night!
 A thousand bells ring out, and throw
 Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
 The darkness, charmed and holy now!
 The night that erst no name had worn,
 To it a happy name is given;
 For in that stable lay, new-born,
 The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven,
 In the solemn midnight,
 Centuries ago!

GOOD AND BETTER.

A father sat by the chimney-post
 On a winter's day, enjoying a roast;
 By his side a maiden young and fair,
 A girl with a wealth of golden hair;
 And she teases the father stern and cold,
 With a question of duty trite and old,—
 "Say, father, what shall a maiden do
 When a man of merit comes to woo?
 And, father, what of this pain in my breast?
 Married or single,—which is the best?"

Then the sire of the maiden young and fair,
 The girl with the wealth of golden hair,
 He answers as ever do fathers cold,
 To the question of duty trite and old,
 "She who weddeth keeps God's letter:
 She who weds not doeth better."
 Then meekly answered the maiden fair,
 The girl with the wealth of golden hair,
 "I'll keep the sense of the holy letter,
 Content to do WELL without doing BETTER."

PUTTING DOWN THE WINDOW.

During the summer season a man may expect to be suddenly called at any moment in the night to get up and pull down the windows. On the advent of a thunder shower it is rarely that a man wakes first. If he should, he keeps quiet, so as not to disturb his wife, and avails himself of the first lull to go to sleep again. How differently a woman acts—oh, so differently! Just as soon as she wakes up and hears that it is raining, she seems to lose all judgment at once. She plants both of her feet in her husband's back, at the same time catching him by the hair and shaking his head, and hysterically screams:

"Get up! get up, quick! It's a-pouring right down in torrents, and all the windows are up!"

He cannot wake up under such circumstances with an immediately clear conception of the case; in fact, it frequently happens that he is way out on the floor before his eyes are fairly open, having but one idea really at work, and that is as to what he is doing out of bed. The first thing to do is to strike a light, and while he is moving around for the matches, and swearing that some one has broken into the house and moved them from where he laid them on going to bed (which is always plausible enough), she hurls after him the following tonics:

"Do hurry! Mercy, how that rain is coming right into those windows! We won't have a carpet left if you don't move faster. What on earth are you doing all this time? *Can't find the matches?* Mercy sake? you ain't going to stumble round here looking for matches, are you, when the water is drowning us out? Go without a light. What a man you are; I might have better got up in the first place. Well, (despairingly) let things go to ruin if you are a mind to. I've said all I'm going to, an' I don't care if the whole house goes to smash. You always would have your own way, an' I s'pose you always will, and now you can do as you please; but don't you dare to open your mouth to me about it when the ruin's done. I've talked an' talked till I'm tired to death, and I shan't talk any more. We never could keep anything decent, and we never can; an' so that's the end of it. (A

very brief pause.) John Henry, are you, or are you not going to shut down those windows?"

Just then he finds the matches, and breaks the discourse by striking a light. He was bound to have that help before he moved out of the room. He has got the lamp lighted now. No sooner does its glare fill the room than he immediately blows it out again, for obvious reasons. He had forgotten the windows were open and—— It almost causes him to shiver when he thinks of his narrow escape.

He moves out into the other room with celerity now. He knows pretty well the direction to go, and when a flash of lightning comes it shows him on the verge of climbing over a stool or across the centre-table. If there is a rocking-chair in the house he will strike it. A rocking-chair is much surer in its aim than a streak of lightning. It never misses, and it never hits a man but in one spot, and that is just at the base of his shin. We have fallen against more than eight hundred rockers of all patterns and prices, and always receive the first blow in the one place. We have been with dying people, and have heard them affirm in the solemn hush of that last hour, that a rocking-chair always hits a man on the shin first.

And when a man gets up in the dead of night to shut down the windows, he never misses the rocking-chair. It is the rear end of one of the rockers which catches him. It is a dreadful agony. But he rarely cries out. He knows his audience too well. A woman never falls over a rocking-chair, and she will never understand why a man does. But she can tell whether he has by the way he puts down the windows when he finally reaches them. A rocking-chair window (if we may be allowed the term) can be heard three times as far as any other.

THE BRICKLAYERS.—G. H. BARNES.

"Ho! to the top of the towering wall!"
'Tis the master-mason's rallying call:
"To the scaffolding, boys, now merrily climb;
'Tis seven o'clock by the town-bell's chime.
Bring to your work good muscle and brawn,
And a keen, quick eye where the line is drawn:

Out with your saw-tempered blades of steel,
Smoother than glass from point to heel;
Now, steady and clear, from turret and port,
Ring out your challenge, '*Mort*', *Oh, mort*'!

"Clink! clink! trowel and brick!
Music with labor and art combine;
Brick upon brick, lay them up quick;
But lay to the line, boys, lay to the line!"

Cheery as crickets all the day long,
Lightening labor with laugh and song;
Busy as bees upon angle and pier,
Piling the red blocks tier upon tier;
Climbing and climbing still nearer the sun,
Prouder than kings of the work they have done,
Upward and upward the bricklayers go,
Till men are but children and pigmies below;
While the master's order falls ringing and short,
To the staggering carrier, "*Mort*", *Oh, mort*'!

"Clink! clink! trowel and brick!
Music with labor and art combine;
Brick upon brick, lay them up quick;
But lay to the line, boys, lay to the line!"

Who are the peers of the best in the land,—
Worthy 'neath arches of honor to stand?
They of the brick-reddened, mortar-stained palms,
With shoulders of giants and sinewy arms,
Builders of cities, and builders of homes,
Propping the sky up with spires and domes;
Writing thereon with their trowel and lime
Legends of toil for the eyes of time,
So that the ages may read, as they run,
All that their magical might has done.

So clink! clink! trowel and brick!
Work by the master's word and sign,—
"Brick upon brick, lay them up quick;
But lay to the line, boys, lay to the line!"

MINE KATRINE.—CHAS. F. ADAMS.

You wouldn't dink mine *frau*,
If you shust look at her now,
Where der wrinkles on her prow
Long haf been;
Was der *fraulein* blump und fair,
Mit der vafy flaxen hair,
Who did vonce mine heart enshnare;
Mine Katrine.

Der dime seems shord to me
 Since ve game across der sea,
 To der gountry off der free
 Ve'd nefer seen ;
 But ve hear de beople say
 Dhere vas vork und blendy bay,
 So I shtarted righd away
 Mit Katrine.

Oh, der shoy dot filled mine house
 Vhen dot goot oldt Tocter Krauss
 Brought us "Leedle Yawcob Strauss,"
 Shveet und clean ;
 Vhy, I don'd pelief mine eyes
 Vhen I look, now, mit surbrise,
 On dot feller, shust der size
 Off Katrine!

Den "dot leedle babe off mine,"
 He vas grown so tall und fine—
 Shust so sdrait as any pine
 You efer seen ;
 Und der beoples all agree
 Sooch fine poys dey nefer see,
 (Dey looks mooch more like me
 As Katrine.)

Vell, ve haf our criefs und shoys,
 Und dhere's naught our lofe destroya,
 Bud I miss dose leedle poys
 Dot used to been ;
 Und der tears vill somedime sdart,
 Und I feels so sick at heart,
 Ven I dinks I soon musd part
 From Katrine.

Oldt Time vill soon pe here,
 Mit his sickle und his shpear,
 Und vill vhisper in mine ear
 Mit sober mien :
 "You must coom along mit me,
 For id vas der Lord's decree ;
 Und von day dose poys you'll see
 Und Katrine."

SOLOMON AND HIS SAGES.

One day the Queen of Sheba gave Solomon a ring, with many score of oxen. She bade him bestow it on the wisest of his sages. So Solomon commanded his wise men to ap-

pear before him on the feast of the full moon. They came from Bethel and Dan, the court and the school of the prophets.

Then King Solomon, arrayed in the regal robes, sat on his throne, the sceptre of Israel in his right hand. The Queen of Sheba sat beside him. He commanded his sages to speak. Many opened their mouths, and discoursed right eloquently; they told of many things. The eyes of the queen shone like dew-drops which quiver at sunrise on the peach-blossoms. Solomon was sad.

At last one arose of courtly mien. He told of wondrous cities in far-off lands; how the sun scalds the dew in Sahara; how it forsakes the chill north for whole months, leaving the cold moon in its place; he spoke of the fleets that go down to the sea; he told how they weave wax at Tyrus, spin gold at Ophir; of the twisted shell that comes from Oroba, and the linen in Egypt that endures the fire; he spoke of fleets, of laws, the art that makes men happy.

"Truly, he is wise," said the king. "But let others speak."

Another came forth; he was young in years, his cheek was burning with enthusiasm, the fire of genius shone in his eye like the day star when all the others are swallowed up in light. He spoke of the works of the great One; told how the cedar of Lebanon, when the sun kisses its forehead, lifts up its great arms with a shout, shaking off the feathery snow in winter, or the pearly dew of autumn, to freshen the late river that glitters at its foot. He spoke of the elephant, the antelope, the jackal, the camel, the eagle; he knew them all. He told of the fish that make glad the waters as the seasons dance and frolic around about their heads. He sang in liquid softness of the daughters of air who melt the heaven into song; he rose to the stars, spoke of old chaos, of the world, the offering of love. He spoke of the stars, the crown, Mazzaroth, and the tall ladder Jacob saw. He sang again the star of creation.

"He is wiser than Solomon," said the king; "to him belongs the prize."

But at that moment some men in humble garb brought a stranger unwillingly along. His raiment was poor, but comely and snow white. His seal of labor was on his hand;

the dust of travel covered his sandals. His beard long and silvery, went down to his girdle; a sweet smile, like a sleeping infant's, sat unconscious on his lip. His eye was the angel's lamp, that burns in still devotion before the court of paradise, making the day. As he leaned on his shepherd's staff in the gay court, a blush like a girl's stole over his cheek.

"Speak," said the king.

"I have nothing to say," exclaimed the hoary man. "I know only how unwise and frail I am. I am no sage."

And Solomon's countenance rose. "By the sceptre of Elshaddai I charge thee to speak, thou ancient man."

Then he began: "My study is myself; my acts, my sentiment. I learn how frail I am; I of myself can know nothing. I listen to that voice within; and I know all, I can do all." Then he spoke of his glees, his glooms, and his hopes; his aspirations, his faith. He spoke of nature, the modest trees, the pure golden stars. When he came to Him who is ALL IN ALL he bowed his face and was dumb.

"Give him the ring," said Solomon. "He knows himself, he is the wisest. The spirit of the Holy is in him."

"Take back the gift," said the sage, "I need it not. He that knows himself needs no reward, he knows God, he sees the All of things. Alas! I do but feebly know myself—I deserve no ring. Let me return to my home and my duty."

THE LOST WATCH

(AS RELATED BY JUVENAL, IN SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY).

MR. EDITOR.—The following most extraordinary incident was related to me by a very worthy man, whose word is as good as his affidavit among all who know him. But in giving it to the public, through your widely-circulating magazine, I have thought it well to accompany it by his sworn affidavit, which will be found below.

Some ten or fifteen years ago,
But just how long I do not know,
A man, while crossing in a boat
A Western river of some note,

[I have forgotten the man's name—I think it was Pike, but I am not quite sure, nor do I recollect the name of the river—I never was good at remembering names. But I am more sure of the facts; they made too deep an impression on my mind to be so easily forgotten.]

Dropped in the stream, as I was told,
Ah, sad mishap! a watch of gold.

He saw it sink,—'twas new and bright,—
 Down, down, and down, quite out of sight.
 He made long search, but all in vain;
 The watch could not be found again.
 Who knows, says he, at last, but what,
 Some hungry fish, just in that spot,
 Has quickly seized it for his prey,
 And then as quickly fled away?
 So, in despair he leaves the river,
 And gives it up as lost forever.

Well, years rolled by, when on a day,
 As fortune led him round that way,
 And times were dull, he felt inclined
 To see if he some fish could find,
 Perchance, in that unlucky stream,
 But still, he did not hope or dream
 By fishing there, to find the prize
 So long concealed from human eyes.
 He only hoped, with fair success,
 To catch enough for one good mess.

He cast his line,—but needs must wait,
 And many times renew his bait.
 The hours passed by. 'Twas getting late—
 And not one fish. Such was his fate,
 When suddenly, to his delight,
 He felt a most uncommon bite,
 And hauling in, with skill and care,
 Lest from the hook the fish should tear,
 Up comes, at length, to greet his eyes,
 A salmon-trout of largest size.

[I ought, however, in all honesty to say that I am not quite positive that this was the kind of fish he caught—I only give my impression; I am not versed in piscatorial affairs, never having caught a fish in my life.]

It was enough. He did not stay
 For more, but homeward took his way
 With lighter heart—but heavier load,
 Than when he traveled that same road
 The day he lost his watch, you know,
 Some ten or fifteen years ago.

As through the streets he lugged his prize
 It drew the notice of all eyes;
 And many wanted much to buy it;
 But "No!" says he, "My wife shall fry it.
 I'll have, to-night, as rich a treat
 As ever lord or king did eat."
 Ah, lucky man was he to hold it!
 How sad indeed if he had sold it!

But still the thought ne'er crossed his mind,
 That in the fish his watch he'd find;
 It had been lost so long ago,
 Some ten or fifteen years, you know.
 Right on he keeps his homeward way,
 Arriving just at close of day;
 He lays his load upon the table,
 And says, "Dear wife, if you are able,
 Come dress this fish,—'tis something nice,—
 Then cook it well, and in a trice;
 The dinner hour is long since past,
 I've had a long and weary fast."

So now his wife
 Whets up a knife
 And straightway goes to dress it.
 When lo! indeed!
 Need I proceed?
 You all, no doubt, will guess it.

But this I'll state,
 At any rate,
 'Twill take me but a minute,—
 She dressed the fish
 As he did wish,
 And took out what was in it.

Then with the roe,
 (That 's good, you know)
 Believe it if you will,
 She cooked the fish—
 They ate the fish.
 The watch,—is missing still.

Here follows the affidavit of my informant, above referred to; but being a dis-
 sident man, he requests that his name be not printed in full, and I have, in order
 to please him, given only the initials.

A—G—appeared before me on this the 1st day of April, 1878, and being duly
 sworn, declared that the above statement of facts is true in every particular ac-
 cording to his own personal knowledge; and furthermore, that he is first cousin
 to Mr.—'s wife and often at his house, and that hearing of his good luck, he hap-
 pened round there on the very evening the fish was caught, but unfortunately,
 not till after they had finished their dinner, and so he got none of the fish; but
 they kindly gave him a glass of cider, and showed him the head and tail of the
 fish, which the cat was contemplating with great interest. Nothing was said
 about the watch, and he is morally certain if it had been found his cousin would
 have told him.

OAHKOSH, April 1st, 1878

LAMPREY EELS, J. P.

Appendix.

NOTE.

The following pages contain the Supplements to the four Numbers of "100 Choice Selections" embraced in this volume, which, for greater convenience in arranging, are here grouped together instead of appearing at the end of the Numbers to which they respectively belong.

SUPPLEMENT TO
One Hundred Choice Selections, No. 13

CONTAINING

SENTIMENTS For Public Occasions;

WITTICISMS For Home Enjoyment;

LIFE THOUGHTS For Private Reflection;

FUNNY SAYINGS For Social Pastime, &c.

All's for the best,—if a man would but know it;
Providence wishes us all to be blest:
This is no dream of the pundit or poet;
Heaven is gracious, and all's for the best.

The books which help you most are those which make you think the most. The hardest way of learning is by easy reading: but a great book that comes from a great thinker,—it is a ship of thought, deep freighted with truth and with beauty. *Theodore Parker.*

Around each pure domestic shrine
Bright flowers of Eden bloom and twine;
Our hearts are altars all:
The prayers of hungry souls and poor,
Like armed angels at the door,
Our unseen foes appall.

Wit, bright, rapid, and blasting as the lightning, flashes, strikes, and vanishes in an instant; humor, warm and all-embracing as the sunshine, bathes its object in a genial and abiding light. *Whipple*

O blessed sleep!
In which, exempt from our
Tired selves, and all the
Shams o'er which we weep,
Toward our native nothingness
We sink ten thousand fathoms deep. *J. G. Holland.*

Patience is bitter, but its fruit is sweet.

What has been done amiss should be undone as far as possible.

O wisdom! if thy soft control
Can soothe the sickness of the soul,
Can bid the warring passions cease,
And breathe the calm of tender peace,—
Wisdom! I bless thy gentle sway,
And ever, ever will obey. *Mrs. Barbauld.*

Men, like bullets, go farthest when they are smoothest.
Richter.

My Father, the guide of my youth,
To Thee for direction I fly;
O grant me Thy light and Thy truth,
Nor ever Thy presence deny.
My pillar of cloud and of fire,
While destined to journey below,—
What more can a pilgrim desire,
Or Thou in thy goodness bestow?

The light of genius is sometimes so resplendent as to make a man walk through life amid glory and acclamation; but it burns very dimly and low when carried into "the valley of the shadow of death."
Mountford.

Not all the glory, all the praise,
That decks the prosperous hero's days,
The shout of men, the laurel crown,
The pealing echoes of renown,
May conscience' dreadful sentence drown.
Mrs. Holford.

It is when our budding hopes are nipped beyond recovery by some rough wind, that we are the most disposed to picture to ourselves what flowers they might have borne, if they had flourished.
Dickens.

Friendship has a power
To soothe affliction in her darkest hour. *Kirke White.*

I believe this earth on which we stand is but the vestibule to glorious mansions through which a moving crowd forever press.
Joanna Baillie.

'Tis Reason's part
To govern and to guard the heart,
To lull the wayward soul to rest,
When hopes and fears distract the breast;
Reason may calm this doubtful strife,
And steer thy bark through various life. *Cotton.*

All the doors that lead inward to the secret place of the Most High, are doors outwards—out of self, out of smallness, out of wrong. *George Macdonald.*

And when I feel my virtue fail,
And my ambitious thoughts prevail,
I'll take a turn among the tombs,
And see whereto all glory comes. *Isaac Watts.*

If a good face is a letter of recommendation, a good heart is a letter of credit. *Bulwer.*

O truth divine! enlightened by thy ray,
I grope and guess no more, but see my way. *Arbuthnot.*

How much lies in laughter: the cipher key wherewith we decipher the whole man. *Carlyle.*

Friend after friend departs!
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That hath not here its end. *Montgomery.*

Right sometimes sleeps but never dies.

First worship God; he that forgets to pray
Bids not himself good-morrow nor good day. *Randolph.*

He only is an acute observer who can observe minutely without being observed. *Lavater.*

Dearly bought the hidden treasure
Finer feelings can bestow!
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure
Thrill the deepest notes of woe. *Burns.*

Unmerited censure and severe criticisms, often deter the timid from the exercise of their duties.

We may live without books—what is knowledge but grieving?

We may live without hope—what is hope but deceiving?

We may live without love—what is passion but pining?

But where is the man who can live without dining?

Owen Meredith.

Power, enthroned with wisdom on its right hand, and mercy on its left, constitutes a complete judge.

When time, which steals our years away,
Shall steal our pleasures too,
The memory of the past will stay,
And half our joy renew. *Moore.*

Honest love, honest sorrow,
Honest work for the day, honest hope for the morrow
Are these worth nothing more than the hand they make
weary,

The heart they have saddened, the life they leave dreary?
Hush! The sevenfold heavens to the voice of the spirit
Echo: "He that overcometh shall all things inherit."

Owen Meredith.

Memory and hope are set like stars above the soul—the
one shining dimly through the twilight of the past, the
other lighting the pathway of the future.

The pebble in the streamlet scant
Has turned the course of many a river.
The dewdrop on the lowly plant
Has warped the giant oak forever.

Many flowers unfold their petals to the sun, but only one
follows it constantly. My heart, be then, the sunflower;
not only revealed to thy God, but obedient to his influence.

Jean Paul.

Not all the heralds rake from confined clay,
Nor florid prose, nor honeyed lines of rhyme,
Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a crime. *Byron.*

All of nature's works are a part of the perfection of a plan.
She makes no mistakes, creates no vacancy, and guesses at
nothing. *Josh Billings.*

There ne'er was delusion more constantly shown,
Than that wealth every charm of existence can buy;
As long as love, friendship, and truth are life's own,
All hearts may be happy if all hearts will try.

Charles Swain.

The secret of oratory lies, not in saying new things, but
in saying things with a certain power that moves the hearers.

George Eliot.

Sound, sound the clarion! fill the life!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

Scott.

Truth being founded upon a rock, you must boldly dig to
see its foundation without fear of destroying the edifice;
but falsehood, being laid on the sand, if you examine its
foundation you cause it to fall.

That thou mayst injure no man, dove-like be,
And serpent-like that none may injure thee.

Owen

'Tis knowledge gained on every hand
Which forms the wisdom of the land ;
While jokes and nonsense now and then
Are relished by the best of men.

The aim of education is to show how to think. *Beattie*

Ah! well I mind me of the days,
Still bright in memory's flattering rays,
When all was bright and new ;
When knaves were only found in books,
And friends were known by friendly looks,
And love was always true. *John G. Saxe.*

A crown does not cure the headache, nor a golden slipper
the gout.

Each age of man new fashions doth invent ;
Things which are old young men do not esteem ;
What pleased our fathers doth not us content ;
What flourished then we out of fashion deem.

The longest life is but a parcel of moments.

Oh, what a glory doth this world put on
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed and days well spent.
For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings.

Longfellow.

We wish for more in life, rather than more of it.

Jean Ingelow.

Nature has cast me in so soft a mould
That but to hear a story, feigned for pleasure,
Of some sad lover's death, moistens my eyes,
And robs me of my manhood. *Dryden.*

Men apt to promise are apt to forget.

Alas! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay ;
And those who prize the trifling things
More trifling still than they. *Goldsmith.*

Abundance, like want, ruins many.

In human works, though labored on with pain
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain ;
In God's one single can its ends produce,
Yet serves to second too some other use. *Pope.*

Those are the most honorable who are the most useful

Nothing noble, nothing great,
The world has ever known,
But began a seed of thought
By some generous nature sown.

A man in a passion rides a mad horse.

It often falls in course of common life
That right long time is overborne of wrong,
Through avarice, or power, or guile, or strife,
Which weakens that, and makes this power strong.

Spenser.

Draw not thy bow before thy arrow be fixed.

Grant this, we pray Thee, that all they who read
Or utter noble thoughts may make them theirs,
And thank God for them, to the betterment
Of their succeeding life.

Bailey.

When a fox preaches beware of your geese.

Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,—
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumor of oppression and deceit
Might never reach me more! My ear is pained,
My soul is sick, with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled.

Cowper.

To me the world's an open book
Of sweet and pleasant poetry;
I read it in the running brook
That sings its way towards the sea,
It whispers in the leaves of trees,
The swelling grain, the waving grass,
And in the cool, fresh evening breeze
That crisps the wavelets as they pass.

Geo. P. Morris.

Sharp wits, like sharp knives, often cut their owner's fingers.

Arrowsmith.

A glorious tree is the old gray oak:
He has stood for a thousand years,
He has stood and frowned
On the trees around,
Like a king among his peers.

George Hill.

Every man's experience of to-day is that he was a fool
yesterday and the day before yesterday. To-morrow he will
most likely be of exactly the same opinion. *Charles Mackay.*

The Germans sleep between two beds, and, it is related, that an Irish traveler, upon finding a feather bed thus laid over him, took it into his head that the people slept in strata, one upon the other, and said to the attendant, "Will you be kind enough to tell the gentleman who is to sleep above me to make haste and get to bed, as I wish to get to sleep."

On a remarkably hot summer's day, a man, thinly dressed, sat down while in a violent perspiration, and was cautioned against catching cold. "Catch it!" said he, wiping his face, "I wish I could catch it."

Fletcher, Bishop of Nismes, was the son of a tallow chandler. A proud duke once endeavored to mortify the prelate, by saying, at a levee, that he smelt of tallow; to which the bishop replied: "My lord, I am the son of a chandler, it is true, and if your lordship had been you would have remained so all the days of your life."

An apothecary who used to pride himself on his knowledge of drugs, asserted that all bitter things were hot. "Indeed!" said a gentleman present, "what think you of a bitter cold day?"

A Leicestershire farmer, who had never seen a silver fork, had some soup handed to him at a dinner. He found that no spoon was laid by his plate. Lifting the fork, and twirling it in his fingers for sometime, he called the waiter, and requested him to bring a silver spoon without any slits in it.

A lady after performing, with the most brilliant execution, a sonata on the piano-forte, in the presence of Dr. Johnson, turned to the philosopher, and asked him if he was fond of music. "No, madam," replied the doctor, "but of all noises I think music is the least disagreeable."

A French officer having just arrived at the court of Vienna, and the empress hearing that he had the day before been in company with a great lady, asked him if it were true that she was the most handsome princess of her time. "I thought so yesterday, madam," answered the officer, with great gallantry.

Moliere was asked, why in some countries, the King may assume the crown when fourteen years old, and cannot marry until eighteen. "Because it is more difficult to rule a wife than a kingdom," was his reply.

Dominico, the harlequin, going to see Louis XIV at supper, fixed his eyes on a dish of partridges. The king, who was fond of his acting, said, "Give that dish to Dominico." "And the partridges, too, sire?" Louis, penetrating into the artfulness of the question, replied, "And the partridges too." The dish was of gold.

Admiral Duncan's address to the officers who came on board his ship for instructions, previous to the engagement with Admiral de Winter, was both laconic and humorous: "Gentlemen, you see a severe Winter approaching; I have only to advise you to keep up a good fire."

A gentleman entered the room of Dr. Barton, the warden of Merton College, and told him that Dr. Vowel was dead. "What!" said he, "Dr. Vowel dead! thank heaven it was neither U nor I."

Curran was once arguing in Chancery before Lord Clare, who was seated on the bench caressing a Newfoundland dog, and apparently ignoring Curran's presence. At last Curran stopped speaking. The Judge said: "Go on, Mr. Curran." Curran replied: "I beg a thousand pardons, I really thought your lordship was employed *in consultation*."

A soldier was wounded in the knee. After the surgeons had cut and carved for some time, the Count asked why they made so many incisions. They said they were looking for the ball. "Why," said the soldier, "I have it *in my pocket*."

Talleyrand had an inquisitive servant, whom the Prince saw open a private letter of his. The next day he sent another letter by the servant, containing a postscript: "You may send a verbal answer by bearer, he has taken the caution to read this before delivery."

A minister making a pastoral call at a house, where the children were kept pretty quiet on Sunday, was confidentially told by one of the girls, that she would like to be a minister. "Why?" said the gratified, but somewhat puzzled shepherd. "So I could *holler* on Sunday," was the reply.

When the great picture of the Court of Death was exhibited in Boston, a ticket was sent to the Rev. Dr. Osgood, to admit the bearer to the Court of Death. The old gentleman was literally confounded, not having heard of the painting. "I expected to go before long, but I was not prepared for so abrupt a summons," said he.

What is that which lives in the winter, dies in the summer, and grows with its root upwards? An icicle.

What is the difference between a watchmaker and a jailer? The one sells watches, and the other watches cells.

What is the largest room in the world? The room for improvement.

What is the difference between truth and eggs? Truth crushed to earth will rise again, but eggs won't.

Why is a well trained horse like a benevolent man? Because he stops at the sound of *wo*.

Why is a mad bull like a man of convivial disposition? Because he offers a horn to every one he meets.

Why are the complaints of married people like the noise of the waves on the shore? Because they are the murmurs of the tied. (tide.)

Why is the map of Turkey in Europe, like a frying-pan? Because it has Greece at the bottom.

Why are washerwomen the silliest of women? Because they put out their tubs to catch soft water when it rains hard.

What word by taking the first letter from it, makes you sick? M-usic.

What is that debt for which you cannot be sued? The debt of nature.

What time should an innkeeper visit an iron foundry? When he wants a bar-maid.

Why is "E" the most unfortunate of letters? Because it's never in cash, always in debt, and never out of danger.

Which of the planets has the most specie? The moon, because she is constantly changing quarters.

When does a caterpillar improve in morals? When he turns over a new leaf.

What trade does the sun regularly follow? Those of a tanner and a portrait painter.

Why is a very old umbrella, that has been lost, as good as new when found? Because it's *re-covered*.

What kind of medicine does a man take for a scolding wife? He takes an elixir. (he takes and he licks her.)

When may a man be said to breakfast before he gets up? When he takes a *roll* in bed.

Why is a distanced horse like a man in a shady place? Because he is out of the heat.

What is the differedce betweed ad orgadist ad the influ-
edza? Wud dose the stops, the other stops the dose.

There was a carpenter who made a cupboard-door; it
proved too big; he cut it, and unfortunately then he cut it
too little; he thereupon cut it again, and made it fit beau-
tifully; how was this? He didn't cut it enough the first
time.

Take away my first letter, I remain unchanged; take away
my second letter, there is no apparent alteration in me;
take away all my letters, and I still continue unchanged?
The postman.

What is better than presence of mind in a railroad acci-
dent? Absence of body.

Why is it important for a physician to keep his temper?
Because if he did not he would lose his patients.

What did the tea-kettle say when tied to the little dog's
tail? "After you!"

Two brothers, A and B, walking in Broadway, met three
charming little fair-haired, prattling children: "I must speak
to those children," said A, "they are my nephews and
nieces." "Ah!" said B, "as I have no nephews and nieces,
I shall walk on." How was this? They were B's children.

Why are book-keepers like chickens? Because they have
to scratch for a living.

In what place did the cock crow so loud that all the world
heard him? In the Ark.

Name that which with only one eye put out has but a
nose left? Noise.

What is it which if you name it even you break it? Si-
lence.

Why is an old man's head like a song executed by an in-
different singer? Because it's often terribly bawled. (bald.)

What is better than an indifferent singer in a drawing
room after dinner? A different one.

What grows the less tired the more it works? A carriage
wheel.

When does a leopard change his spots? When he moves
from one spot to another.

A pudding-bag is a pudding-bag, and a pudding-bag has
what everything else has,— what is it? A name.

Why does a miller wear a white hat? To keep his head
warm.

At Adrian, Michigan, a lady saw an engine-house, with a steeple, and innocently asked a gentleman attendant, "What church is that?" The gentleman, after reading the sign, "Deluge No. 3," replied: "I guess it must be the Third Baptist."

Oh, whistle, daughter, whistle,
And you shall have a cow;
I never whistled in my life,
And I can't whistle now.
Oh, whistle, daughter, whistle,
And you shall have a man;
I never whistled in my life,
But I'll whistle, if I can.

A boy accosting a fishmonger said: "Speaking of the price of shad, would you say, 'shad have gone up,' or, 'shad have risen?'" The fishmonger replied: "Speaking of shad I should say, 'shad have rose.'" (roes.)

A Dublin journal observes that a handbill announcing a public meeting in that city states, "The ladies, without distinction of sex, are invited to attend."

A lady declared that she never could see
How the men could all smoke.—"Why, it kills 'em," said she.

"I don't know," said Sam—"there's my father,—ain't slow—

Who smokes every day, and he's eighty, you know."

"But, sir, if he never had used the vile weed,
He might have been ninety—he might, sir, indeed."

An Irishman thus describes his cold reception by an old friend. "I saw Pat Ryan t'other side of the way. I thought it was Pat and Pat thought it was me, and when I came up it was neither of us!"

An old maid, speaking of marriage, says it's like every other disease, while there's life there's hope.

The following direction was given by an old woman respecting the mode of ascertaining whether indigo was good or not:

"You see, miss, you must take the lumps, grind 'em up e'en a'most to powder, and then sprinkle the powder on the top of a pail of water,—and if the indigo is good, it will either sink or swim, I don't know which!"

A gentleman dining at a hotel where servants were few and far between, despatched a lad among them for a cut of beef. After a long time the lad returned, and, placing it before the hungry gentleman, was asked, "Are you the lad who took my plate for this beef?"—"Yes, sir."—"Bless me," resumed the hungry wit, "how you have grown!"

Two Irishmen were in prison, one for stealing a cow, and the other for stealing a watch. "Hallo, Mike! what o'clock is it?" said the cow-stealer to the other. "And sure, Pat, I haven't any time piece handy, but I think it is most milking time."

An Albany damsel asked one of her fellow-boarders, a stylish dry-goods clerk, at the breakfast table, "Why is your moustache like my back hair?" He blushingly gave it up. Then the answer caused him to blush still more: "Because it's all down!"

One of the prettiest and wittiest compliments ever passed, is contained in the lines by Sheridan addressed to Miss Payne:

'Tis true I am ill, but I cannot complain,
For he never knew pleasure who never knew Payne.

A negro driver of a coach in Texas, stopping to get some water for the young ladies in the carriage, being asked what he stopped for, replied:—"I am watering my flowers." A more delicate compliment could not have been paid.

"Did I hurt you?" said a lady the other day, when she trod on a man's foot. "No, madame, I thank you, seeing that it's you. If it was anybody else, I'd holler murder."

SUPPLEMENT TO
One Hundred Choice Selections, No. 14

CONTAINING

SENTIMENTS For Public Occasions;

WITTICISMS For Home Enjoyment;

LIFE THOUGHTS For Private Reflection;

FUNNY SAYINGS For Social Pastime, &c.

Satire should not be like a saw, but a sword; it should cut, and not mangle.

It is, indeed, a blessing, when the virtues
Of noble races are hereditary. *Nabb.*

Never chase a lie. Let it alone, and it will run itself to death.

Great souls,
By nature half divine, soar to the stars,
And hold a near acquaintance with the gods. *Rowe.*

The way to fame is like the way to heaven—through much tribulation. *Sterne.*

One sun by day, by night ten thousand shine,
And light us deep into the Deity;
How boundless in magnificence and might! *Young.*

As the fire-fly only shines when on the wing, so it is with the human mind--when at rest it darkens.

He that once sins, like him that slides on ice,
Goes swiftly down the slippery ways of vice:
Though conscience checks him, yet those rubs gone o'er,
He slides on smoothly and looks back no more. *Dryden.*

Good order is the foundation of all good things. *Burke.*

Opinion is that high and mighty dame
Which rules the world, and in the mind doth frame
Distastes or likings; for in the human race,
She makes the fancy various as the face. *Howell.*

It will not be difficult to convince a man of common understanding, whose dwelling-house is on a hill, that just as many feet as he descends in going from home, so many will he have to ascend in returning.

At thirty, man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plans;
At fifty, chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves, and re-resolves; then dies the same. *Young.*

He who imagines he can do without the world deceives himself much; but he who fancies the world cannot do without him is still more mistaken. *La Rochefoucauld.*

There is a joy in worth,
A high, mysterious, soul-pervading charm,
Which, never daunted, ever bright and warm,
Mocks at the idle, shadowy ills of earth;
Amid the gloom is bright, and tranquil in the storm.
R. T. Conradi.

With us, law is nothing unless close behind it stands a warm, living public opinion. Let that die or grow indifferent, and statutes are waste paper, lacking all executive force.
Holmes.

In vain on study time away we throw,
When we forbear to act the things we know. *Denham.*

Fame is a shuttlecock. If it be struck only at one end of a room it will soon fall to the floor. To keep it up, it must be struck at both ends.
Johnson.

Who loves not more the night of June
Than cold December's gloomy noon? *Scott.*

True merit, like a river, the deeper it is, the less noise it makes.

God sent his singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again. *Longfellow.*

Time wasted is existence, used is life. *Young.*

Oh! what is man, great Maker of mankind!
That thou to him so great respect dost bear!
That thou adorn'st him with so bright a mind,
Mak'st him a king, and even an angel's peer? *Davies.*

Agitation and anxiety of mind scatter wrinkles and gray hairs with no unsparing hand; but deeper traces follow on the silent uprooting of old habits, and severing of dear familiar ties. The affections may not be so easily wounded as the passions, but their hurts are deeper and more lasting.

Dickens.

Virtue! how many as a lowly thing,
Born of weak folly, scorn thee! but thy name
Alone they know; upon thy soaring wing
They'd fear to mount; nor could thy sacred flame
Burn in their baser hearts.

Maria Brooks.

Good actions ennoble us, and we are the sons of our own deeds.

Cervantes.

The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide region round;
It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled creature lies.

Barry Cornwall.

The weak sinews become strong by their conflict with difficulties. Hope is born in the long night of watching and tears. Faith visits us in defeat and disappointment, amid the consciousness of earthly frailty and the crumbling tombstones of mortality.

Chapin.

All nature is but art unknown to thee;
All chance direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord harmony not understood;
All partial evil universal good:
And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, whatever is, is right.

Pope.

The human soul is the sun which diffuses light on every side, investing creation with its lovely hues, and calling forth the poetic element that lies hidden in every existing thing.

Mazzini.

Joy kneels, at morning's rosy prime,
In worship to the rising sun;
But sorrow loves the calmer time,
When the day-god his course hath run:
When night is in her shadowy car,
Pale Sorrow wakes while Joy doth sleep;
And, guided by the evening star,
She wanders forth to muse and weep.

J. G. Brooks.

Modesty is woman's courage.

Justice is the freedom of those who are equal Injustice
is the freedom of those who are unequal. *Jacobi.*

Through the dark and stormy night
Faith beholds a feeble light,
Up the blackness streaking;
Knowing God's own time is best,
In a patient hope I rest
For the full day-breaking. *Whittier.*

Learn wisdom by the follies of others.

True fortitude is seen in great exploits
That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides:
All else is towering frenzy and destruction. *Addison.*

Men of genius do not excel in any profession because they
labor in it, but they labor in it because they excel. *Hazlitt.*

To attain
The height and depth of thy eternal ways,
All human thoughts come short, Supreme of things. *Millon.*

• It is not until we have passed through the furnace that
we are made to know how much dross was in our composition.

And glory long has made the sages smile,
'Tis something, nothing, words, illusion, wind—
Depending more upon the historian's style
Than on the name a person leaves behind. *Byron.*

He who can plant courage in a human soul, is the best
physician.

Oh how feeble is man's power,
That if good fortune fall,
Cannot add another hour,
Nor a lost hour recall! *Donne.*

Flies cannot enter a mouth that is shut.

Two tired feet falt'ring o'er a stony road,
Two eyes forever dim with bitter tears,
Two hands oppressed by Pain's unceasing load,
A heart forever stirred by anxious fears,
A weary time of longings unfulfilled,
A dreary space of bitterness and strife,
A restless yearning never softly stilled,
And this is life!

• If the best man's faults were written on his forehead, he
would draw his hat over his eyes. *Gray*

Nature has her language, and she is not unveracious, but we don't know all the intricacies of her syntax just yet, and in a hasty reading we may happen to extract the very opposite of her real meaning. *George Eliot.*

They never quite leave us, our friends who have passed
Through the shadows of death to the sunlight above.
A thousand sweet memories are holding them fast
To the places they blessed with their presence and love.
The work which they left and the books which they read
Speak mutely, though still with an eloquence rare,
And the songs that they sung, the dear words that they
 said,
Yet linger and sigh on the desolate air.

Earnestness is enthusiasm tempered by reason. *Pascal.*

Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews,
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forsake unbounded deeps to dance on sands. *Shakspeare.*

A pure mind is the most august possession.

Where vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honor is a private station. *Addison.*

A king ruleth as he ought, a tyrant as he lists; a king to
the profit of all, a tyrant only to please a few. *Aristotle.*

The fairest action of our human life
Is scorning to revenge an injury;
For who forgives without a further strife,
His adversary's heart to him doth tie:
And 'tis a firmer conquest, truly said,
To win the heart than overthrow the head.
Lady Elizabeth Cary.

Sleep, thou repose of all things; sleep, thou gentlest of
the deities; thou peace of the mind, from which care flies;
who dost soothe the hearts of men wearied with the toils of
the day, and refittest them for labor. *Ovid.*

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace surpassing this—
"He giveth his beloved sleep!" *Mrs. Browning.*

Revenge is a common passion; it is the sin of the uneducated. The savage deems it noble; but Christ's religion, which is the sublime civilizer, emphatically condemns it. Why? Because religion ever seeks to ennoble man; and nothing so debases him as revenge. *Bulwer.*

So to live that when the sun
Of our existence sinks in night,
Memorials sweet of mercies done
May shrine our names in memory's light,
And the blest seeds we scatter bloom
A hundred-fold in days to come. *Bowring.*

Life, however short, is still made shorter by waste of time. *Johnson.*

'Twixt kings and tyrants there's this difference known,—
Kings seek their subjects' good, tyrants their own. *Herrick.*

'Tis well to give honor and glory to age,
With its lessons of wisdom and truth,
Yet who would not go back to the fanciful page,
And the fairy tale read but in youth?
Let time rolling on crown with fame or with gold,—
Let us bask in the kindest beams;
Yet what hope can be cherished, what gift can we hold,
That will bless like our earlier dreams? *Eliza Cook.*

Young men are apt to think themselves wise enough, as
drunken men are to think themselves sober enough. *Chesterfield.*

The flood of time is rolling on,
We stand upon its brink, whilst they are gone
To glide in peace down death's mysterious stream.
Have ye done well? *Shelley.*

No piled-up wealth, no social station, no throne reaches
as high as that spiritual plane upon which every human
being stands by virtue of his humanity. *Chapin.*

Better trust all and be deceived,
And weep that trust and that deceiving,
Than doubt one heart which, if believed
Had blessed one's life with true believing. *Frances Anne Kemble.*

Such, for wise purposes it is presumed, is the turbulence
of human passions in party disputes when victory, more
than truth, is the palm contended for, that "the post of
honor is a private station." *Washington.*

A Scotch merchant employed a young man from the Highlands to take charge of his books of account. At the end of the year, finding his receipts greater than he anticipated, he examined the columns of figures, which resulted in his exclaiming: "Bless my heart, the lad has added the year of our Lord among the *pounds*."

The summit of the Dublin Post Office is adorned by three statues. Upon an Irish coachman informing a traveler that they were truly the Holy Apostles, the latter inquired: "Where are the other nine?" "Shure!" said the Irishman, "they are inside the building, *sorting the letters*."

Sir Walter Scott once gave an Irishman a shilling when sixpence would have sufficed. "Remember, Pat," said Sir Walter, "you owe me sixpence." "May your honor live till I pay you," was the reply.

"Is that seed for your mother, my lad?" "No," said the boy, "it's for the bird."

Two street sweepers were overheard discussing the merits of a new hand who had that day joined their gang. "Well, Bill, what do you think of the new man?" "Oh, I don't reckon much of him; he's all very well for a bit of up and down sweeping, but," shaking his head, "let him try a bit of fancy work round a post, and you'll see he'll make a poor hand of it."

"Buy Bulwer's last work?" said a sharp newsboy, the other day, to a gentleman on the cars. "No," said the man, "I'm Bulwer himself." "Well, buy the 'Women of England,' sir; you're not Mrs. Ellis are you?"

A good story is told of a clergyman, who was sent for suddenly to a cottage, where he found a man in bed. "Well, my friend," said the pastor, "what induced you to send for me?" "The patient, who was rather deaf, appealed to his wife. "What do he say?" "He says," shouted the woman, "what the deuce did you send for him for?"

A man in telling about a wonderful parrot hanging in a cage from a window of a house which he often passed, said: "It cries 'Stop thief,' so naturally, that every time I hear it, I always stop."

"You are writing my bill on very rough paper," said a client to his solicitor. "Never mind," said the lawyer, "it has to be filed before it comes into court."

A certain lawyer, who is now a very able judge, was, when he first came to the bar, a very blundering speaker. On one occasion, when he was trying a case of replevin, involving a right of property to a lot of hogs, he said: "Gentlemen of the jury, there were just twenty four hogs in that drove; just twenty four, gentlemen—exactly twice as many as are in that jury box." The effect can be imagined.

A boy at a crossing having begged something of a gentleman, the latter told him that he would give him something as he came back. The boy replied: "Your honor would be surprised if you knew how much money I lose by giving credit in that way."

A nobleman told Queen Mary, that he came to Court for two reasons: First, that he might see her Majesty, and second, that her Majesty might see him.

"Charles," said Coleridge, one day, to Lamb, "did you ever hear me preach?" "I never heard you do anything else," said Lamb.

An inn keeper becoming proud as he prospered, took down the sign of an "ass" at his tavern, and substituted a picture of George III. A neighbor immediately raised the cast off effigy, and drew off the trade of the other. The former wrote underneath his Majesty's picture: "This is the *real ass*."

Boswell asked Johnson, if suicide was justifiable by a man who had been guilty of a great crime, which he was sure would be found out. "No," replied the doctor, "I would advise such a man to go to some country where he is not known, and not to the devil where he is known."

A man gave as a reason for dancing with every other lady at a party, before dancing with his wife, that he reserved the best for the last.

An infidel told a clergyman, that he spent the Sunday in settling his accounts. The latter replied: "You may find, sir, that the day of judgment is to be spent in exactly the same manner."

When Handel once undertook, in a crowded church, to play the dismissal on a fine organ, the congregation were so entranced, that they did not stir, till at length the regular organist impatiently waved Handel out of his seat, saying: "You cannot dismiss a congregation. See how soon I can *disperse* them."

What kind of sickle is most seen in winter? Ice sickle.

What lock requires the attention of a physician? Lock-jaw.

What is the worst seat a man can sit on? Self-conceit.

Why is a clock the most modest piece of furniture? Because it covers its face with its hands, and runs down its own works.

What robe is that which you do not weave, you cannot buy, no one can sell, needs no washing, and lasts forever? Robe of Righteousness.

Why is a hive like a spectator at a show? Because it is a bee-holder.

Why is a pig the most extraordinary animal in creation? Because you first kill him and then cure him.

Why are ships called she? Because they always keep a man on the look out.

What is the finest ship in the world? Friend-ship.

Why is a proud woman like a music book? Because she is full of airs.

Why cannot a deaf man be legally convicted? Because it is unlawful to condemn a man without a hearing.

What is the difference between a schoolmaster and a railroad conductor? One trains the mind and the other minds the train.

What kind of essence does a young man like when he pops the question? Acquiescence.

What is the difference between an auction and sea sickness? One is the sale of effects, the other the effects of a sail.

Why is a woman mending her stocking deformed? Because her hands are where her feet belong.

Why should the sea make a better housekeeper than the earth? Because the earth is exceedingly dirty, and the sea is very tidey.

Why is a chicken-pie like a gunsmith's shop? Because it contains fowl-in-pieces.

Where are happiness and contentment always to be found? In the dictionary.

What things increase the more you contract them? Debts.

What dust is the most blinding to the eyes? Gold dust.

On what side of a church does an oak tree grow? The outside.

Where did Noah strike the first nail in the ark? On the head.

Why is it right that B should come before C? Because we *must* B before we can C.

When is a trunk like two letters of the alphabet? When it is M T. (empty.)

What word of one syllable, if you take two letters from it, remains a word of two syllables? Plague; ague.

What is that which occurs twice in a moment, once in a minute, and not once in a thousand years? The letter M.

Why is a man looking for the philosopher's stone like Neptune? Because he's a sea-king what never was.

Why is the fourth of July like oysters? Because we can't enjoy them without crackers.

From a number that's odd cut off the head, it then will even be; its tail, I pray, next take away, your mother then you'll see. Seven—even—Eve.

Why was Moses the wickedest man that ever lived? Because he broke all the Ten Commandments at once.

Why is a list of celebrated musical composers like a saucepan? Because it is incomplete without a Handel.

What is the difference between an accepted and a rejected lover? One kisses his miss, the other misses his kiss.

What part of speech is kissing? A conjunction.

Why is a young man engaged to a young lady like a person sailing for France? Because he's going to Havre. (have her.)

Why is a very demure young lady like a steamship? Because she pays no attention to the swells that follow her.

If a man and his wife go to Europe together, what is the difference in their mode of travelling? He goes abroad and she goes along.

Why is a railroad-car like a bed-bug? Because it runs on sleepers.

Why is it impossible for a man to boil his father thoroughly? Because he can only be par-boiled.

What soup would cannibals prefer? The broth of a boy.

How many peas are there in a pint? One P.

What is the greatest instance on record of the power of the magnet? A young lady, who drew a gentleman thirteen miles and a half every Sunday of his life.

A loquacious lady commenced to tell her complaint to Dr. Abernethy. The doctor said: "How long will it take to tell the story?" "Twenty minutes," said she. He said: "Go on, I will be back from the next street by the time you have done."

Whenever Handel dined alone at a tavern, he always ordered dinner for three, and when it came on, he said: "I am de gompany."

Lord Russell said: "Mr. Hume, what do you consider the object of legislation?" "The greatest good to the greatest number." "What do you consider the greatest number?" "*Number one*," was Mr. Hume's reply.

A very talkative youth came to Socrates to study oratory. The philosopher charged him double price, stating as a reason, that he must teach the youth two sciences; how to hold his tongue, and how to speak.

Dr. Franklin's mother-in-law hesitated at letting her daughter marry a printer, as there were then already two printing offices in the United States, and she was uncertain whether the country would support a third.

A barrister asked Lord Mansfield when a certain case would be tried. "Next Friday." "Will you consider, my Lord, that next Friday will be Good Friday?" "I don't care for that," said Lord Mansfield, "the better the day, the better the deed." "Well, my Lord, if you sit on that day, you will be the first judge who did business on that day, since Pontius Pilate's time."

A testy old man went into the cellar with a handsome mug, to draw some beer. He stumbled and fell heavily over a box. His wife called out: "My dear, have you broken the mug?" Smarting with pain, he replied: "No, but I will," and immediately dashed it against the wall.

A young man suffering from hereditary gout, said, he didn't mind the pain of it so much as the thought of some old ancestor, who had all the fun of acquiring this precious heirloom, while he had to suffer without the previous pleasure.

A Scotch beadle wishing to propose to a young woman, took her to the church-yard and pointing to some graves, said: "My folk lie there, Mary, would you like to lie there?" She took the hint and became his wife.

Sheridan, Jr., who was a candidate for parliament, asserted, that if elected he should place on his forehead a label with the words, "To let," upon it, and then side with the party that made the best offer. "Right, Tom," said his father, "but don't forget to add, *unfurnished*."

A favorite violin player was invited to dinner. The host with assumed carelessness, added: "By the way, bring your violin with you." The musician replied: "My violin never dines."

A young couple were returning from the theatre, where they had witnessed a love scene acted. "I could do better than that myself," the young man remarked. "Why, in the name of goodness, don't you then?" she replied.

"Is that the second bell?" inquired a gentleman of a sable porter. "No, sah, dat am de second ringin' ob de fust bell, we hab but one bell in dis house."

A man on marrying his fourth wife, handed the minister a very small fee, with the comforting remark: "That is all that I have been in the habit of paying."

Sydney Smith was once examining some flowers in a garden, when a beautiful girl who was one of the party, exclaimed:

"O Mr. Smith, this pea will never come to perfection!"

"Permit me, then," said Sydney, gently taking her hand, and walking toward the plant, "to lead perfection to the pea."

"Who is that pretty girl?" asked a well known divine at a wedding. "That is Miss Glass," answered a friend. "Let the young men beware of such an intoxicating Glass," was the quick reply.

SUPPLEMENT TO
One Hundred Choice Selections, No. 15

CONTAINING

SENTIMENTS For Public Occasions;

WITTICISMS For Home Enjoyment;

LIFE THOUGHTS For Private Reflection;

FUNNY SAYINGS For Social Pastime, &c.

With what a solemn feeling we contemplate the work of
ages that have become but drops of water in the great ocean
of eternity. *Dickens.*

We sometimes wrangle, when we should debate;
A consequential ill which freedom draws:
A bad effect, but from a noble cause. *Prior.*

The stoical scheme of supplying our wants by lopping off
our desires, is like cutting off our feet when we want shoes.
Swift.

God is a worker; He has thickly strewn
Infinity with grandeur: God is love:
He shall wipe away creation's tears,
And all the world shall slumber in his smiles. *Smith.*

A golden bed cannot cure the sick.

'Tis not a lip or eye we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all. *Pope.*

A great river makes no noise.

Such moderation with thy bounty join
That thou mayst nothing give that is not thine;
That liberality is but cast away
Which makes us borrow what we cannot pay. *Denham.*

He is the best accountant who can cast up correctly the
sum of his own errors. *Nevins.*

Through tattered clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furred gowns hide all. *Shakspeare.*

Although the devil be the father of lies, he seems, like
other great inventors, to have lost much of his reputation
by the continual improvements that have been made upon
him. *Swift.*

The radiant sun
Sends from above ten thousand blessings down,
Nor is he set so high for show alone. *Granville.*

Error opposed to truth, is like a wave dashing against an
immovable rock.

Speak gently! 'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well:
The good, the joy that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell. *Hangford.*

If you could make a pudding wi' thinking o' the batter, it
would be easy getting dinner. *George Eliot.*

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will, for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that. *Burns.*

We ought not to look back unless it is to derive useful
lessons from past errors and for the purpose of profiting by
dear-bought experience. *Washington.*

Time wears all his locks before,
Take thou hold upon his forehead;
When he flies he turns no more,
And behind, his scalp is naked.
Works adjourned have many stays;
Long demurs breed new delays. *Southwell.*

The ornaments of a home are the friends who frequent it.
Emerson.

What a world were this,
How unendurable its weight, if they
Whom death hath sundered did not meet again.
Southey.

No wrong will ever right itself.

Every pilot
Can steer the ship in calms; but he performs
The skillful part who can manage it in storms. *Denham.*

Mirth is God's medicine. A man without mirth is like a wagon without springs, in which one is caused disagreeably to jolt by every pebble over which it runs. *Beecher.*

Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings;
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim. *Shakspeare.*

There is no veil like light—no adamantine armor against hurt like the truth. *George Macdonald.*

Dost thou not know the fate of soldiers?
They're but ambition's tools, to cut a way
To her unlawful ends; and when they're worn,
Hacked, hewn with constant service, thrown aside'
To rust in peace, and rot in hospitals. *Southern.*

A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds.

Success, the mark no mortal wit,
Or surest hand, can always hit;
For, whatsoe'er we perpetrate,
We do but row, we're steered by fate. *Butler.*

Sentences are like sharp nails which force truth upon our memory. *Diderot.*

Nations grown corrupt
Love bondage more than liberty;
Bondage with ease than strenuous liberty. *Milton.*

A man may say too much even upon the best of subjects.

How beauteous art thou, O thou morning Sun!
The old man, feebly tottering forth, admires
As much thy beauty, now life's dream is done,
As when he moved exulting in his fires. *Maria Brooks.*

A picture is a poem without words. *Horace.*

Though long the wanderer may depart,
And far his footsteps roam,
He clasps the closer to his heart
The image of his home.
To that loved land, where'er he goes,
His tenderest thoughts are cast,
And dearer still, through absence, grows
The memory of the past. *J. D. Burns.*

A civil denial is better than a rude grant.

Every pert young fellow that has a moving fancy, and the least jingle of verse in his head, sets up for a writer of songs.

Steele.

Rocks have been shaken from their solid base,
But what shall move a firm and dauntless mind?

All are not saints that go to church.

When the last night's solemn shadows
Settle dark on you and me,
May the love that never faileth
Take our souls eternally.

J. G. Holland.

The drop hollows the stone not by its force, but by the frequency of its falling.

To persist

In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy.

Shakspeare.

It is the break of day that prevents night from going too far.

There is no form upon our earth,
That bears the mighty Maker's seal,
But has some charm: to draw this forth,
We need but hearts to feel.

Sarah J. Hale.

Faith evermore overlooks the difficulty of the way, and bends her eyes only to the certainty of the end.

Talk who will of the world as a desert of thrall,
Yet, yet there is bloom on the waste;
Though the chalice of life hath its acid and gall,
There are honey-drops, too, for the taste.
Those who look on mortality's ocean aright
Will not mourn o'er each billow that rolls,
But dwell on the beauties, the glories, the might,
As much as the shipwreck and shoals.

Eliza Cook.

We understand death for the first time when he puts his hand upon one we love.

Madame de Stael.

This mournful truth is everywhere confessed,
Slow rises worth by poverty depressed.

Johnson.

A detractor is his own foe, and the world's enemy.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small.

Coleridge.

No time is thine but the present. The time gone comes no more; the time to come may find thee gone when it comes.

The truths of the Bible are like gold in the soil. Whole generations walk over it, and know not what treasures are hidden beneath. So centuries of men pass over the scriptures, and know not what riches lie under the feet of their interpretation. Sometimes, when they discover them, they call them new truths. One might as well call gold, newly dug, new gold.

Brecher.

For the sweet sleep which comes with night,
For the returning morning's light,
For the bright sun that shines on high,
For the stars glittering in the sky,—
For these and everything we see,
O Lord! our hearts we lift to Thee:

In everything give thanks! *E. I. Tupper.*

Great barkers are no biters.

The undistinguished seeds of good and ill
Heaven in his bosom from our knowledge hides.

Fools make feasts and wise men eat them.

The body sins not; 'tis the will
That makes the action good or ill.

Herrick.

An ill workman quarrels with his tools.

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions!

Shakspeare.

Reason is the life of the law; nay, the common law itself
is nothing else but reason.

Coke.

Sleep is no servant of the will,
It has caprices of its own:
When courted most, it lingers still;
When most pursued, 'tis swiftly gone.

Bowring.

Passion will master you if you do not master your passion.

Sleep is pain's easiest salve, and doth fulfil
All offices of death, except to kill.

Donne.

Help somebody worse off than yourself, and you will find
that you are better off than you fancied.

Thou rising sun, thou blue rejoicing sky,
Yea, everything that is and will be free,
Bear witness for me, wheresoe'er ye be,
With what deep worship I have still adored
The spirit of divinest Liberty.

Coleridge.

It is a vain thought to flee from the work that God appoints us, for the sake of finding a greater blessing to our own souls, as if we would choose for ourselves where we shall find the fullness of the Divine Presence, instead of seeking it where alone it is to be found, in loving obedience.

George Eliot.

God's world is bathed in beauty,
God's world is steeped in light;
It is the self same glory
That makes the day so bright,
Which thrills the earth with music,
Or hangs the stars in night.

There must be something beyond man in this world. Even on attaining to his highest possibilities, he is like a bird beating against his cage. There is something beyond, O deathless soul, like a sea-shell moaning for the bosom of the ocean, to which you belong.

Chapin.

To-morrow spans the dark to-day,
A cheating promise-bow!
It is a fair and fleeting hope,
To mold our misery given;
The only morrow bright and sure
Is that which dawns in heaven.

R. T. Conrad.

Love is the poetry of the senses.

Balzac.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

Herrick.

The infinity of God is not mysterious, it is only unfathomable—not concealed, but incomprehensible. It is a clear infinity—the darkness of the pure, unsearchable sea.

Puskin.

Yes, woman's love is free from guile,
And pure as bright Aurora's ray;
The heart will melt before her smile,
And base-born passions fade away;
Were I the monarch of the earth,
Or master of the swelling sea,
I would not estimate their worth,
Dear woman! half the price of thee.

Geo. P. Morris.

When you are an anvil, bear; when you are a hammer,
strike.

J. G. Holland.

Is it reasonable to suppose, that when a young lady offers to hem cambric handkerchiefs for a rich bachelor, she means to *sew* in order that she may *reap*?

A gentleman traveling, was endeavoring to impress an argument upon a fellow passenger, who was rather dull of comprehension. At length being irritated, he exclaimed: "Why, sir, it's as plain as *A. B. C.*" "That may be," replied the other, but I am *D. E. F.*"

A wit asked Lord Lennox on the failure of Sir John Paul's bank: "Were you not upset?" "No," he replied, "I only lost my balance."

A shoemaker was taken up for bigamy. "Which wife," asked a bystander, "will he be obliged to take?" He is a cobbler," replied another, "and of course must *stick to the last.*"

A married woman said to her husband: "You have never taken me to the cemetery." "No, dear," replied he, "that is a pleasure I have yet *in anticipation.*"

The first thing that some women will want to do when they get to heaven will be to hunt for a broom, and dust and clean house.

A prosy tedious congressman said to Henry Clay: "You speak, sir, for the present generation, but I speak for posterity." "Yes," replied Clay, "and it seems you are resolved to speak *until your audience arrive.*"

A college student, in rendering to his father an account of his term expenses, inserted: "To charity, thirty dollars." His father wrote back: "I fear *charity* covers a multitude of sins."

A swell while being measured for a pair of boots, observed: "Make them cover *the calf.*" "Impossible," retorted the astonished bootmaker, surveying his customer from head to foot, "I haven't leather enough."

A wag said that he was journeying in a stage with a dozen persons, of whom he did not know a single one. In turning a corner, the stage was upset, and then said he: "*I found them all out.*"

When a man and woman are made one by a clergyman, the question is, which is the one. Sometimes there is a long struggle between them before this matter is finally settled.

"Hannah," said the landlady of a boarding-house to her new maid, "when there is any bad news, particularly private afflictions, always let the boarders know it before dinner. It may seem strange to you, Hannah, but such little things make a great difference in the eating in the course of a year."

A little stealing is a dangerous part,
But stealing largely is a noble art;
'Tis mean to rob a hen-roost of a hen,
But stealing millions makes us gentlemen!

A man in a New England town made application for insurance on a building situated in a village where there was no fire-engine. He was asked: "What are the facilities in your village for extinguishing fires?" "Well, it rains sometimes," he replied.

I'm thankful that the sun and moon
Are both hung up so high,
That no presumptuous hands can stretch
And pull them from the sky.
If they were not, I have no doubt
That some reforming ass
Would recommend to take them down
And light the world with gas.

"Please, sir, give me a few pennies, I'm almost dead with hunger," said a poor little ragged boy (whose very appearance was the personification of starvation and misery) to a gentleman as he passed him. "Can't stop a moment," replied the man; "am in a great hurry. I have to make a speech for the relief of the destitute of the city."

A dandy is a thing that would
Be a young lady if he could,
But since he can't, does all he can
To let you know he's not a man.

A man seeing several very lean horses standing tied in front of a livery stable, asked the proprietor if he made horses. "No," said the proprietor, "why do you ask?" "Only," replied he, "because I observe you have several frames set up."

"Which is of greater value, prithee, say,
The bride or bridegroom?"—"Must the truth be told?"
"Alas, it must!"—"The bride is given away,
The bridegroom's often regularly sold."

Why are photographers the most uncivil of all trades-people? Because when we make application for a copy of our portrait, they always reply with a *negative*.

Why are authors who treat of physiognomy like soldiers? Because they *write about face*.

When does the wind most resemble a bookseller? When it keeps stationery. (stationary.)

Who was the most successful surveyor on record? Alexander Selkirk, for he was monarch of all he surveyed.

When is an original idea like a clock? When it strikes one.

What cannot be called a disinterested act of hospitality? Entertaining a hope.

Why is flirtation like plate powder? Because it brightens up *spoons*.

When is a silver cup most likely to run? When it's *chased*.

Why is a man just imprisoned like a boat full of water? Because he requires bailing out.

Why is a man happier with two wives than with one? He may be happy with one, but with two he is nearly sure to be transported.

Why is a mouse like a load of hay? Because the *cat'll* eat it.

Why is the first chicken of a brood like the mainmast of a ship? Because it's a little ahead of the main hatch.

Why is a man in front of a crowd well supported? Because he has the press at his back.

What is the difference between a drinker and a smoker? One is a bacchanalian and the other a tobacconalian.

When does a ship tell a falsehood? When she lies at the wharf.

What is the difference between a mother and a barber? The latter has razors to shave, and the former has shavers to raise.

What is the military definition of a kiss? A report at headquarters. The naval definition? Pleasure snack.

When is a theatrical manager like an astronomer? When he discovers a new star.

Why are young ladies so partial to sunset and twilight? Because they are daughters of eve.

Why do pianos bear the noblest characters? Because they are grand, upright and square.

What is that which denotes the state of the mind and of the body? The tongue.

What part of your ear would be the most essential for a martial band? The drum.

When may a man be said to be literally "immersed in his business?" When giving a swimming-lesson.

Why is a magnificent house like a book of anecdotes? It has generally some good stories in it.

Who was Jonah's tutor? The whale that brought him up.

What is the best day for making pan-cakes? Fri-day.

When is a tea-pot like a kitten? When you're teasin' it. (tea's in it.)

When may you be said to literally "drink in" music? When you have a piano for-tea.

What's the difference between a professional piano forte player and one that hears him? One plays for his pay, the other pays for his play.

How can you distinguish a fashionable man from a tired dog? One wears an entire costume, the other, simply pants.

Why was Blackstone like an Irish vegetable? Because he was a common tatur.

Why is a youth encouraging a moustache like a cow's tail? Because he grows down.

What is that which makes everything visible but is itself unseen? Light.

When is a soldier charitable? When he presents arms.

Why is a married man like a candle? Because he sometimes goes out at night when he oughtn't to.

What sort of men are most above board in their movements? Chessmen.

What is the oldest tree in America? The elder tree.

What contains more feet in winter than in summer? A skating rink.

What flowers are there between a lady's nose and chin? Two-lips.

Why are stout gentlemen prone to melancholy? Because they are men of size. (sighs.)

What is the best plan to prevent crying out when your tooth is extracted? Hold your jaw.

What table has not a leg to stand upon? The multiplication table.

While passing a house in Virginia, two strangers observed a very peculiar chimney, unfinished, and it attracted their attention; they asked a flaxen-haired urchin standing near the house if it "drawed well," whereupon the aforesaid urchin replied: "Yes, it draws the attention of all fools that pass this road."

"I resort to wine to stimulate my wits," said a young spendthrift to an old one. "Ah!" replied the veteran, "that is the way I began; but now I have to resort to my wits to get my wine."

After the clergyman had united a pair, not long ago, an awful silence ensued, which was broken by an impatient youth, who exclaimed: "Don't be so *unspeakably* happy!"

An advertising tallow-chandler modestly announces that, without intending any disparagement to the sun, he may confidently assert that his octagonal spermaceti is the best light ever invented.

A French barber's sign read thus: "To-morrow the public will be shaved gratuitously." Of course it is always to-morrow.

An alderman having feasted Theodore Hook to repletion, and still insisting upon his partaking of another course, he facetiously replied:—"I thank you, but if it is all the same to you, I'll take the rest in money."

A printer out West, whose office is half a mile from any other building, and who hangs his sign on the limb of a tree, advertised for an apprentice. He says, "A boy from the country preferred."

A Western girl likes to make bread because it cleans her hands so beautifully.

A bachelor editor who has a pretty sister, recently wrote to another bachelor equally fortunate, "Please exchange."

Brown, while looking at a skeleton of a donkey, made a very natural quotation: "Ah," said he, "we are fearfully and wonderfully made."

In a hotel in Washington, they have a room which is lighted only by the key-hole of another room.

"Recollect, sir," said a hotel-keeper to a gentleman who was about leaving his house without paying his reckoning, "recollect, sir, if you lose your purse, you didn't pull it out here."

A witness in court, being asked his profession, said that he was a shoemaker, but that he kept a wine and liquor store, besides. "Then, I suppose," said the counsel, "you are what may be called a sherry-cobbler?"

"You had better ask for manners than money," said a finely-dressed gentleman to a beggar-boy, who had asked for alms. "I asked for what I thought you had the most of," was the boy's reply.

"O Charley," said a little fellow to another, "we are going to have a cupola on our house!" "Pooh! that's nothing," rejoined the other; "pa's going to get a mortgage on ours."

After a long period of wet weather, when the Chinese have prayed vainly for relief, they put the gods out in the rain to see how they like it.

A man with a modest appetite dined at a hotel; after eating the whole of a young pig, he was asked if he would have some pudding. He said he didn't care much about pudding, but if they had another little hog he would be thankful for it.

An attorney, on being called to account for having acted unprofessionally in taking less than the usual fees from his client, pleaded that he had taken all the man had; he was thereupon honorably acquitted.

Rev. Mr. Parker, who for many years preached at the floating Episcopal church in New York, was one day asked by an acquaintance, "Mr. Parker, is your church High or Low church?" "That, sir, depends entirely upon the tide," was the neat response.

SUPPLEMENT TO
One Hundred Choice Selections, No. 16

CONTAINING

SENTIMENTS For Public Occasions;

WITTICISMS For Home Enjoyment;

LIFE THOUGHTS For Private Reflection;

FUNNY SAYINGS For Social Pastime, &c.

He who is most slow in making a promise is the most faithful in its performance. *Rousseau.*

Most wretched men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong;
They learn in sorrow what they teach in song. *Shelley.*

There are few defects in our nature so glaring as not to be veiled from observation by politeness and good breeding. *Stanislaus.*

Poverty eclipses the brightest virtues, and is the very sepulchre of brave designs, depriving a man of the means to accomplish what Nature has fitted him for, and stifling the noblest thoughts in their embryo.

Power will intoxicate the best hearts, as wine the best heads. *Cotton.*

Who feels no ills,
Should therefore fear them; and when Fortune smiles
Be doubly cautious, lest destruction come
Remorseless on him, and he fall unpitied. *Sophocles.*

Men are born with two eyes, but with one tongue, in order that they should see twice as much as they speak. *Cotton.*

Things taken from the pinions of one goose are used to spread the opinions of another.

In this world, full often, our joys are only the tender shadows which our sorrows cast. *Beecher.*

Recreation is intended to the mind, as whetting to the scythe, to sharpen the edge of it, which otherwise would grow dull and blunt. He, therefore, that spends his whole time in recreation is ever whetting, never mowing; as, contrarily, he that always toils and never recreates is ever mowing, never whetting, laboring much to little purpose. As good no scythe as no edge. *Bishop Hall.*

The shadows of the mind are like those of the body. In the morning of life they all lie behind us; at noon we trample them under foot, and in the evening they stretch long, broad and deepening before us. *Longfellow.*

The wild force of genius has often been fated by Nature to be finally overcome by quiet strength. The volcano sends up its red bolt with terrific force, as if it would strike the stars, but the calm, resistless hand of gravitation seizes it and brings it to the earth. *Bayne.*

When a man is wrong and won't admit it, he always gets angry. *Haliburton.*

A miser grows rich by seeming poor; an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich. *Shenstone.*

The conqueror is regarded with awe, the wise man commands our esteem, but it is the benevolent man who wins our affections.

There are three modes of bearing the ills of life: by indifference, which is the most common; by philosophy, which is the most ostentatious; and by religion, which is the most effectual.

A week filled up with selfishness, and the Sabbath stuffed full of religious exercises, will make a good Pharisee, but a poor Christian. There are many persons who think Sunday is a sponge with which to wipe out the sins of the week. Now, God's altar stands from Sunday to Sunday, and the seventh day is no more for religion than any other. It is for rest. The whole seven are for religion, and one of them for rest. *Beecher.*

Silence is the safest course for any man to adopt who mistrusts himself. *La Rochefoucauld.*

He is a fool who cannot be angry, but he is a wise man who will not.

The world's a book, writ by th' eternal art
Of the great Author; printed in man's heart
'Tis falsely printed, though divinely penned;
And all the errata will appear at th' end.

The sceptred king, the burdened slave,
The humble and the haughty, die;
The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,
In dust, without distinction, lie.

Every rose must have its thorn,
And every heart must have its care;
The sweetest draught hath bitter dregs,
Which all alike on earth must share.

'Tis not the fairest form that holds
The mildest, purest soul within;
'Tis not the richest plant that folds
The sweetest breath of fragrance in.

I'd rather sit in my old chair,
And see the coals glow in the grate,
And chat with one I think is fair,
Than sit upon a throne of state.

A woman with a winning face,
But with a heart untrue;
Though beautiful, is valueless
As diamonds formed of dew.

Time to me this truth hath taught,
'Tis a truth that's worth revealing:
More offend from want of thought
Than from any want of feeling.

Oft unknowingly the tongue
Touches on a chord so aching,
That a word or accent wrong
Pains the heart almost to breaking.

Many a beauteous flower decays,
Though we tend it e'er so much;
Something secret on it preys,
Which no human aid can touch.

Absence of occupation is not rest ;
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed. *Cowper.*

Idleness is the sepulchre of a living man.

Men are so constituted that everybody undertakes what he sees another successful in, whether he has aptitude for it or not. *Goethe.*

A man should be careful never to tell tales of himself to his own disadvantage ; people may be amused and laugh at the time, but they will be remembered and brought up against him on some subsequent occasion. *Johnson.*

There is very little influence where there is not great sympathy. Hence we are seldom influenced much by those who are greatly our seniors in age. *Bulwer.*

Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous confirmation strong
As proof of holy writ. *Shakspeare.*

Every one complains of his memory, and no one of his judgment. *La Rochefoucauld.*

'Tis with our judgments as our watches—none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own. *Pope.*

Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men—
Wisdom, in minds attentive to their own. *Cowper.*

When I hear a man talk of an unalterable law, I think he is an unalterable fool.

Man is the only creature endowed with the power of laughter ; is he not also the only one that deserves to be laughed at ? *Greville.*

The every-day cares and duties, which men call drudgery, are the weights and counterpoises of the clock of time ; giving its pendulum a true vibration and its hands a regular motion ; and when they cease to hang upon its wheels, the pendulum no longer swings, the hands no longer move, the clock stands still. *Longfellow.*

The three things most difficult to do, are—to keep a secret, to forget an injury, and to make good use of leisure.

It is one of the worst effects of prosperity to make a man a vortex instead of a fountain ; so that, instead of throwing out, he learns only to draw in. *Beecher.*

I live for those who love me,
 Whose hearts are kind and true;
 For the heaven that smiles above me,
 And awaits my spirit too;
 For all human ties that bind me,
 For the task by God assigned me,
 For the bright hopes left behind me,
 And the good that I can do.

A useless life is but an early death. *Goethe*

We live in deeds, not years—in thoughts, not breaths—
 In feelings, not in figures on a dial;
 We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
 Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best. *Bailey.*

The twenty-third psalm is the nightingale of the psalms.
 It is small, of a homely feather, singing shyly out of obscurity;
 but, oh, it has filled the air of the whole world with melodious joy,
 greater than the heart can conceive. Blessed be the day on which that psalm was born. *Beecher.*

Success prompts to exertion, and habit facilitates success. *Hazlitt.*

Were we as eloquent as angels, yet should we please some men and some women much more by listening than by talking. *Colton.*

Complaisance renders a superior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable. It smooths distinctions, sweetens conversation, and makes every one pleased with himself. It produces good nature and mutual benevolence, encourages the timorous, soothes the turbulent, humanizes the fierce, and distinguishes a society of civilized persons from a confusion of savages. *Addison.*

A man's good breeding is the best security against another's bad manners. *Chesterfield.*

Nothing so much prevents our being natural as the desire of being so. *La Rochefoucauld.*

We sleep, but the loom of life never stops; and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down is weaving when it comes up to-morrow. *Beecher.*

Never write on a subject until you have first read yourself full on it, and never read on a subject until you have first thought yourself hungry on it. *Jean Paul.*

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten its cause. *Beecher.*

Some men are like pyramids, which are very broad where they touch the ground, but grow narrower as they reach the sky. *Beecher.*

We are never so ridiculous from the qualities we have, as from those we affect to have. *La Rochefoucauld.*

There's naught so much disturbs one's patience
As little minds in lofty stations;
'Tis like that sort of painful wonder
Which slender columns laboring under
Enormous arches give beholders. *Moore.*

He that will not reason is a bigot, he that cannot reason is a fool, and he that dares not reason is a slave. *Drummond.*

Religious contention is the devil's harvest. *French Proverb.*

Everybody knows worse of himself than he knows of other men. *Johnson.*

By affecting to be worse than we are, we become popular and get credit for being honest fellows. Be frank in words, and nobody will suspect hypocrisy in your designs. *Bulwer.*

He who lacks strength must attain his purpose by skill. *Scott.*

Never seem wiser or more learned than the people you are with. Wear your learning, like your watch, in a private pocket, and bring it out when called for. *Chesterfield.*

Can wealth give happiness? Look around and see
What gay distress, what splendid misery!
Whatever fortune lavishly can pour
The mind annihilates, and asks for more. *Young.*

Those who have finished by making all others think with them, have usually been those who began by daring to think for themselves. *Colton.*

Man never fastened one end of a chain around the neck of his brother, that God's own hand did not fasten the other end around the neck of the oppressor. *Lamartine.*

There is no difficulty to him who wills. *Kossuth.*

Dr. Tyng met an emigrant family going West. On one of the wagons there hung a jug with the bottom knocked out. "What is that?" asked the Doctor. "Why, that is my Taylor jug," said the man. "And what is a Taylor jug?" asked the doctor again. "I had a son in General Taylor's army in Mexico," said the man, "and the general always told him to carry his whiskey jug with a hole in the bottom, and that's it. It is the best invention I ever met with for hard drinkers."

An Italian, in his one hundred and tenth year, being asked the secret of his living so long, replied:

When hungry, of the best I eat,
And dry and warm I keep my feet,
I screen my head from sun and rain,
And let few cares perplex my brain.

A preacher, raising his eyes from his desk in the midst of his sermon, was paralyzed with amazement to see his rude boy in the gallery pelting the hearers in the pews below with horse-chestnuts. But while the good man was preparing a frown of reproof, the young hopeful cried out: "You tend to your preaching, daddy; I'll keep 'em awake."

Old master Brown brought his ferule down;
His face was angry and red;
"Anthony Blair, go sit you there,
Among the girls," he said.
So Anthony Blair, with a mortified air,
And his head hung down on his breast,
Went right away and sat all day
With the girl who loved him best.

Brown is very proud of his argumentative powers. "I always carry my p'int," he says. Jones thinks he has seen Brown when he was carrying a good deal more than that.

"O tell me where is fancy bred?"
She asked; and, getting bolder,
She placed her little darling head
And chignon on my shoulder;
And I, with no more poetry in
My soul than in a Shaker's,
Replied with idiotic grin,
"You'll find it at the baker's."

A paper out West advertises as lost, a cloth cloak, belonging to a gentleman lined with blue.

"John, did you take the note to Mr. Jones?" "Yes, but I don't think he can read it." "Why so John?" "Because he is blind sir. While I wur in the room, he axed me twice where my hat was, and it wur on *my head* all the time."

A Frenchman showed a sword, which he said was the one Balaam had. A spectator said: "Balaam had no sword, only wished for one." "Vel, zis is ze sword he *wished for*."

A person referring to the painful position of the Siamese Twins, said: "However, it's well they are brothers; if *strangers* to each other, their predicament would be distressing."

A young lady being asked where her *native* place was, replied, "I have none, I am the daughter of a Methodist preacher."

"Aunt Kate, little Mattie has swallowed a button." "Well, child, what good will that do her?" "Not any good, Auntie, unless she swallows a *button hole*."

"Father, haven't you had another wife? The Bible says you married Anno Domini 1835."

"Boy, what's become of that hole I saw in your pants the other day?" "It's worn out, sir."

Two Irishmen took refuge under the bed clothes from the mosquitoes. At last one of them ventured to peep out, and seeing a firefly, said to his companion: "Mickey, it's no use, here's one of the craythers searching for us *wid a lantern*."

Pawnbrokers prefer parties who are without any *redeeming* qualities.

"Isaac, let the good book be a lamp unto your path." "Mother, isn't that *making light* of sacred things?"

An officer on parade was thrown from his horse. He said to a friend: "I thought I had improved in my riding, but I see I have *fallen off*."

A good natured passenger fell asleep in a train, and was carried a few miles beyond his destination before he awoke. "Pretty good joke on you, wasn't it?" said a friend. "Rather too *far-fetched*," was the reply.

"Who is he?" said a passer by to a policeman, who was endeavoring to raise an intoxicated person. "Can't say, sir," replied the policeman, "he can't give an account of himself." "Of course not," said the other, "how can you expect an *account* from a man who has *lost his balance*?"

What part of a lion is a new-born infant like? His tail, because it was never seen before.

Why is a baker a most improvident person? Because he is continually selling that which he kneads himself.

State the difference between a grocer selling a pound of sugar, and an apothecary's boy with a pestle and mortar? One weighs a pound, and the other pounds away.

Which are the two smallest things mentioned in Scripture? The widow's mite, and the wicked flee.

What kin is that child to its own father who is not its own father's son? His daughter.

What word is composed of five *letters*, from which if you take two, one remains? Stone.

Why is the letter *n* like a buck's tail? Because it's the end of venison.

Why is a room full of married folks like a room empty? Because there is not a single person in it.

Why is a woman's beauty like a \$10 greenback? Because when once changed it soon goes.

When is a wall like a fish? When it is *scaled*.

Why is a specimen of handwriting like a dead pig? Because it is done with the pen.

Why are your eyes like friends separated by distant climes? Because they correspond but never meet.

What is the difference between a carriage-wheel and a carriage-horse? One goes better when it is tired; the other don't.

Why is a gooseberry-tart like a bad dime? Because it's not currant.

When you go for ten cents' worth of very sharp tin-tacks, what do you want them for? For ten cents.

What is the difference between a young maiden of sixteen, and an old maid of sixty? One is happy and careless, the other cappy and hairless.

If you saw a peach with a bird on it, and you wished to get the peach without disturbing the bird, what would you do? Wait till he flew off.

Which one of the Pope's cardinals wears the largest hat? Why, the one with the largest head, of course.

If you asked the Alphabet to come to dinner, which letters could not accept your kind invitation till later in the evening? The last six, as they couldn't come till after T.

What is that which makes everybody sick but those who swallow it? Flattery.

Which is the strongest day of the seven? Sunday, because the others are week days.

What is that the more we cut it the longer it becomes? A ditch.

What is the pain we make light of? A window pane.

Why should a man never tell his secrets in a corn-field? Because it has so many ears.

What is the difference between a young lady and a mouse? The one charms the he's, and the other harms the cheese.

When is a blow from a lady welcome? When she strikes you agreeably.

If you were to ride upon a donkey, what fruit would you resemble? A pear (pair).

It has been asked, when rain falls, does it ever get up again? Of course it does, in dew time.

What kind of plant does a "duck of a man" resemble? Mandrake.

Why is Athens like a worn-out shoe? Because it once had a Solon.

For what reasons does a duck go under the water? For divers reasons. For what reasons does she come out? For sun-dry reasons.

For what reasons does a fisherman blow his horn? For selfish reasons.

Why is an author a queer animal? Because his tale comes out of his head.

When may a loaf of bread be said to be inhabited? When it has a little Indian in it.

Why is Buckingham Palace the cheapest ever erected? Because it was built for one sovereign and finished for another.

What is the difference between a summer dress in winter and an extracted tooth? One is too thin, and the other is tooth out.

What is the difference between a tunnel and a speaking trumpet? One is hollowed out, and the other is hollowed in.

Why is furling a ship's canvas like a mock auction? Because it is a taking in sale (sail).

"Saratoga and Newport,—you've seen 'em?"
 Said Charley, one morning to Joe;
 "Pray tell me the difference between 'em,
 For bother my wig, if I know."
 Quoth Joe: "'Tis the easiest matter
 At once to distinguish the two,
 At one you go into the water,
 At the other it *goes into you*."

It is a mean man who will fool flies by having the wax figure of a bald headed man in his room to attract them from him.

Strange, Moore and Wright, three noted punsters, were dining together, when Moore observed; "There is but one knave among us and that's *Strange*," Said Wright, "there's one *Moore*." "Ah," said Strange, "that's *Wright*."

A man, when tried for stealing a pair of boots, said he merely took the boots in joke. It was found that he was captured with them forty yards from the place he had taken them from. The judge said he had *carried the joke too far*.

Nature, impartial in her ends,
 When she made man the strongest,
 In justice, then to make amends,
 Made woman's tongue the longest.

Sidney Smith seeing two women abusing each other from opposite houses, said: "They will never agree; they argue from *different premises*."

Pat, upon being told that the price of bread had fallen, exclaimed: "That is the first time I ever rejoiced at the *fall* of my best friend."

A man told a lame preacher he knew him by his limp. The preacher replied that it was a compliment to be known by his *walk rather than by his conversation*.

When you see a man on a moonlight night trying to convince his shadow that it is improper to follow a gentleman, you may be sure it is high time for him to join the temperance society.

Tommie was always of an inquiring mind. He was looking out of the window one morning, and a funeral train passed. He turned to his mother with an eager look, and said:

"Mother, who will bury the last man that dies?"

Near a Detroit cemetery there is a toll-gate. A doctor once said to the keeper: "You ought to pass doctors free of toll." "Ah, no," said the keeper, "you send too many *dead heads* through here."

A wife once kissed her husband, and said she:
 "My own sweet Will, how dearly I love thee."
 Who ever knew a lady, good or ill,
 Who did not dearly love her *own sweet will*?

"A kiss," said young Charles, is a noun we allow,
 "But tell me, my dear, is it proper or common?"
 Lovely Mary blushed deep and exclaimed: "Why, I vow,
 I think that a kiss is both *proper* and *common*."

Tender-handed stroke a nettle,
 And it stings you for your pains,
 Grasp it like a man of mettle,
 And it soft as silk remains.
 Thus it is with vulgar natures,
 Use them kindly they rebel;
 But be rough as nutmeg graters,
 And the rogues obey you well.

A man asked for a bottle of hock, and said hic, haec, hoc.
 The waiter, who knew a little Latin, did nothing. "Did I
 not order some hock?" said the man. "Yes," said the
 waiter, "but you afterwards *declined* it."

"My dear, what makes you always yawn?"
 The wife exclaimed, her temper gone,
 "Is home so dull and dreary?"
 "Not so, my love," he said, "not so,
 But man and wife are one, you know,
 And when alone I'm weary."

DRAMATIO SUPPLEMENT

—TO—

One Hundred Choice Selections, No. 13

THE INFERNAL MACHINE.*—H. ELLIOTT McBRIDE.

CHARACTERS.

MRS. ALMIRA AMBERSON, a widow.

JOHN AMBERSON, her son.

MRS. JANE JENKINS,

MRS. MARIA JACKSON, } Neighbors.

MR. JOSIAH SLOCUM,

BOB BUNKER, a boy.

SCENE—*A room. Mrs. Amberson discovered.*

MRS. AMBERSON (*looking from the window*). There's Bob Bunker comin' up to the door with a box in his hands. I wonder what it means?

Knock at door. Mrs. Amberson opens it. Enter Bob Bunker carrying a box.

BOB. Here's a box for you, Mrs. Amberson. Got it up at the station. Sam Brown asked me to carry it down to you. Won't charge nothin', of course, although it was purty heavy. I 'spect somebody's been sendin' you somethin'.

MRS. A. I do wonder who it can be from.

BOB. 'Spect you'll find out when you open it.

MRS. A. Yes, yes; so I will. (*Takes out money.*) Here, Bob; here's something for bringing it down.

BOB (*taking the money*). Oh, thankee! I'm much obliged to you. I'll carry somethin' for you sometime again and not charge you anything. Good mornin'.

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MRS. A. Good mornin', Bob. (*Exit Bob.*) I wonder what it is and who it can be from. (*Calls.*) John, come here! I'm a little afeard it's some kind of a trick. Wonder if Bob would bring it here jest to make a dime? And, goodness, I've jest thought of it,—mebbe it's an infernal machine!

Enter John.

JOHN. What is it?

MRS. A. I've jest called you, but mebbe you'd better run out again. And mebbe I'd better run out, too. There's a box; Bob Bunker brought it, and I'm afeard it's an infernal machine.

JOHN. Jest like Bob; he's allers doin' somethin' infernal—

MRS. A. I 'spose you know an infernal machine is somethin' that blows up and kills people.

JOHN (*advancing*). I'll give it a kick, ma, if you say so.

MRS. A. (*frightened and shrinking back*). You, John! don't you dare to go near it! If it's one of them machines, you'd be dead in less'n two minutes, and so would I. Keep back! If you don't touch it, I guess it won't go off.

JOHN. I guess you think it's dynamite.

MRS. A. That's it. I couldn't jest mind the word. It's powerful stuff. I've been readin' about it. It would blow this house down and several other houses.

JOHN. If I had a hammer I'd give it a whack, anyhow.

MRS. A. (*frightened*). John! don't talk that way! You might be on the brink of eternity for all you know. Don't speak loud, either. A'most anything will set 'em off.

JOHN. Ma, I wouldn't be so skeery. Mebbe there's somethin' nice in the box.

MRS. A. Rash boy! Don't you know you might be blowed all to pieces in less'n half a second? The more I think about it the more I'm convinced it's somethin' bad. (*Looking out of the window.*) There's Mr. Slocum; I'll call him and ask him what he thinks about it. [*Exit Mrs. A.*

JOHN. I shouldn't wonder if that box *was* somethin' bad. It has a kind of a blow-up look about it. I guess it would be as well to let it alone.

Enter Mrs. Amberson and Mr. Slocum.

MRS. A. There it is, and I don't like the looks of it. It

may be all right, but I've heerd sich dreadful stories about them infernal machines that I'm a good deal skeery about it.

MR. SLOCUM. Yes, I kalkilate it's better to be on the safe side.

MRS. A. That's what I told John. But John said if he had a hammer he'd hit it a crack anyhow. John's a rash boy. I've told him over and over that his rashness would get him into trouble some day.

MR. S. One can't tell what these dynamiters might do. Still, Mrs. Amberson, I shouldn't have thought that you had any enemies.

MRS. A. I shouldn't have thought so, too, Mr. Slocum. Still, a body don't know who's an enemy these days. I tuck the first premium over to the Aggerculteral Fair for makin' pies and doughnuts, and there was a good many as didn't take no premium, and who knows but some of 'em wants to put me out of the way?

MR. S. Ah! could they be so wicked?

MRS. A. They might, and then again they mightn't. As I said afore, you can't tell who's your enemies these days.

MR. S. Well, Mrs. Amberson, I wouldn't touch the box.

MRS. A. But what will I do with it? I can't let it set there. It might go off sometime on a sudden and blow us all to atoms.

MR. S. I guess you'd better send for the person that brought it here, and let him take it away again. He won't be afraid of it, I reckon.

MRS. A. It was Bob Bunker that brought it here. John, I guess you'd better go and hunt Bob up. Tell him I want him to take that box away again.

JOHN. All right.

[Exit John.]

MRS. A. You see my name's on the box, but I'm sure I don't know who could have sent it. It won't do to run any risks. If the box was full of gold it would be better to throw it away than to get ourselves and the house blown to atoms.

MR. S. Yes, that's so. I believe we'd better step out. I wouldn't run the risk of stayin' so clus to it. I guess I won't stay, anyhow. I allers was afeard of dynamite; I've read sich terrible things, you know. (*Moves toward the door.*)

MRS. A. Oh, I don't think there's any danger of it goin'

off unless it gets a lick or gets knocked about. Bob carried it from the station and he didn't set it down very easy, either.

MR. S. (*aside.*) Well, I'm not goin' to stay near the pesky thing, anyhow. (*Walks cautiously around the box.*) Good mornin', Mrs. Amberson. [*Exit Mr. Slocum.*]

MRS. A. He's purty skeery,—worse'n I am. Still it's better to be on the safe side. I 'spect he'll get away from the house as fast as his feet will carry him. (*Looking from window.*) Yes, he's goin' like a race horse. He'll have the people alarmed and they'll be comin' to see what is the matter. There's Jane Jenkins a-comin' in now. I wish the box was out of this and at the bottom of the frog pond.

Enter Mrs. Jenkins.

MRS. JENKINS. Mornin'. I saw Josiah Slocum comin' out of your house and takin' to his heels, and I 'sposed there was somethin' wrong and I thought I'd better come over. Is there anything the matter?

MRS. A. Yes, I've got a box. (*Pointing.*) You see it there.

MRS. J. Yes, I saw Bob Bunker bringin' it in a few minutes ago. Well, 'tain't nothin' terrible to get a box. (*Going to the box.*) Why don't you open it?

MRS. A. (*excitedly.*) Good gracious, Jane, keep away! Don't touch it! Don't touch it! I'm afeard it's a box of dynamite, and if you touch it, it'll blow us all sky high.

MRS. J. (*shrinking back.*) Oh, dear! It's what they call an infernal machine!

MRS. A. Yes, that's what I think it is, and Josiah Slocum thinks so, too, and he wouldn't stay in the house, but got out as soon as possible. I've sent John to get Bob to come and take it away.

MRS. J. I shouldn't have thought that you had any enemies, Almira. Who do you suppose did such a wicked thing.

MRS. A. Oh, I really don't know. You can't tell, now-a-days, who's your friend and who's your enemy. I was jest tellin' Josiah Slocum that I had tuck the premium at the Aggerculteral Fair for makin' the best pies and doughnuts, and there was a good many as missed, and I shouldn't wonder but some of 'em sent it out of pure spite.

Mrs. J. Just as like as not.

Mrs. A. And it might have been Maria Jackson. You know Deacon Barker's been payin' some attention to me, and some attention to her, but a good deal more to me, and the wicked woman might want to get me out of the way.

Mrs. J. Oh, you don't say so! Could she be such a hideous woman as to do that?

Mrs. A. I don't say that it was her that sent it, but I've been thinkin' about it consid'able and it 'pears to me that that's the correct way of lookin' at it. But don't, for the world, say a word about it. I wouldn't want her to know that I suspected her.

Mrs. J. Well, any woman that would do that ought to be hung up by the neck and strangulated as quick as possible.

Mrs. A. Mind, now, I don't say Maria sent it, but things pint that way.

Mrs. J. - Well, I guess I won't stay any longer. A person can't tell what may happen. *[Exit Mrs. Jenkins.]*

Mrs. A. It seems to me everybody is kind of skeery about that box, but I don't see as it can do any harm if you don't touch it. I wish Bob would hurry and come so's I could get it out of the house. I'll feel consid'ably relieved when it is chucked into the frog pond down below the village. The more I think of it, the more I'm convinced that it was Maria Jackson that sent it. She's a spiteful thing. If Deacon Barker's payin' more attention to me than to her, it isn't my fault. But that's jest like them Jacksons. They were allers a malicious set. If she gets me and John and the house blowed up, there'll be a day of reckonin'.

Enter Bob and John.

Bob. Want the box carried away again, John says.

Mrs. A. Yes, but you must be careful,—very careful. Handle it jest as easy as you can. I'm afeard it's a box of dynamite, and if it should go off, it would blow us all to atoms.

Bob. Oh, crackee! I wonder if it is dynamite. Dynamite's a smashin' article. I was just readin' about it,—a feller that had a little mite of it in his pocket and it went off, and it blowed the feller so far and tore him up so

much, that they never found anything but two buttons off of the left tail of his coat.

Mrs. A. Yes, I know it's an awful depopulatin' kind of an article. I 'spose you wouldn't be afeard to take it away when you brought it here?

Bob. Well, I don't know about that. I didn't know it was dynamite when I brought it, but I'm purty sure that's what it is now; and I'd feel awful vexed and sorry if I'd get blowed so bad that they couldn't find nothin' but two buttons of my coat tail.

Mrs. A. But if you carry it carefully I think it will not go off. I want it pitched into the mill pond. I'll pay you well for takin' it away.

Bob. How much will you give?

Mrs. A. Name the price yourself.

Bob. I'll do it for two dollars.

Mrs. A. (*taking out the money.*) Here's the money. Now, go quick, but *do* be careful.

Bob (*taking the money; aside*). Crackee! I might as well have said ten dollars. (*To Mrs. Amberson.*) If I get reckless enough to open the box, you'll give me all there is in it, will you?

Mrs. A. Yes, yes; you can have all. But, for goodness sake, don't open it. I give you fair warnin' and I don't want to see you killed.

Bob. All right; I'll touch it easy.

Mrs. A. Be very careful. Come, John, we'll go out. Don't touch it till we get away. Come, John! [*Exit Mrs. A.*]

Bob. You needn't be in a hurry, John. I don't think it will hurt you.

Mrs. A. (*outside.*) Come, John; come this minute!

John. I'll be there, ma; he's not touchin' it yet.

Bob. John, we can have some fun out of this box.

John. How?

Bob. I've got a pistol, you know, and I've got a big load of powder in it,—blank load, you know. I'll take the box out and take the things out of it and —

John. But don't you think there's dynamite in it?

Bob. Dynamite! fiddlesticks! I reckon there's nothin' but some things for the old woman, and it would be a pity to

have them chucked into the mill pond. I ain't afeard, anyhow. Well, I'll take the things out and bring the box back and tell them there was no infernal machine nor nothin' about it, and then when I get some of the folks near to it, I'll fire off the pistol and make them jump.

JOHN. That will be good fun.

MRS. A. (*outside, calling.*) John! John! come out of that—come this very minute!

JOHN. I'll be there, ma, but Bob isn't goin' to touch it for a few minutes yet.

Enter Mrs. Jackson, with a large hammer in her hand.

MRS. JACKSON (*excitedly*). Where's that box? Where's that infernal machine? Where's that treacherous, long-tongued old woman?

BOB (*pointing*). There's the box, and that's what is 'sposed to be the infernal machine. If you mean Mrs. Amberson when you say "That treacherous, long-tongued old woman," she's jest gone out,—she's afraid of the machine. I'm going to take it away.

MRS. J. No you're not! (*Commandingly.*) Let it alone! Call in that woman! Call her in instantly!

BOB. If you want that woman, call her yourself. I'm paid for takin' this box away and I'm goin' to take it. (*Goes to box as if to lift it.*)

MRS. J. (*loudly.*) Don't touch it, you varmint! (*Raises her hammer.*) Don't you dare to touch it, or I'll knock the head off of you!

BOB (*stepping back*). Crackee! she's kinder got her dander raised.

MRS. J. (*calling loudly.*) Almira Amberson! come here immediately! Come immediately, I say! (*To Bob, who has advanced a step.*) Don't you dare to touch that box; I'll attend to it!

BOB. I think from your appearance at the present time you're kinder crazy.

MRS. J. Silence, you varmint! I'll straighten things up or my name isn't Maria Jackson. (*Calling loudly.*) Almira Amberson, come here immediately! Better not delay, you jealous old blatherskite, or there'll be an earthquake!

BOB. And I reckon an earthquake would be worse'n a box of dynamite.

Enter Mrs. Amberson.

MRS. A. What's the matter now? What are you screech-in' about, Maria Jackson?

MRS. J. Oh, you're here, are you? You told Jane Jenkins and Jane Jenkins told Matilda Patterson that I sent you an infernal machine to get you blowed up, because Deacon Barker was payin' more attention to you than to me! Now, you deceitful, mean scandalmonger, I'm goin' to smash the box for you! (*Swings the hammer.*) I'm no coward,—I'm not afraid of dynamite, and I'll show you that I didn't send the box!

BOB (*aside, and pulling out his pistol*). Hokey! I'll get a chance yet to make a crack. As soon as she strikes the box I'll shoot. (*Turns his back so that they will not see his pistol, but looks around occasionally to see when Mrs. Jackson strikes the box.*)

MRS. A. Better be careful, Maria. I don't want to see you blowed up; but if you are going to smash the box, I want to say that I didn't say positively that you sent the box, but I thought it possible that you did. I could not think of any other who would be more likely to be an enemy.

MRS. J. Oh, yes, that's your way,—crawl out of it! Well, here goes for the box, anyhow. (*She strikes the box a tremendous blow, and at the same time Bob fires his pistol. Mrs. Amberson runs out screaming. Mrs. Jackson drops the hammer and springs back.*) Goodness! what was that?

BOB. Better not strike it again, Missus. It shoots once before it blows. The next time it would level the town.

MRS. J. You young rascal! you fired a pistol,—that's what's the matter! (*Takes up the hammer again and hammers until the box is broken open.*) You can't frighten me with your pistol again. (*Takes a pair of boy's boots, a shawl and a letter out of the box; calls.*) Almira Amberson, come here! Come here immediately!

Enter Mrs. Amberson.

MRS. A. Are you hurt? Did it shoot?

MRS. J. No, I'm not hurt, and it didn't shoot! That good-for-nothing Bob Bunker shot off a pistol—that was all. (*Holding up the boots, shawl and letter.*) Here's the dynamite

that skeered you so bad, Almira Amberson, and made you wag your tongue ag'in me so shamefully! Take the letter and see who it's from.

MRS. A. (*taking the letter and glancing over it.*) Why—it's from my niece, Sarah Amberson!

JOHN. I'm mighty pleased to get these boots!

BOB. I'm pleased on account of the two dollars! and didn't I make 'em jump with my pistol?

MRS. J. Now, are you satisfied that I didn't want to blow you up on account of the Deacon?

MRS. A. Maria, I ax your pardon.

MRS. J. It's all right, Almira. (*To audience.*) And I'm glad I stepped in to smash the box and set things to rights.
[Curtain falls.]

THE CRUSADERS.*—ELLEN MURRAY.

SCENE I.—*A covered coffin on a bier; a king's crown on it; cross at head; monks and bishops standing behind; crowd opposite listening to a friar preaching; a red cross on his breast.*

FRIAR. You've come to see the dead face of your king
Lying in state, unheeding of his crown.
To-morrow you will crowd to see his son
Crowned as King Richard, and forget the dead;
But they who once have seen Jerusalem
Forget not, till the strong right hand forgets
Its cunning. Zion trodden under foot!
Alas, Jerusalem! O city fair and sad,
There's none to help her. Scowling through her streets
The fierce Turk goes, cursing the Holy name.
No Christian kneels in lone Gethsemane;
No Christian prays by blessed Calvary;
The blood of murdered Christians soaks the streets

*About the middle of the twelfth century, Henry the II, of England, grieved by the rebellious and disobedient conduct of his sons, died of a broken heart. His son Richard the First came to see the king's body lying in state in the Abbey Church of Fontevrault, and expressed great grief and penitence. Shortly afterwards he assumed the badge of the Cross, and with Leopold, of Austria, and Phillip, of France, led a crusade to Palestine. Quarrels soon arose between them, one of which was caused by the Austrian Emperor, who, removing Richard's flag, placed his own on the same spot, an insult promptly avenged by Richard. Austria and France soon withdrew their forces, leaving the English to fight alone. They reached Jerusalem, but had not force sufficient to take it, and after concluding a peace with Saladin, the English king turned his face homeward.

Of mournful Salem. City of our Lord
Bound in the oppressor's chain! My heart will break.
Ay! ay! Jerusalem! ay! ay!

CROWD. We'll help!
Down with the Turks!

FRIAR. And will you help?
Why, with the cross before you, one would drive
A thousand. Will you save Jerusalem,
The Lord's own city, set her like a queen
Again to be the glory of the earth,—
Again to be a symbol fair of heaven?

CROWD (*shouting and pressing in to take the red crosses he holds out*). Jerusalem, Jerusalem! Yes, yes!
On to Jerusalem!

FRIAR. Take then this cross,
Blessed for the conquest. Those who fall shall see
The New Jerusalem look out from clouds,
Clear shining as the sun.

WOMAN (*to her husband*). Come, come, good man,
Push in before the crosses all are gone.

HUSBAND. But what of you, and all our little ones?

WOMAN. Go, get you gone. The good saints give me
strength,
I'll swing the blacksmith's hammer!

HUSBAND (*to Friar*). Here's a strong hand to swing a bat-
tle axe
Against locked gates, and batter down high walls!
Let's see them bar my pathway!

GIRL (*to young man*). You will go?

YOUNG MAN. I'll think about it.

GIRL. Think just what you please.
I, too, can think. And never man who stays
At home, a coward, speaks to me again!

Enter officers and soldiers; young man in centre with prince's coronet.

OFFICERS. Give back, give back! you crowd the bier too
close!
Make way! Here comes King Richard!

CROWD. 'Tis the king!
Long live the king! King Richard! Live the king!

Richard throws himself on his knees at the bier, while the priests chant "Nunc dimittus."

RICHARD. My father! O my father! Had I been
A better son! If I had only done

The things he wished. If I could but forget
The times I answered roughly; how I stirred
Rebellion; mocked at all his counsel wise.
Now, he will never speak to me again.
O father, father! if you could but say
"Poor Richard, I forgive you." Father dear,
I would be such a loving, faithful son,
If you were only living.

COURTIER. Do not grieve,
Your Majesty. Your royal brother, Sire,
Was most to blame.

RICHARD (*starting to his feet and flinging him back roughly*).
Sirrah, begone, I say!
Who asked your helping? Did I say to you,
"Forgive me?" Let my brother John alone!

PRIEST. Your Majesty, I pray you. In a church —

RICHARD. Silence!

NOBLE (*aside*). 'Tis well his father passed away;
They say he broke his heart.

RICHARD. What is that crowd?

NOBLE. They vow to win the Holy Sepulchre
From Turkish hands.

RICHARD. The very thing for me!
I'll go with all my best and bravest men,—
Our English archers with their good, long bows;
We'll gayly chase those grasshoppers of Turks.
My royal brothers, Austria and France,
Will join my forces, so we'll make clean work;
Rescue the Holy Sepulchre, rebuild
The churches, make Jerusalem once more
A city of the saints, and then, perhaps,
I shall not fear to face my father's tomb,
For he will be well satisfied with me. (*Goes forward, receives
and puts on the red cross.*)

FRIAR. Sing, sing, Jerusalem! Help comes! help comes!

CROWD. Long live King Richard! Hail, Crusader, hail!

SCENE II.—*Kings of Austria and France; officers; soldiers;
English banner with lion in background; Austrian banner with
eagle in foreground.*

PHILIP. Excuse my offered counsel, but I deem
It is, my royal brother, not so wise
To tease a sleeping lion.

PHILIP (*to Richard*). But, in truth,
You did not mean to trample on that flag.
Say so to Austria. Would you see the cross
Leading against the cross, and Christians killed
In deadly quarrel, while the Saracen
Looks on in laughing triumph, while we break
All sacred vows?

RICHARD (*seizing and cordially wringing Leopold's reluctant hand*). Why, I meant nothing wrong!
Come, Leopold, come, bear no malice, man,
I never thought to harm you. But, you know,
Birds must not vex a cat, for no cat kind
Has too much patience.

DOCTORS. Sire, we pray you come.
For England's sake, we beg.

They coax him away.

PHILIP (*ironically*). Such a long tail
As our cat has!

LEOPOLD (*sulkily*). I do not choose to bear
With such an insult nor to fight beside
This madman. I withdraw me from the league.
I and my troops will leave this useless quest,
And let the English Richard fight alone
With all his ruffling islanders. We'll see
How soon they take Jerusalem.

PHILIP. The sins
And quarrels of the Christians are the worst
And keenest weapon of the Saracen.

SCENE III.—*Group of crusaders; one lies wounded on the ground;
two leaders in front.*

SIR LUSIGNAN. What is the use? The way is long and
rough;
The fever kills by hundreds. At each pass
The Saracen swoops down upon our ranks,
And if we ever reach Jerusalem,
How can our small and feeble remnant hope
To wall it in, besiege it, force its gates?
The Austrians and French have saved themselves,
And now they sit at home and laugh at us.

SIR GUY. Let those laugh who shall win. And if in vain
We seek the white walls of Jerusalem,
At least we keep our vows, and wear the cross

Faithful through dangers. In the great days past,
 There's many a man has conquered by defeat,—
 By dying won an everlasting fame —
 What is that?

VOICES IN ADVANCE. See! See! At last! See! Look!
 Where?

Jerusalem! At last! Jerusalem!
 On, on to Zion!

*Singing, "Jerusalem the Golden." The group passes on. A com-
 rade tries to lift the wounded crusader.*

COMRADE. Here; let me lift you up, and you will see
 The white walls of discrowned Jerusalem,
 The road beside Gethsemane, the dome
 Where once the temple stood. Through thirst and heat
 And wounds and pain, we've won the sight at last!
 Rouse up and look!

DYING CRUSADER (*looking upwards*). Yes! yes! At last I see
 Jerusalem! O beautiful! O fair!
 No wasting desert journey waits me more.
 The holy city is so near, so near!
 No thing unclean, no sound of war is there;
 Through golden roads the holy armies go;
 The dead are all alive; the lost are found;
 The pilgrims from their journeys rest at home;
 The great, white gates swing back to song and psalm;
 O light beyond all light! O joy of joy!
 Hush!—let me—listen— (*He dies.*)

[*Curtain falls.*]

NOTE.—Where complete costumes and properties are not obtainable, a little ingenuity can readily devise paper crosses and banners, and home-made dresses, so as to produce a very happy effect. In fact, this method has been very successfully adopted in the author's own experience.

THE PREMATURE PROPOSAL.*

CHARACTERS.

PETER DOUGHTY.

PATIENCE, his wife, a hypochondriac.

MRS. HASTINGS.

BETSEY ANN HASTINGS, her daughter.

SCENE I.—*A Potato-patch—Peter hoeing potatoes.*

PETER (*soliloquizing*). If our two children had lived, perhaps she wouldn't have got so bad. What can ail the woman, I'd be glad to know?

Enter Betsey Ann.

BETSEY. Good-morning, Mr. Doughty.

PETER. Why, Betsey Ann, how d'ye do? How's all at home?

BETSEY. All's well; and how's Mrs. Doughty? (*With a tinkling laugh.*) We heard she was dying last night, and I thought it no more than neighborly to inquire if you're digging her grave.

PETER (*with an attempt at indignation*). Betsey Ann! these things ain't to be laughed at, and made light of. I'm getting to be afraid she may actilly die one of these days.

BETSEY (*drawing down her mouth*). It's barely possible—folks do, now and then. Grandpa says he never heard of anybody's sticking by the way. And there's one consolation, Mr. Doughty, if she should die you'll certainly be prepared for it. (*Peter smiles.*)

PETER. Betsey Ann (*confidentially*), I'm dreadful put to it to know what ails that woman, the pains shift so, there's no calculating on 'em. I've been reading lately some of these advertisements and things in the papers, and it sounds to me like a snake.

BETSEY. Like a what?

PETER (*lowering his voice*). A snake. You know there is such a thing as drinkin' 'em in water, and they are said to affect the mind very bad.

BETSEY. Oh, don't think of such dreadful horrors, Mr. Doughty! You really make me shudder. It's the *hypo*

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that ails your wife, and not a snake. I don't wonder you get fidgety—anybody would, to live such a life as you do, poor man! Good-bye! *[Exit Betsey Ann.]*

PETER. I wonder what does make such odds in women folks? Some as chirk as posies, and some as down at the heel as a frizzled-out potato ball.

SCENE II.—*Doughty's kitchen. Patience lying bolstered up on a lounge. Peter appears at the door.*

PATIENCE (*gasping*). Come in here, Peter, for I'm dying—but don't you make tracks on my nice floor. I can't live two minutes, husband! Oh! oh! (*in a louder key.*) Rub your feet on the mat.

PETER. I'm rubbin' 'em, dear! (*Enters and proceeds without dismay to mix a pitcher of molasses and water, vinegar and ginger—tasting the mixture to get the right proportions—then takes a twisted doughnut from the cupboard and eats it—takes off his boots and steals like a cat to the couch.*)

PATIENCE (*raising herself on her elbow and looking at him*). My dear (*reproachfully, as she sees a crumb on his coat-sleeve*)! would I help myself to doughnuts if you hadn't five minutes to live? (*Peter wipes his mouth on his blue checked handkerchief and looks humble.*) It's reasonable to suppose (*snuffing at the camphor bottle*) that I can't hold out long. Take a towel, Peter, and tie up my head in a hard knot. (*He obeys.*) Pull tight, for it's going to split. Now take the camphire in one hand and hold it to my right nostril, and the hartshorn in the other hand, and hold it to my left nostril. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! (*Peter obeys, putting the stoppers of the two bottles in his mouth.*) And while you're doing that, if you could only soak my feet it would be a great relief. The fact is, I need somebody to wait upon me that knows how better than a man. You do the best you can, but I need—oh, oh, such a spasm! 'Tis worse than death. Ah, Peter, little you know what it is to have one foot in the grave. I wish you could know! (*Pause. Peter sighs.*) I was perfectly speechless before you came in, and now I'm sure my voice doesn't sound at all natural. Don't it have a hollow sound, dear, as if it came from a distance?

PETER (*unstopping his mouth*). Yes, I don't know but what

it does. I didn't think of it till you spoke, but now it strikes me your voice has a kind of a crack in it, like broken crockery-ware.

PATIENCE. Did it ever sound so before, Peter? Think quick!

PETER. Well, I can't say certain. It was always rather ha'sh; but now it's so uncommon loud, you know, and that makes it ha'sher yet.

PATIENCE. Oh, yes! oh, yes! My right lung is 'most gone, Peter; and that's what I've been afraid of for some time. I felt a singular numbness in it—no feeling at all—that was the way I was taken speechless. The left one adheres to my side—you always knew that; and now the right one is collapsed, and I might as well bid you good-bye. Husband, feel in my pocket and take out my handkerchief. Yes, husband (*with dirge-like voice*), the time has come when you will see my face no more! We've jogged along together for fifteen years —

PETER. And a half.

PATIENCE. And what kind of a wife can you conscientiously say I've been to you, Peter?

PETER. As good as the common run (*wiping his eyes where the tears ought to be*).

PATIENCE. I've worn you about out with my ailings (*taking a whiff of hartshorn*)—I know I have.

PETER (*kindly*). No, you haven't—there's a good deal left of me yet. You've died so much nights, that it's made it rather bad sometimes in harvesting; but, take it by the year together, I've generally got my sleep made up.

PATIENCE. I shouldn't so much mind dying—for this is a miserable world—if it wasn't for leaving you, Peter.

PETER (*soothingly*). Oh, don't you worry about that! I shall get along first-rate.

PATIENCE (*groaning*). You don't know what you're talking about, dear, you're so numb, about some things so half awake like, Peter. Did ever I see such a man? (*Peter looks condemned.*) You've always had me to do for you, and see to your mending, ungrateful as you are. A pretty sight you'd be, with your stockings down at the heel, and holes in your elbows! But 'twill be the same to you—you'll never

think of the difference, but the neighbors will. (*Patience groans.*) Besides, you'll make a poor, drozzling house-keeper, Peter. My best dishes will go to destruction; and you'll stuff the broken windows with rags! (*Groans again.*) You'll cook horrid messes; for you've had little experience in cooking, considering the sickness I've been subject to. And my floors—my nice floors, that the whole village says are such a beautiful sight—and my carpets, without speck or grease, where'll they be, in a year from this day? Dirt here, dirt there, and the corners full of it.

PETER (*brightening and speaking in a cheery voice*). Oh, well, I'll take the goose-wing and dig into the cracks—so don't fret about that! And if you're not going to die for some hours, I might as well have my dinner going on, for 'twill soon be noon. I see there's cold potatoes and fish in the pantry, and I can chop a hash—so you turn over, dear, and try to go to sleep.

PATIENCE (*screaming with rage*). To sleep! To sleep! Just as if I could sleep in such distress as this! Heat a piece of brown paper wet in vinegar, and clap it to my forehead! And if I did feel the least disposition to even wink, do you think, Peter Doughty, I'd let you leave me, when it would certainly be my last sleep. (*Peter brings the brown paper, and applies it with awkward fingers.*) Now I'll finish what I was going to say. (*Drops of vinegar course their way down her cheeks.*) You'll certainly have to marry again, Peter; but I know you'll never think of it, unless somebody puts the idea into your head.

PETER (*astonished*). Oh, don't be foolish! You've got on to a new tack, Patience. I've heard all the rest of your talk a hundred times over; but you never said anything before about another wife.

PATIENCE (*weeping*). It's because I never got wrought up to such a pitch before. But I seem to have had a vision of the state you'll be in, and the ruinous condition of this house and furniture; and it's been made clear to my mind that I ought to see you provided for before I go. It isn't as if I went without warning, Peter. And now I ask you, if it would be right for me to die, with my eyes open, as it were, and not know of somebody that is going to take my place?

PETER. It's a curious way you have of joking. Come, don't take on so! Keep talking—for you cry harder when you don't talk.

PATIENCE. Answer me candidly, Peter. When you've seen me *just alive* so many times, have you ever, even for a moment, thought of anybody you'd like for a second wife?

PETER. No, I never! What an idea!

PATIENCE (*pleased*). That's just like you, Peter, you never was any kind of a hand to look out for the future (*groaning*); you've the poorest calculation in the world about preparing for a rainy day.

PETER (*in a deprecatory tone*). I didn't know it was customary.

PATIENCE. Well, it isn't generally, my dear. I'll admit that it isn't considered just the thing for a married man to be having his eye out for a second wife. But circumstances alters cases, Peter; and as I said before, I'm astonished that you never went so far as to make a selection in your own mind.

PETER (*twirling his thumbs and looking very foolish*). If you'd only given me a hint, you know, but you never said anything about it.

PATIENCE (*removing the brown paper from one eye, and peeping out at Peter*). I've been more thoughtful for you than you've been for yourself; I've picked out Phebe Skillings.

PETER (*alarmed*). You don't say so! Well, I'll tell you what it is, Patience Doughty, folks say I'm henpecked, and I suppose I *am* henpecked; but you won't make me marry that old Phebe Skillings if you stand over me with a horse-whip.

PATIENCE. Why, Peter, you needn't look so fierce. Who ever saw you look so crusty? When I'm only supposing a case! I haven't set my heart on Phebe, not by any manner of means. Only she does know how to wash floors like a queen, and makes as good pie-crust with as little lard as ever I tasted; I should feel safe to leave my dishes and furniture in her hands. And she'd dose you up beautifully, Peter; she understands all kinds of cough mixtures and plasters.

PETER. Well, I'll do anything in reason to please you,

but I don't want to marry Phebe if there's any way of getting round it.

PATIENCE (*considerately*). I shan't insist upon it, dear; hand me the comb and brush, Peter; I suppose I shall have to see about getting dinner; though I know I'm too weak to stand, and can't walk a step without fainting away. But, with regard to your marrying, I only insist upon one thing, and that is, that you look around and make your choice of some smart, capable girl; and when the matter is decided, let me know, for I shall die easier if it's all cut and dried; I've lived through this spasm, it's true, but it's no sign that I shall live through the next one. I sha'n't be with you long, Peter.

SCENE III.—*Peter cutting potatoes alone.*

PETER (*to himself*). What a curious woman Patience Smith Doughty is! But I positively declare there's some sense in what she says. I should be the poorest hand in the world to get along alone. I shall miss her desperately, that's a fact. I haven't known what it was to be in the house five minutes, without hearing her groan. It comes about as natural as the ticking of the clock. Poor Patience! But she's got to die, I suppose there's no doubt of that, sooner or later: and as these spasms keep growing worse and worse, I've no doubt she's nearer her end than she was a month ago. Says "I sha'n't be with you long, Peter." That sounds to me kind of prophetic. "I only insist upon one thing," says she, "and that is, that you look around and make your own choice of a smart, sensible girl," etc., etc. Now what would you do (*looking at the potato he is cutting*), if you was in my place? Would you look round, or wouldn't you? I never supposed it was customary; but then, as Patience says, and Patience is a woman of judgment, "circumstances does alter cases." One thing is sure now, she's got the notion in her head, and I sha'n't hear the last of it for some time. Now there's Betsey Ann, but then she's so smart and purty, has been to boarding-school, can play on the piany, and all that sort of thing, I wonder if she would look at a plain fellow like me? hardly think she would (*sighs*); but then I might try. Yes, I might just

speaking to her on the subject, so I might. It couldn't do any harm, and as Patience is so anxious about it I'll try.

SCENE IV.—*Mrs. Hastings' parlor—Peter, in Sunday best, knocks at the door—Mrs. Hastings goes to the door.*

PETER (*timidly*). Can I see your daughter Betsey Ann a few minutes, alone?

MRS. H. Certainly, Mr. Doughty. Walk into the back parlor; I'll send her in.

Peter passes to opposite side of the stage. Mrs. H. calls "Betsey Ann," who enters.

MRS. H. Betsey, Mr. Doughty wishes to speak with you in private a few minutes.

BETSEY. With me, mother? That is strange!

MRS. H. I must confess I have some curiosity to know what the man is after, in his new coat with the brass buttons. He looks so mysterious and so bashful too. His face is as pink as a sweet-william.

BETSEY (*gaily shaking her curls*). Poor soul! most likely he has been reading some more quack advertisements, and would like to know my opinion in regard to snakes. Where's my fan? I shall need it to screen my face when I laugh. (*Miss Betsey approaches Peter. Mrs. H. retires.*) Good-evening, Mr. Doughty! How are you this fine evening and how is Mrs. Doughty?

PETER. Poorly, very poorly! I mean never was better, that is to say I am—Miss Betsey Ann—that is to say, she isn't—in other words, failing fast, worse and worse, and more frequent—

BETSEY (*with a twinkle in her eye*). I am very sorry, and very glad, that is to say distressed, that is I mean for her, and in other words rejoiced for you.

PETER. Yes, ma'am. I don't know about that (*blushes*).

BETSEY. Lovely weather, Mr. Doughty.

PETER (*examining the buttons on his coat*). Yes, ma'am!

BETSEY. But we need rain!

PETER. Yes, ma'am, rain.

BETSEY. The river is very low.

PETER. The river is. Yes, ma'am.

BETSEY. Quite dusty.

PETER. What did you observe, ma'am?

BETSEY. Dusty, I said, quite dusty, Mr. Doughty!

PETER. I don't exactly understand you, ma'am, that is, I don't so much as I ought to, perhaps.

BETSEY (*laughing and screening her face with her fan*). Fine weather, no rain, and too much dust.

PETER (*looks at the ceiling—turns and looks out the window*). A very pretty evening out-doors. (*Balances himself on his heels and turns round with a jerk.*) I thought whether or no, Miss Betsey——

BETSEY. Well, sir!

PETER. I thought whether or no, Miss Betsey——

BETSEY. Very well, Mr. Doughty. (*Aside.*) What can he want! He'll keep me here two hours. I think my mother said you wished to see me, Mr. Doughty.

PETER (*with still redder cheeks, inserting the index finger between necktie and throat*). Nothing, oh, nothing, in particular, Miss Betsey.

BETSEY. Ah, then it was a mistake of hers—so you'll please excuse me if I leave you now, for I was intending to go out.

PETER. Stop, Miss Betsey! won't you please to stop! Does your father wish to buy a cow?

BETSEY. Not that I know of. Shall I call him?

PETER. Oh, no, not for the world! I've got one to sell, one of the best kind, and I've been calculatin' to turn her into another cow, and then beef her. Didn't know but your folks might like to trade. Dreadful rainy weather, Miss Betsey; never needed dust so much. And is your mother at home? And how's her health this summer? Give her my respects! Is Tommy pretty well, and how is his health? Is Johnny pretty well, and how is his health?

BETSEY. Take a seat, Mr. Doughty, and pray tell me what in the world you have on your mind. I'm ready to befriend you—indeed I am. Why are you so afraid of me? Is there anything I can do for you, or your wife? You would like me to go and watch with Mrs. Doughty?

PETER. Oh, no, no, not for the world! She's past hope! You're very kind, Miss Betsey, very kind, that's the general opinion, or I wouldn't have had the heart to come here

to-night, for it's something that isn't customary, it certainly isn't, but I'm in hopes you'll understand that circumstances alters cases in all cases, that is, in my case, and won't take offence, Miss Betsey.

BETSEY. No offence at all, Mr. Doughty. Indeed I can imagine what your errand is before you give it.

PETER. Can you though, Miss Betsey? Well, that's clever.

BETSEY. It concerns some of your poor wife's fancies.

PETER. Well, you are the quickest-witted girl I ever did see, considering I never said a word to a living soul, and you couldn't have guessed it from my actions. I'm very glad you understand my business, for I confess it's very unpleasant to me, and if it wasn't for the peculiar circumstances, I should certainly wait till she was *dead*.

BETSEY. You take a very circuitous method of expressing yourself, Mr. Doughty, but no doubt you wish to tell me that you have heard something new about snakes.

PETER (*crestfallen*). I haven't the least idea, Miss Betsey, what snakes you refer to, and that is certainly not my object in coming, though I hope you'll give me time to collect my thoughts, for I'm not good at speaking off-hand, Miss Betsey.

BETSEY. So I perceive, Mr. Doughty. [*Profound silence.*]

PETER. Since I've been a-sittin' here I've been a-thinkin'—(*Silence again, save the top of Betsey's foot upon the carpet.*) since I've been a-sittin' here I've been a thinkin'—(*Silence.*) since I've been a-sittin' here, Miss Betsey, I've been a-thinkin' —

BETSEY. So I should judge.

PETER. I've been a-thinkin' what I should do for a *second* wife.

BETSEY (*rising and facing him*). Sir!

PETER (*hurriedly*). Patience won't be with me long. It's her dyin' wish that I should look round and make my own choice of some smart, capable girl, and when the matter is decided let her know, fur she'll die easier when it's all cut and dried.

BETSEY. Peter—Doughty!

PETER. She wanted me to look round, she didn't hamper me, and I did look round, and my choice fell on you. Now

I want you to take time to think, for there ain't any hurry—none at all.

BETSEY. Stop this minute, sir! I'm going to call my mother.

PETER. Wait a minute, for pity's sakes, Miss Betsey. I don't mean any harm, I don't expect you to marry me *now*, I'm only looking out for a rainy day. Think, Miss Betsey, there will be only myself and a neat little cottage free of all incumbrances, for I'm well to do in the world if I say it myself.

BETSEY (*laughing and crying hysterically*). Peter Doughty, do you know you are an unprincipled, audacious scamp, a wicked Mormon, and an outrageous, unmitigated idiot! Sir, do you walk out of this house as fast as you can go, and never darken our doors again.

PETER. But, Miss Betsey —

BETSEY. Go this minute, and do you never offer yourself to any other woman till your wife is dead and buried in a Christian manner, which won't be in your day or mine. Peter Doughty.

PETER (*in a faltering voice*). I guess you don't look at it in the right light. I wish I had stayed at home. 'Twill get into the papers,—'twill be spread all over town.

BETSEY. No sir; do you think Elizabeth Ann Hastings hasn't pride enough to keep such a disgraceful proposal to herself? Why, you little simpleton, I've too much self-respect to tell it to my own mother!

PETER. Say that again, Betsey Ann!

BETSEY. Here's my hand on it, Peter Doughty. And do you hold your feeble, stammering tongue as well. For if you ever tell a living soul what you've said to me to-night, I'll never forgive you as long as I live.

[*Curtain falls.*

AFTER TWENTY YEARS

CHARACTERS.

MISS AGATHA TRELAWNEY, age, 40.

KITTY ANGUS, her niece, age, 19.

CAPTAIN RICHARD MAY, age, 45.

SCENE.—*Miss Trelawney's drawing-room; folding-doors back, piano; a screen (right) so arranged that the person hidden by it can face the audience. Miss Trelawney discovered, in plain morning costume and cap, seated, a letter in her hand.*

MISS TRELAWNEY. To think that over twenty years have gone by since he was last in this house. And he is coming to-day! In all those years I have never seen him; nay, have not so much as looked upon his handwriting until this letter reached me an hour ago. Dare I remember twenty years back?—dare a woman at my age view an old sentiment with partial eyes without becoming ridiculous to herself in her soberer moments? A sentiment! No, no, it was more than that, it was more than that! I was nineteen, he a few years more; we met, we—*did* he love me when so trifling a thing as a foolish hasty word could separate us? But now he is in America again, and he comes to me—for what? Oh, foolish woman-heart, you force me into forgetfulness of everything, but that you once throbbed rapturously when you knew that he came nigh. Yet I am

not old,—memory has kept me young. Affection—ah, affection may be eternal, untouched by time and loss of youthful bloom.

Enter Kitty Angus.

KITTY ANGUS. Heigho, aunty, still communing with your letter? (*Seating herself and dangling her hat by the strings.*) I am awfully glad that Captain May is coming; it will relieve the monotony of a morning which two interesting females feared was to be spent in futile efforts to keep from gaping in each other's faces.

MISS T. My dear —

KITTY. My dear, I am positive we should have gaped. I don't know but I should have sneezed. Why, you have been brooding over that letter for an hour. Dear me! I wonder if I shall ever be so complimentary to a letter. The writer of it was complimentary to *you*, too; when I met the Captain in the winter, just before I left London for America, the first thing he said to me was—(*Clock strikes.*) There! it's nearly time for him to be here, his train is due in a little while. How do I look?

MISS T. Dear, you were saying that when you met Captain May —

KITTY. His nephew was with him, you know; his deceased brother's son. The Captain has been a second father to him; as you have, since mamma's death, been a second mother to me. Is my hair all right?

MISS T. Yes. But you were saying that Captain May's first words to you were —

KITTY. To be sure. He said, "Ah, Miss Angus,"—he often says "ah," being elderly,—“Ah, Miss Angus, how is your Aunt Agatha?”

MISS T. Did he, indeed?

KITTY. He could do no less; you were the only familiar subject we could broach. But after that first meeting we became wonderfully intimate; I met him everywhere.

MISS T. He went out a great deal?

KITTY. Everywhere. All the girls were dying for him—the undertakers offered him untold wealth if he would only establish himself in the vicinity of a young ladies' school.

MISS T. Kitty!

KITTY. Aunt Aggy, now you're cross. (*Embracing her.*) Well, the men liked him equally well. But men don't die for men—except some doctors' patients. Jack ——

MISS T. Jack! Is that the nephew?

KITTY. You know it is. Jack just dotes on him. He calls him "nunky."

MISS T. Do young ladies make so free with young gentlemen's names now-a-days?

KITTY. You refer to my calling Jack, Jack? Oh, I always call him Jack. He likes it. So do I.

MISS T. (*in horror.*) But to call him thus, and to his face!

KITTY. There is just the point where your generation and mine differ. Yours was a slyer age, aunty; you used to call men Jack behind their backs, and Mr. so-and-so to their faces. We don't; we say Jack all the time—when we know them well enough. (*Edging closer to Miss T.*) Now I don't believe you *ever* called Captain May "Richard" did you?

MISS T. (*confused.*) Kitty, have you practised this morning?

KITTY. Oh, I'm too nervous to do anything, except wait. [*—(humming, rises and goes to piano; plays softly "You'll Remember Me;" sings quietly:)* "When other lips and other hearts their tales of love shall tell—" (*Stops the song and plays the air.*)

MISS T. Kitty! (*Kitty keeps on playing the air.*) . Kitty!

KITTY (*playing*). Did you call, aunty?

MISS T. We were speaking of Captain May, you will remember. Was he looking very old when you met him?

KITTY (*playing*). No, indeed; quite juvenile; he always wore a rosebud in his coat.

MISS T. He was not wrinkled? No?

KITTY. Wrinkled? Mercy, no!

MISS T. *cautiously reaches a hand-glass from the table, regards herself in it, and shakes her head, Kitty playing the one air at the piano.*

MISS T. (*replacing glass.*) Kitty, was he—ah—very—ah—happy?

KITTY (*playing*). I should say so. A regular giggler.

MISS T. (*shocked.*) What!

KITTY. Oh, but he was. I used to say to him severely, "You're a terror for laughing, Jack."

MISS T. Jack! oh!

KIRRY. The nephew, you know. Perhaps *you're* referring to the uncle? No, *he* never giggled very much; he had a rather sad face when he was not animated—all elderly people have sad faces at times. I adore sad faces, don't you? (*Crashes on the piano, and comes forward.*) Aunt, aunt, tempus is fugiting. Do dress to receive the Captain.

MISS T. Dress! I am an old woman, out of society; why should I dress to receive an elderly man?

KIRRY. Suppose the elderly man knew you in your early days, has not seen you in many years, and has carried around the world with him some remembrance of your youthful appearance?

MISS T. (*rising and gathering up her letter.*) But —

KIRRY. But me no buts. You are about to accuse yourself of age again. Old! Why, dearie, you are still young; positively in a proper toilette you are newer than I am. Do put on that lovely robe in which you look so well; there's a dear good aunt. I want Captain May to see you sweet and young.

MISS T. Wherefore?

KIRRY. Because he knew you when you were so.

MISS T. I! Young and sweet!

KIRRY. Do, do!

MISS T. To please *you* I would do many foolish things.

KIRRY. Yes, yes, then to please me. Mercy! didn't you hear the music I have just played?—it was "You'll Remember me"—I played it for you.

MISS T. For me?

KIRRY. For the old time's sake, *your* old time. There! do go and put on the lovely robe; be foolish to please me.

MISS T. (*in reverie.*) If it should be! If the old times are to him what they are to me!

KIRRY. What are you saying, aunt?

MISS T. Yes, yes, I will go and dress (*going*), I will go —

KIRRY. The pretty robe, remember.

MISS T. Yes, yes, the youthful robe. But I put it on to please you, Kitty, I put it on to please you. [*Exit Miss T.*]

KIRRY (*looking after her*). You couldn't be foolish for your own sake, couldn't you? O aunt, aunt, just as though I did not know your story. His nephew Jack told me all

about it, silly old Jack! But I cannot stay here alone; I'm too nervous. I'll run about the garden till the Captain comes. Dear! how I dread, yet welcome, this visit! I know the business that brings him. And how will Aunt Agatha take it? She thinks, like all people of her age, that nineteen is too young to marry, but it isn't, and—and—
(*Exit, singing "When other lips and other hearts," etc.*)

Enter at folding-doors, Captain May. His hair is slightly grizzled; a rosebud is in his button-hole.

CAPTAIN MAY. No one here? Surely I am expected?—Agatha has received my note? Does she forget her old friends? (*Looking about him.*) Ah, this old room! I have not been in it for twenty years, and yet, despite the new appointments, how familiar it is. Here, day after day, I used to come. How we watched the moon arise over the trees in the garden! The old trees are the same that I knew twenty years ago,—trees are life-long friends of men. And then of winter evenings how we loved the firelight and the soft sigh of the wind in the chimney. And how sweet Agatha was. It was the fancied likeness to her aunt that first attracted me to little Kitty. Dear little Kitty! Ah me! how sentimental we old stagers grow when we get the chance. I feel almost shaky about meeting Agatha. An order to go into immediate battle is not so terrible as the going to meet a friend after twenty years of absence. (*Feeling his pulse.*) Why it's ninety! pshaw! (*Walks about, goes to piano and turns over the music on the rack.*) "When other lips and other hearts their tales of love shall tell." Kitty's been singing, I suppose. What sentimental trash young people admire. (*Whistles the tune, coughs, dashes a tear from his eye.*) There (*gruffly*)! I'm an old fool—no fool is like an old one. Maybe they're in the garden; let me go and see. I was never floored by a confounded tune before. (*Angrily throws open the folding-doors and rushes out, jamming his hat on his head, whistling the tune.*)

Enter Miss T. in an elegant robe, without cap, and looking young.

MISS T. To think that I should act so unwomanly. Why am I dressed out in this peacock raiment? Let me acknowledge the truth, that I do it to make myself attractive

in the eyes of a man. Horror! how indelicate! And yet I have known him so long, I knew him when I was young; and shall he note the ravages of time if I can veil them? But why does he come?—could he not let me rest in peace? His letter merely says that he has something of importance to say to me, to impart which he travels three thousand miles. Something of importance! (*Takes letter from her bosom and reads it.*) Twenty years ago such a letter would have made my heart flutter horribly. (*Feeling above her heart.*) Not more than it flutters now. (*Puts letter in her bosom again.*) And I old enough to be sensible! Kitty says he looks young, has no wrinkles, and—(*snatches hand-glass from table and regards herself in it.*) I am not so old, not so very old; without my cap my hair is not ugly. (*Kitty laughs outside. Miss T. throws down the glass agitatedly.*) Oh, he is here, he is in the garden with Kitty! I cannot meet him yet, I require more preparation than I thought I should. (*Kitty and Captain May both laugh.*) They are merry! Kitty and he together—and he comes to see me—something of importance to communicate—and all the girls were in love with him—Kitty is a girl! she played a silly love-song while she talked about him; she considers him young looking, even noticed that he always wore a rosebud; he has a sad face, and she adores sad faces; he went everywhere, she often met him; she became intimate with him; she—oh, what a fool does memory make of a woman! I refused to see the truth,—he comes to America to ask for Kitty's hand! I—I—I cannot meet him thus. (*Kitty laughs.*) They are here! (*Looks about for hiding place. Goes behind screen, where she faces the audience.*)

Enter at folding-doors Captain May and Kitty, laughing.

KITTY. It is a most amusing story, Captain. And so the lady, after all those years, still clung to the man and would not hear a word in his disfavor, although his flirtations were public comment.

CAPT. M. Such is woman's devotion. I was not laughing at her devotion, but at the man's perpetual youth. Ah, yes, a woman's devotion. Now a man's devotion —

KITTY. That is an entirely different matter. We all

know what man's devotion is,—true to one woman all day, in the evening true to another; Anna Maria in May, Susan Jane in June; by October all the names in the American category of feminine loveliness exhausted, and then hey! for Europe and Victorias and Maries.

CAPT. M. You speak as one who has been coached according to the morbidity of some female Byron. Has your aunt —

KITTY. My aunt never coaches any one; she is younger than I am—quite a baby. I continually shock her with my superior knowledge of the world. She is —

CAPT. M. But let us not speak of her. (*Placing seat for Kitty.*) She will be here presently to speak for herself.

KITTY. I don't know why she stays away so long. I—I—(*seating herself*) am growing nervous again.

CAPT. M. (*sitting down.*) Over what I am about to say to you?

KITTY. Th-at depends upon what you are going to say.

CAPT. M. You know why I am here?

KITTY. I cannot say that I do not. I have not told aunty though; I dared not. She has old-fashioned notions about youthful brides.

CAPT. M. Once more permit me to suggest that your aunt be left out of the question. You know why I come to America?

KITTY. Oh, I am so nervous. Yes!

CAPT. M. You know that I come to tell your aunt that a man offers you his heart and fortune?

KITTY (*lowering her head*). Yes.

CAPT. M. I come for more than that; I come to beg you to consider carefully what you are doing. You are plighting yourself for life to *one* man.

KITTY. How horribly serious you are; just like Aunt Agatha.

CAPT. M. I see you will not leave your aunt out.

KITTY. She is leaving herself out at present. I wish she'd come; *she'd* take it serious enough.

CAPT. M. True, your aunt and I belong to a generation that regards youth with more careful eyes than we did twenty years ago. But as I say, I would, dear Kitty, have you view this avowal of love with all due reverence. It is a holy thing —

KITTY (*crying*). And not to be lightly entered into. I know, I know it all; I've read the marriage service ever since I was sixteen. And I know all about the solemnity and "I, M, take thee, N," and all the rest of it. Oh! oh! oh!

CAPT. M. What have I done! Made you miserable? Forgive me! I came on the most blissful of errands,—to speak to you of love and marriage; and see how clumsily I have gone about it. There! there (*trying to pacify her*)!

MISS T. (*behind the screen, takes the letter from her bosom and tears it to pieces, speaking sadly:*) I am old—an old, old woman. Let me take off this frivolous garb. How thankful I am that I have heard him before I met him.

The Captain still pacifying Kitty; Miss T. unperceived slips past the screen, crosses the stage and exits.

CAPT. M. Ah! Now you smile again, and I am forgiven?

KITTY (*knotting her handkerchief*). There isn't anything to forgive, but I forgive you all the same.

CAPT. M. I dare say I made a sad bungle of it.

KITTY. So many elderly people make bungles. They seem to think that we young people haven't a grain of sense, because we don't use it as we use pepper and salt to season everything we are regaled upon.

CAPT. M. I dare say I am elderly.

KITTY. Oh, frightfully.

CAPT. M. While your aunt —

KITTY. You said my aunt should not be brought in. (*Aside.*) I'll bring her in, though.

CAPT. M. I merely remarked —

KITTY. Pardon me! You *meant* to remark —

CAPT. M. That while I—

KITTY. That while you are horribly old —

CAPT. M. Old!

KITTY. Quite a relic. That while you are a second Methuselah, aunty is in the enjoyment of incessant youthfulness. I will not deceive you, Captain May, my Aunt Agatha has discovered the philosopher's stone, and has turned everything into gold, and herself into a being who will never arrive at maturity—I just now told you that she is a baby.

CAPT. M. (*in reverie.*) She used to be very sweet.

KITTY. She's a great deal sweeter now. All the men for miles around rave about her.

CAPT. M. They used to rave about her twenty years ago.

KITTY. It's worse now. An undertaker wants her.

CAPT. M. (*in horror.*) An undertaker wants her! Why—why —

KITTY. Oh, merely to take a house near a college.

CAPT. M. Near a college?

KITTY. So that he may have a brisk trade in the families of the sophomores.

CAPT. M. (*laughing.*) You ridiculous Kitty.

KITTY. Then why did you make me cry.

CAPT. M. Seriously, Kitty, —

KITTY. Seriously, Captain May, —

CAPT. M. Your aunt is very young in appearance, I presume?

KITTY. I have told you twice that she is a baby. She could not be younger than that.

CAPT. M. Younger! Ah—younger looking than—than me, of course?

KITTY. Of course.

Captain M. slyly gets possession of the hand-glass and looks into it.

CAPT. M. And—and —

KITTY. I only wish she would hurry. Younger looking than you! My goodness! wait till you see her!

CAPT. M. She goes out a good deal, eh?

KITTY. Indeed she does.

CAPT. M. She always went out a good deal.

KITTY. She goes once a week to the rectory to make up flannel for the dear little Indians; two days to church; a half day to read to people who never learned the art. The other three days and a half she is occupied in keeping me from saying anything about her to quizzing elderly gentlemen.

CAPT. M. Elderly gentlemen! Do elderly gentlemen come here?

KITTY. There was one here to-day.

CAPT. M. (*putting down glass and rising.*) Yes, Kitty, I am old,—far too old for nonsense, and far too old for you to sit there and laugh at me.

KITTY (*rising and going to him*). Oh, Captain, pray forgive me; you are too dear to me for me to make a jest of —

Enter Miss T. in first dress, and with cap.

MISS T. (*going to Captain M. and smilingly giving him her hand.*) I am very glad to see you, Captain May.

CAPT. M. Agatha—Miss Trelawney, after all these years of absence!

KITTY. Why, aunty, you promised me you'd put on your lovely young robe. You look almost elderly in that thing.

MISS T. I am honored by this visit, Captain May; a visit of business presumably.

CAPT. M. My old friend!

MISS T. You compliment me by calling me such. Time has dealt kindly with you, Captain May.

CAPT. M. Captain May! I should have known you anywhere, Agatha.

MISS T. (*laughing.*) You flatter me. (*Soberly.*) But this matter of importance which you have to communicate? You will pardon me, but I am expected at the rectory —

CAPT. M. (*stiffly.*) Yes, to sew flannel for Indian babies. This welcome quite overpowers me; it is scarcely what one would have looked for after twenty years of separation.

MISS T. I am sorry; but then age makes one practical. And the matter of importance?

CAPT. M. Upon my word, madame!

KITTY (*rubbing her hands*). It's coming! it's coming!

CAPT. M. The matter, madame, is this —

KITTY. Oh! (*Goes to piano and runs her hand over the keys.*)

MISS T. I await your pleasure, Captain May.

CAPT. M. I—ah—ahem! Your niece—ah—ahem!

MISS T. (*cheerfully.*) My niece —

CAPT. M. Has become the object of—a man's devotion.

MISS T. I know it.

KITTY. O aunty, don't fib! Who told you?

CAPT. M. You are apprised of this?

MISS T. Let me not act as though I am in ignorance of anything you may say to me. Besides, I am anxious to get to the rectory. I know all that you would tell me. When you first entered this room with my niece, I was behind that screen, and before I had a chance to escape, heard

something of what you told her. Allow me to congratulate you on the manner in which you have fulfilled your office.

CAPT. M. Then you consent to this marriage?

MISS T. I do, most heartily.

KITTY (*running to her*). Oh, you delicious aunty!

MISS T. (*repulsing her*). Go away, Kitty! go away, I say!

KITTY. Why, Aunt Agatha —

CAPT. M. And I may tell him so?

MISS T. Tell him! Tell whom?

CAPT. M. Jack, my nephew.

MISS T. (*feebly*). Jack, your nephew! What has Jack, your nephew, to do with it?

CAPT. M. Then you do not know the gist of the matter?

KITTY. I knew you were fibbing; you *don't* know it. But you've said I might accept,—Captain May has your word for it. I never told you, but it's Jack May, the Captain's brother's son, my dear Jack!

MISS T. His nephew! Jack (*putting her hand to her head*)!

CAPT. M. Agatha! what is it? Is it possible —

MISS T. I thought—I thought —

CAPT. M. Agatha, tell me—after all these years—my old affection for you—which has never failed —

KITTY. Oh, that's coming, too. (*Runs to piano and plays softly, "When other lips and other hearts," etc.*)

CAPT. M. Speak, speak, Agatha. You thought that Kitty's suitor —

MISS T. Kitty! Kitty!

KITTY. Don't appeal to me; I refuse to have anything to do with you. Only let me tell you that I know your story from beginning to end, Agatha Trelawney, Jack told me. Besides (*playing*), you're in a hurry to get to the rectory.

CAPT. M. (*excitedly*). Agatha, Agatha, tell me—tell me—you thought —

MISS T. From what I overheard I thought—I feared—O Richard, that *you* were Kitty's suitor.

CAPT. M. When I remember twenty years back, Agatha?

He holds his arms out, and Miss T. with a glad cry runs to him, placing her hands before her eyes and resting her head upon his shoulder, Kitty singing "When other lips," etc., as curtain falls.

HE WAS NEVER KNOWN TO SMILE.*

CHARLES BARNARD.

CHARACTERS.

ROYSEROUS PECULIAR JONES, a serious young man.

CLARA, a young thing, engaged to Roysterous.

MRS. ROBERTS, Clara's mother.

DOCTOR COCAINE, a physician of the new school.

SCENE.—*A parlor with entrances at right and left. Simple furniture. Time—Summer afternoon. Modern costumes. After rise of curtain, enter Clara, followed by Mrs. Roberts, at right.*

CLARA. I tell you, mother, I cannot stand it any longer. Dear Roysterous is so grave and solemn that I fear he is not happy. We have been engaged a month, and he has not smiled once.

MRS. ROBERTS. You must do nothing rash, Clara. Marriage is a serious business, and, of course, dear Mr. Jones takes a becoming view of it. I'm sure he *says* he's very happy.

CLARA. Then why don't he smile? No! he never, never smiles. He says it's a waste of time. I'm sure nobody ever accused him of laughing. Didn't I ask him how he pronounced d-o and t-o-o and d-e-w, and how he pronounced the second day of the week?

MRS. R. That's nothing. Anybody knows it's *Tuesday*.

CLARA. Dear Roysterous calmly said Monday, without a smile, and it nearly killed me.

MRS. R. (*seriously*.) I blush for you, Clara. Such light-minded conduct would make any man grave.

CLARA. I shall go to an early grave if this thing goes on. Either Mr. Jones must smile or I shall break off the engagement.

MRS. R. Why not consult Dr. Cocaine? He is to call on me this afternoon. (*Looking at watch*.) It's time he should be here. It may be the young man is the victim of some mental trouble that prevents him from smiling. Besides, you know he's an orphan.

CLARA. Yes, I've heard him say so often.

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MRS. B. Of course, if he's any trouble on his mind, you couldn't marry him.

CLARA. I shall die if I don't, and I'll die if I do.

MRS. R. Then consult Dr. Cocaine. Here he comes now. (*Crossing behind Clara.*) I'll leave you to talk with him and then you can send him to me. Tell him I wish to consult him about my light catarrh. [*Exit Mrs. R., at left.*]

Enter Dr. Cocaine, at right.

DR. COCAINE (*offering hand to Clara*). Ah, good afternoon, Miss Roberts.

CLARA. Good afternoon, Doctor Cocaine. I'm glad you have come.

DR. C. Your mother sent for me. She's at home, I presume. Nothing serious?

CLARA. Oh, dear, no! Only harping on her light catarrh. But before you go to her I want to consult you myself.

DR. C. Why? You're the picture of health.

CLARA. It is not of myself. Doctor, I have a friend.

DR. C. Ah! I thought so,—a young man?

CLARA. I'm engaged to him.

DR. C. I see, I see. What are the symptoms?

CLARA. He never, never smiles.

DR. C. Is he often asked to smile?

CLARA. I have begged him with tears in my eyes to smile, but he will not. I took him to the Eden Musée and carried him to the Chamber of Horrors. It was all in vain. He did not even laugh.

DR. C. This is very sad. What is his name?

CLARA. Jones,—Mr. R. P. Jones.

DR. C. (*surprised*.) Not Roysterous Peculiar Jones? (*Clara nods her head.*) I know his case. At least, I knew it when he was a baby. Listen. 'Tis a gruesome tale.

CLARA. I knew it. I felt sure he had a gruel time when he was a boy. Tell me all.

DR. C. The child's parents died and the infant was left to the care of an untrained nurse in a hospital. I was then a young man and the house surgeon, and seeing that the child was very feeble, I called science to my aid, and to save its life I put the baby in a chicken brooder.

CLARA (*horrified*). Put the child in a hatching machine?

DR. C. In a common incubator.

CLARA. Mercy! Did the child peep?

DR. C. Worse, far worse.

CLARA. O doctor, do not say it! It didn't have pin-feathers?

DR. C. Alas, no! for then it could be shaved. The poor child lived for two months in the sawdust arms of its artificial nurse.

CLARA. My Roysterous brought up in a chicken incubator?

DR. C. Yes, it lived and thrived and finally grew up, but ever since it left that incubator a dreadful incubus has rested on its life.

CLARA. I cannot marry the poor young man in his present sad state; it would kill me, and I shall die if I don't marry him. Tell me what to do.

DR. C. (*after meditating a moment.*) I have it. It's clear Mr. Jones had no natural babyhood.

CLARA. Yes. I've heard that chickens raised in incubators are always sad birds.

DR. C. It's plain his babyhood must be restored to him.

CLARA. Restore his lost babyhood?

DR. C. Certainly. He must learn to play. You must give him a rattle and teach him to play with it.

CLARA. And a jumping-jack?

DR. C. Yes, and teach him cat's cradle and all will be well. (*Starts off.*) Now I must go to your poor mother.

CLARA. Thank you, doctor, for your advice. I will get some toys and play with Mr. Jones the next time he calls.

DR. C. Make him a baby again just for one night. [*Exit.*]

CLARA. Dear little Roysterous. How I shall love him as a baby. It shall have its little jumping-jack and its little rattle. Let me see. My little cousin Dottie must have some toys in Aunt Jane's room. (*A bell heard to ring twice outside.*) There he is now. Dear Roysterous always rings twice to let the other people in the house know he has come to call on me. It saves interruptions. I'll go right up to Aunt Jane's room and borrow some of Dottie's toys, and then I will come down and play with the dear little man. [*Exit Clara.*]

Enter Dr. Cocaine, followed by Mrs. Roberts, at left.

DR. C. I remember the boy perfectly. He lost his natural babyhood.

MRS. R. And poor Clara knows just what to do?

DR. C. Yes. I told her she must teach him to play. He must be a baby or he will never smile again.

MRS. R. We will follow your advice, doctor. I heard the young man's ring just now. You will meet him in the hall as you go out and see what a sad wreck he is.

DR. C. No doubt he'll laugh heartily as soon as you show him the delights of his lost babyhood. [*Bows and exit.*]

MRS. R. (*sitting down.*) How sad! how sad! (*Sobs.*) Never to know the solemn joy of being a baby! (*Sobs.*) Never to crow in glee. (*With motion of tossing a child in her arms.*) Never to be tossed in the air. (*With motion of riding a child on her foot.*) Never to ride cock horse to Banbury Cross. (*Sobs.*) Never to enjoy the measles—or the mumps. (*With motion of dancing a child on her knee.*) Never to be danced on parent knee.

Enter Clara in haste, at right, with a child's rattle, a jumping-jack, and a piece of white string.

CLARA. I had just time to get these things. Dear Rosterous is coming upstairs now. I mean to play with him. You take that (*giving her the string*); it's for cat's cradle.

MRS. R. You are a brave girl. (*Rising.*) I, too, will play with him. Let us begin with the little pigs that went to market.

CLARA. How can we, mother? Mr. Jones would never take off his boots.

MRS. R. How silly you are, Clara. We will play with his dear little fingers.

CLARA. So we will. And how he *will* smile when he sees this jumping-jack. (*Moves down.*)

Enter Mr. Jones, at right, behind Clara.

MR. JONES (*offering hand to Mrs. Roberts*). Good afternoon, Mrs. Roberts. I trust I find you in good health?

MRS. R. Thank you. I'm enjoying my usual light catarrh.

Clara laughs.

MR. J. Good afternoon, Clara. I'm surprised you laugh. Your mother's remark was curious, but not at all funny. Many people are so constituted that they really enjoy a

light catarrh. I knew a man who said he wouldn't eat ice cream if he knew it would kill him. (*Clara laughs.*) I don't see why you laugh. Of course, if the man knew the ice cream would kill him, he would be very unwise to eat it. I'm sure I wouldn't.

MRS. R. My dear, Mr. Jones. We were not all brought up in an incubator.

MR. J. (*to Mrs. R.*) I don't see what that has to do with it. If the ice cream was explosive, the man's remark was quite proper. I said the man said he wouldn't touch another plate of ice cream—he had eaten nine already—if he knew it would kill him. (*To Clara.*) And I'm surprised you laugh at that.

MRS. R. (*taking his hand.*) My son, it is plain your education has been neglected. (*Begins to count his fingers.*) This little pig went to market, and this little pig staid at home.

MR. J. (*pulling his hand away.*) Mrs. Roberts! you surprise me!

CLARA (*showing him the rattle.*) Did the poor little sing miss its baby rattle? (*Trying to put it in his hand.*) Take its little rattle and play with it.

MRS. R. (*making cat's cradle with the string and showing it to Mr. Jones.*) See its grandmuzzer make pretty cat's cradle? Can baby do that?

CLARA (*working the jumping-jack.*) See the funny jumping-jack? Did baby want to play with it?

MRS. R. Perhaps baby wants to ridy ridy with grandmuzzer, and see the wheels go roundy poundy?

MR. J. (*aside, looking from one to the other.*) Poor women! They both love me and it's turned their heads. (*Clara works the jack and shakes the rattle. Mr. Jones watches her for awhile, then says:*) Clara! you're a little goose!

CLARA (*throwing the toys down in anger.*) Roysterous Peculiar Jones! You're a spiteful thing! (*Sobs.*) Only yesterday you called me (*sobs*)—a duck (*sobs*)—and now—you call me a (*sobs*)—a goose. (*Starting off.*) I hate you! there!

[*Exit Clara in a pet, at right.*]

MR. J. What does this mean, ma'am? Do you take me for a baby.

MRS. R. You have insulted my daughter, sir. You called

her a goose. I shall retire, sir, and decline to receive you in my house again till you apologize. A goose, indeed! Next you'll be calling me a gander—no, I mean you'll call me an elderly female goose. I bid you good-evening, sir.

[*Exit Mrs. R., at left.*]

MR. J. (*looking from one door to the other.*) Well! I must say! They're a couple of lunatics. Do they take me for a baby? No. I was an infant at one time, but a real crowing baby, alas! never. (*Looks at toys.*) Stay! There is a deep significance in these things. (*Picks up toys.*) Perhaps Clara was right. Bless her dear heart. She only wanted to make a baby of me. (*Looks from one toy to the other.*) Which is the most interesting? (*Clara enters, unperceived, and looks on. He shakes the rattle.*) How sweetly gay! (*Works the jack.*) Its airy gambols fill me with a strange delight. If I could only watch its playful antics long enough—I should smile.

CLARA (*aside*). Dear little man! He will soon learn to play.

MR. J. Ah! Stay a moment. I have an idea.

CLARA (*coming to him*). Dear Roysterous! how glad I am.

MR. J. Oh! You here? Why are you glad?

CLARA. You said you had an idea.

MR. J. Why is this jumping-jack like a politician?

CLARA. Why is a jumping-jack like a politician? I give it up.

MR. J. Because (*laughs*)—because (*laughs louder*)—because —

CLARA (*embracing him*). Saved! Saved at last!

MR. J. (*working the toy and smiling broadly.*) My poor starved brain yields to these soothing charms. I've forgotten the answer, but it was quite funny.

CLARA. Never mind the answer, love. You have learned to smile, and it's plain you're quite a baby.

[*Curtain falls.*]

NOTE.—An excellent prose reading by the author of the above will be found in "One Hundred Choice Selections No. 21," entitled "THE TELEGRAPHIC SIGNAL." Another in No. 24, entitled, "PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE." Both of these articles originally appeared in *Scribner's Magazine*.

THE BRIDAL WINE CUP.*

CHARACTERS.

BRIDEGROOM.
BRIDE.

JUDGE HARVEY.
GUESTS.

SCENE.—*A handsomely furnished parlor; a bridal company assembled; bridegroom and bride and Judge Harvey, father of the bride. On a marble table are standing decanters and glasses of wine, which are being distributed to the guests. The bride should be beautifully attired in white, and the appearance of the whole company imposing.*

GUESTS. Pledge with wine! Pledge with wine!

JUDGE HARVEY (*in a low tone, advancing toward his daughter*). Yes, Marion, lay aside your scruples for once; the company expect it. Do not so seriously infringe upon the rules of etiquette. In your own home act as you please; but in mine, for this once, please me.

Every eye turns toward the bride.

BRIDE (*smilingly accepting a brimming beaker, and raising it to her lips; then, suddenly starting back, with a piercing voice, exclaims:*). Oh, how terrible!

GUESTS (*in alarm*). What is it? What can it be?

BRIDE (*holding the glass from her and regarding it with horror*). Wait! Wait! I will tell you! I see (*pointing her jeweled finger at the wine*) a sight that beggars description—and yet listen, I will paint it for you if I can. It is a lonely spot,—tall mountains, crowned with verdure, rise in awful sublimity around; a river runs through, and bright flowers grow on the water's edge. There is a thick, warm mist, that the sun seeks vainly to pierce. Trees, lofty and beautiful, wave to the airy motion of the birds; but there a

*From "Excelsior Dialogues," which contains a pleasing variety of original material (for advanced speakers only), combining humor, tragedy, and satire, in ample profusion. It has over a score of bright, sparkling plays, representing familiar scenes and ludicrous situations, arranged especially for easy presentation in the School-room or Lyceum Hall. 376 pages, cloth, price \$1.00.

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group of Indians is gathered—they flit to and fro, with something like sorrow on their dark brows. In their midst lies a manly form; but his cheek, how deathly! his eyes wild with the fire of fever! One friend stands beside him, nay, I should say, kneels, for see, he is pillowing that poor head upon his bosom. Genius in ruin! Oh, the high, holy-looking brow! Why should death mark it, and he so young? Look, how he throws back the damp curls! See him clasp his hands! hear his thrilling shriek for life! mark how he clutches at the form of his companion, imploring to be saved! Oh, hear him call piteously his father's name! See him twine his fingers together as he calls for his sister, the twin of his soul, weeping for him in his distant land! (*The bridal party shrink back, and the Judge sinks, overpowered, to his seat at her side, bowing his head.*) See, his arms are lifted to heaven; he prays, how wildly, for mercy. Hot fever throbs in his veins. The friend beside him is weeping, awe-stricken; the dark men move silently away, and leave the living and dying together. (*Smothered sob from some one. The bride stands upright, with quivering lip and tearful eyes. She draws the glass toward her, and, in a low but awfully distinct voice, goes on.*) It is evening now; the great white moon is coming up, and its beams lie gently on his forehead. He moves not—his eyes are set in their sockets, dim are their piercing glances; in vain his friends whisper the name of father and sister. *Death* is here!—*Death!* and no soft hand, no gentle voice, to bless and soothe him. His head sinks back—one convulsive shudder—he is *dead!* (*A groan runs through the assembly. The bridegroom covers his face and weeps.*) Dead (*in a more broken voice*)! Dead! And there they scoop him a grave, and there, without a shroud, they lay him down on that damp, reeking earth. The only son of a proud father; the only idolized brother of a fond sister (*the Judge groans bitterly*), and he sleeps in that distant country, with no stone to mark the spot. There he lies, *my father's son*, my own *twin-brother*, a victim to this deadly poison. Father (*turning suddenly to Judge H.*), father, shall I drink it now?

JUDGE H. (*in a smothered voice.*) No, no, my child! in God's name, no!

The bride lifts the goblet and drops it to the floor. The guests transfer silently their glasses to the table, without tasting the wine. Looking at the fragments, she turns to the company, saying :

BRIDE. Let no friend, hereafter, who loves me, tempt me to peril my soul for wine. Not firmer are the everlasting hills than my resolve, God helping me, never to touch or taste that terrible poison. And he (*turning to the bridegroom*) to whom I have given my hand, who watched over my brother's dying form in the last solemn hour, and buried the dear wanderer there by the river in that land of gold, will, I trust, sustain me in that resolve. Will you not, my husband?

BRIDEGROOM. Yes, Marion, *God helping me, I will !*

[Tableau as curtain falls.]

NOTE.—The above is dramatized from a reading in "One Hundred Choice Selections No. 2," entitled "PLEDGE WITH WINE."

MAY COURT IN GREENWOOD.—LAURA U. CASE.

CHARACTERS.

MAY QUEEN.

FLORA.

SYLVA.

UNDINE.

LYRA.

THE MAYERS.

COSTUMES.

MAY QUEEN — *White dress ; crown, scepter and garland of flowers*

SYLVA — *White dress, with overdress of green tarlatan, looped with light vines ; wreath, and bouquets of green leaves.*

LYRA — *White dress ; a silver bugle hangs at her side ; she wears a silver coronet.*

FLORA — *White dress, trimmed with flowers ; a wreath of flowers upon her head.*

UNDINE — *White dress, with a long veil of sea-green tissue, like a bridal-veil, dotted with white glass beads, like dew-drops. She wears a coronet of sea-shells.*

SCENE.—*A forest ; a rustic bower, or arbor, at the end of the stage ; in the centre a moss-covered throne, in front of which stands Sylva and Lyra.*

SYLVA. Go, Lyra, and from out thy bugle's throat
Send forth a call whose silvery tones shall float
Adown each leafy corridor, and tell
Thy sister nymphs, in grotto, cave and dell,
To haste to Greenwood bower.

When morning flung her roseate portals wide,
From 'neath the glittering arch was seen to ride
A courier, fleet, who to my wardens told,
The May Queen comes this day, in state, to hold
Her court in Greenwood bower.

Lyra goes out; a bugle blast is heard, first clear, then softly, as though dying in the distance. Sylva passes to the bower, arranging festoons and trailing vines from its arches.

While overhead, through lattice-work of green,
Through tasseled larch, and aspen's silvery sheen,
At hide-and-seek the merry sunbeams play,
With feathery ferns, green moss, and lichens gray,
I'll deck my Greenwood bower.

Enter Lyra, Undine, and Flora.

UNDINE. And has the May-day come?

FLORA. I only know
That where the sweetest buds and blossoms grow
The Mayers came for flowers.

LYRA. The Queen was seen
This very morn, upon the village green,
To lead the dance. The magpie, chattering dame,
Had brought the joyous news, and when I came
I heard the rarest strains of melody;
Each bird was warbling forth, from bush and tree,
The May Queen's praise.

UNDINE. Adown the glen, last night,
I saw a nymph-like seraph take her flight;
The moonbeams lit her face, where roses red
Seemed washed, by tears, to lily's snow, instead;
And yet there hovered, still, the tender trace
Of smiles, about the youthful, artless face.
She ever backward looked, and wept anew,
And fast, and faster, down the woodland flew.

FLORA. 'Twas April, sure!

LYRA. Ah, yes, like petted child,
She ever laughed to cry, and, sobbing, smiled.
You pitied grief, her laughter rang instead;
You sued for smiles, she, weeping, hung her head.

FLORA. The fickle-hearted thing! and yet how sweet
Her coming seemed!

LYRA. Ha! ha! the gay retreat
The old March made! He never turned, not he,
To see who his successor fair might be,

But fumed and stormed,—

FLORA. And 'neath his angry tread,
My brave-heart crocuses lay crushed and dead!

LYRA. He chilled my songsters till their trilling notes
Were well-nigh frozen music in their throats.

FLORA. He very lamb-like came a month before,
But lion-like he went, with blustering roar.

UNDINE. We all will hail with happy hearts the day
That brings us once again the merry May.

ALL. The merry, merry month of May!

SYLVA (*coming forward*). I ween,
If truth ye speak, no fitter sight was seen
Than that each woodland nymph should haste to bring,
To grace the May Queen's court, an offering.
Go forth, and seek the choice, the rare, the sweet,
And lay your treasures at the May Queen's feet.

*Lyra, Undine, and Flora go out. Singing is heard without.
Enter Queen and the Mayers. Two little girls walk before the
Queen, scattering flowers in her path. The Mayers follow,
singing:*

Tune, "Fair as the Morning."

Come to the woodland, Queen of the May,
Realm of the Twilight, sister of Day,
Haunt of the dryad, home of the fay,
Beautiful Greenwood bower!

Chorus. Sweet and clear as chime of fairy bells,
Song and laughter floating through the dells
Rouses the cavern, where Echo dwells,
Echo, the elfin-king!

SYLVA (*to Queen*).

To Greenwood bower, on this thy festive day,
I bid thee welcome. Welcome, Queen of May!

QUEEN. Thanks, goddess, for thy courtesy. I ween
No loyal subject e'er saluted queen
In kindlier phrase.

SYLVA (*leading Queen to throne*).

And wilt thou seated be,
Upon the mossy throne I've reared for thee?

Enter Flora, with basket of flowers.

FLORA. While from the glad earth the flowers are springing,
Greeting with fragrance this beautiful day,

I, Flora, their goddess, am come to thee bringing
 This tribute of love to the Queen of the May.
 Over the mountains, and where, through the valleys
 Streamlets on silver feet run to the sea,
 Where on the lakelet's breast float the pond-lilies,
 I've wandered and gathered my treasures for thee.

QUEEN. Thanks, Flora, for the precious gift of flowers,
 Bright emblems of a fairer world than ours.

Enter Lyra, with harp made of white flowers.

LYRA. The minstrel harp that through all time
 In tones of rich, enchanted measure,
 Has breathed its symphonies sublime,
 I bring, as Lyra's choicest treasure.
 In beauty's praise its notes would swell,
 As softly sweet as zephyr's sighing;
 Or, like a rolling anthem, tell
 The fame of warrior, bravely dying.
 And when with trembling touch, the strings
 Were swept, as dark death dimmed the vision,
 Its sweetest strains, like angels' wings,
 Would waft the soul to fields Elysian.

QUEEN. I take thy gift, I deem it true,
 The brightest links of life might sever,
 And pain us less, than if we knew
 The voice of song were hushed forever.

*Enter Undine, with casket of gems in one hand, and a branch of
 purple fan-coral in the other.*

UNDINE. Rare is the gift that I bring to thee,
 Gems from a mermaid, under the sea.
 In a coral-grove, where jewels bright
 Glitter and gleam like the stars at night,
 Veiled like a nun by her shining hair,
 She has dwelt for ages in beauty there;
 Over her neck, when the world was young,
 A rosary rare, old Neptune flung,—
 A necklace of gems, so rich and clear,
 To symbol the months of the shining year;
 Next to the emerald, April, lay
 A diamond, christened beautiful May;
 Brighter than ruby, the June-gem, shone
 The beautiful May, the peerless stone.

QUEEN. Thou'rt fair as the sea-maid, thyself, I ween;
I'll treasure the gift thou hast brought, Undine.
(*Rising.*) When cares shall surround us, as youth shall de-
part,
When frosty December comes, chilling the heart,
How fondly we'll cherish the dreams of the day
We met in the woodlands, to welcome the May.

All the characters join in some pretty dance, and lead the Queen off the stage, while singing the following song to some lively air. If no other tune suggests itself, see "Autumn Song," in "The Linnet," published by John Church & Co., Cincinnati.

MERRY MAY HAS COME.

Sing, sing, sing! the merry May has come!
With silver song and gleeful shout,
We weave our dances in and out,
And wind our lovely queen about;
For the merry May has come!

Sing, sing, sing! the merry May has come!
And, just as they, in days of old,
To Flora brought their budding gold,
Now, lovely queen, our gifts behold;
For the merry May has come!

Sing, sing, sing! the merry May has come!
And gaily through the speeding year,
With shout and dance and songs of cheer,
We'll sound thy praises, queen most dear;
For the merry May has come!

DRAMATIO SUPPLEMENT

—TO—

One Hundred Choice Selections, No. 15

A SOFT BLACK OVERCOAT WITH A VELVET COLLAR.*—ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

CHARACTERS.

MR. AND MRS. EDWARD GRAMMERCY.

MR. AND MRS. EDWARD BRAITHWAITE.

SCENE.—*Parlor in a hotel. Enter Mrs. Grammercy, carrying a black overcoat on her arm; in her hands a letter and a fan.*

MRS. GRAMMERCY (*seating herself*). I shall certainly expire! (*Searching overcoat pockets.*) Yet I would know the worst. Nothing more, then? (*Throwing overcoat on chair and rising.*) Here is a fan; on the sticks in golden letters is the name "Fanny!" Here is a note: "Dearest Edward, I shall be ready in time to accompany you to the lecture." Signed, "Fanny." Who is Fanny? Her fan in my husband's coat-pocket along with a note calling him her dearest Edward! O Edward Grammercy, my husband of a year, and so outrageous! Still I must be calm, I must be quiet; by using a little tact I shall find out all, then away to papa I go. There (*listening*)! that sounds like Edward's step! Now, to act my part! But he must not see this coat (*throwing it behind sofa*). Oh, I am sure I shall expire!

Enter, excitedly, Mr. Grammercy; he does not perceive his wife and walks up and down.

GRAMMERCY. The idea! Any man to so accuse me!

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MRS. GRAM. (*aside.*) A man to accuse him! Wait till a woman accuses him. (*Aloud.*) Edward!

GRAM. Ah, Ada, you there? Ah—by the way, where is my overcoat?

MRS. GRAM. Your overcoat?

GRAM. The soft black one with a velvet collar,—the one I asked you to sew a button on.

MRS. GRAM. The one you wore last night to the lecture which my previous engagement with my cousin prevented my attending?

GRAM. Where is that coat?

MRS. GRAM. (*aside.*) I must be calm. (*Aloud.*) What do you want with it, Edward?

GRAM. I want to see it—that is, I mean—oh, I mean nothing (*striding up and down*).

MRS. GRAM. (*aside.*) This excitement of his is simply fear. (*Aloud.*) What is the matter, Edward?

GRAM. Where is that overcoat, Ada?

MRS. GRAM. (*turning and putting fan and letter in her pocket.*) I haven't it.

GRAM. (*aside.*) I must not let her know that I am anxious about it. (*Aloud.*) Ada, would you like to go to the theatre this evening?

MRS. GRAM. (*aside.*) He thinks he will blindfold me. (*Aloud.*) Did you enjoy last evening's lecture, dear? Ahem!

GRAM. (*aside.*) What ails her? (*Aloud.*) Had you been with me I should have enjoyed it more, love.

MRS. GRAM. (*aside.*) What perfidy! (*Aloud.*) I suppose so, darling. Yet surely you were not lonely? Ahem!

GRAM. I believe there were a thousand people there.

MRS. GRAM. Who were they?

GRAM. You don't suppose I was the one intimate friend of the whole thousand, do you?

MRS. GRAM. I am sure you are very snappish.

GRAM. What ails your temper this morning, Ada?

MRS. GRAM. I might return that question to you, Edward, for you are acting remarkably; almost like a man with something on his mind.

GRAM. (*aside.*) Something on my mind? Yes, a serious accusation by a strange man. (*Aloud.*) A beautiful way to speak, Ada.

MRS. GRAM. I presume so. Now if Fanny — (*Pauses.*)

GRAM. Fanny? Fanny what?

MRS. GRAM. Merely Fanny.

GRAM. Merely Fanny, or Fanny Merely?

MRS. GRAM. Edward do not jest! I said Fanny.

GRAM. I know you did.

MRS. GRAM. And I mean Fanny! (*Taking fan from her pocket and fanning herself.*) I am very warm. Ahem!

GRAM. Ada, I insist upon being told what all this means. And I don't like your "ahems," either!

MRS. GRAM. This fan —

GRAM. What of that fan?

MRS. GRAM. It is not one of my fans.

GRAM. Do you wish to confess to me, a lawyer, that you have confiscated the property of some lady unknown to me? If that is what you mean —

MRS. GRAM. (*going to him and snapping fan at him.*) Oh, you perfidious man! you terrible creature! How dare you pretend ignorance as to this fan, and accuse me of confiscating, as though I were an army? And I will "ahem" as much as I please! Ahem! ahem! Oh! oh! [*Exit Mrs. G.*]

GRAM. In the name of all that's sensible, what am I to make of this odd behavior? Has Ada had a quarrel with somebody named Fanny?—or what is it? But I must not think of these trivialities; a grave charge is brought against me. A few minutes ago a stranger rushes up to me in the street and asks to see my overcoat. He informs me that he sat beside me at the lecture last evening, and that I would save him considerable annoyance if I would return to him the coat I wore home. The scoundrel! I wish I had knocked him down! He further imparted to me the valuable information that if I let him have the coat I would set at rest the mind of a lady. I run home and ask Ada for the coat in a manner calculated to disarm suspicion,—for I feared something of a compromising nature had become connected with my overcoat during the lecture last evening. Not to give Ada the least alarm, I acted with the utmost delicacy, and see what has come of it! (*Enter Mrs. Braithwaite.*) Madame, your pardon!

MRS. BRAITHWAITE (*wildly*). Pray do not let me disturb

you, sir; I wouldn't disturb any one for the world; I know too well what it is to be disturbed. I—I—(*looking anxiously around.*) Excuse me, sir; I am a stranger here,—having arrived but yesterday. I have no friends in this place. May I ask you if you know any vipers?

GRAM. Vipers, did you say.

MRS. BRAITH. No, no; I did not mean that. I meant to say that I wish I might gain a little advice from you. For you are certainly a gentleman; and unconventional as I may appear in thus addressing you, I—I —

GRAM. Any service which I can be instrumental in rendering you, will be done with pleasure.

MRS. BRAITH. Where can I find a lawyer?

GRAM. I am an attorney-at-law.

MRS. BRAITH. You are?

GRAM. I am.

MRS. BRAITH. Then divorce me!

GRAM. Madame!

MRS. BRAITH. Listen, sir! I am a bride, and yet there have been terrible doings on the part of my husband, Edward Braithwaite, who is also a lawyer. My proofs of his treachery will be forthcoming at the proper time. I merely desire that you will let me retain you as my counsel.

GRAM. Before assenting to that proposition, I would ask you to consider the seriousness of a legal separation; no whim, no trifling difference of opinion should break the bonds of matrimony.

MRS. BRAITH. I am determined! I shall have another lawyer if you refuse me as a client.

GRAM. But I do not refuse. I merely wish you to think deeply of this. I see that at present you are quite excited.

MRS. BRAITH. Excited! I never was calmer. Ha! ha!

GRAM. Here is my card, madame. My office is in the next street. A hotel parlor is scarcely the proper place for confidential disclosures. Good morning. [*Exit Grammercy.*

MRS. BRAITH. I am afire with indignation! No, Edward can never be anything to me after this! The idea of his overcoat-pocket,—a bridegroom's overcoat-pocket,—having in it a photograph of a lady who is not his mother, or sister, or homeliest cousin! And that photograph to have scribed

bled on it in bold, high-shouldered writing, "For Edward," and signed, "Ada." (*Taking photograph from pocket and regarding it.*) Oh, you horrid thing! I'm sure you have freckles! Ugh! (*Enter Mr. Braithwaite.*) If I had you here at this moment, I should pull your back hair!

BRAITHWAITE. Fanny!

MRS. BRAITH. Sir!

BRAITH. Still angry?

MRS. BRAITH. (*laughing.*) I am not angry; I'm cheerful.

BRAITH. Don't laugh in that fashion, Fanny; you make me shiver.

MRS. BRAITH. (*laughing.*) Yes? (*Groaning.*) Yes? Ah, me!

BRAITH. Now that you are calmer, I will have the explanation which you refused to give me an hour ago.

MRS. BRAITH. (*laughing.*) Will you?

BRAITH. I tell you, Fanny, not to laugh that way if you love me.

MRS. BRAITH. (*laughing.*) Suppose my merriment is the expression of my estimation of you?

BRAITH. Fanny!

MRS. BRAITH. Don't harp on my name so! Answer me one question—whose picture is this?

BRAITH. I answer as I answered you an hour ago, that I cannot tell you.

MRS. BRAITH. You mean you *will* not. I told you an hour ago that your answer was very interesting. I tell you so now. Why the picture has your name on the back of it,—“Edward,”—in the brazenest of letters, and I found it in your overcoat pocket.

BRAITH. Say, rather, that you found it in the pocket of a soft black overcoat with a velvet collar. I have told you that last night at the lecture there sat beside me a man whose coat was similar to mine, and I fear he took mine in exchange for his own. I met him on the street a little while ago, and he was very indignant when I taxed him with it, and hurried away from me.

MRS. BRAITH. Had he the overcoat on when you met him this morning?

BRAITH. He certainly had not.

MRS. BRAITH. (*sarcastically.*) I presume not.

BRAITH. Fanny, don't further insult me.

MRS. BRAITH. Insult you! There is the card of my lawyer (*showing the card of Mr. Grammercy*). To-day I apply for a divorce!

BRAITH. After this exposure—after retaining a lawyer, I don't care what you do. You have hopelessly injured me.

MRS. BRAITH. Then tell me who "Ada" is!

BRAITH. I have told you all I intend to tell you.

MRS. BRAITH. Then I go to my lawyer! [*Exit Mrs. B.*]

BRAITH. Never before was there such an outraged man as I am! I wish I had knocked down that fellow whom I now sincerely believe for a sinister purpose exchanged his overcoat for mine. The thing has rather an ugly look for me. And what would Fanny say if she knew that in an inside pocket of the overcoat I wore home from the lecture, I found this silver fruit-knife (*producing it*)? It is marked "Ada, from Edward." Edward! my name! And yet—well, let Fanny do her worst; she never loved me, that is patent. And this is our bridal-trip, too! And she has engaged a lawyer, has she? What a vile scamp he must be to undertake such a case!

Enter Mrs. Grammercy, weeping.

MRS. GRAM. Oh, the heartlessness of the man!

BRAITH. (*aside.*) Eh? what is this?

MRS. GRAM. (*looking up.*) Oh!

BRAITH. Excuse me, madame.

MRS. GRAM. Oh, I thought no one was here. I—I—I—

BRAITH. Really, madame, if you are in distress —

MRS. GRAM. I am in distress. I—I have a toothache.

BRAITH. I will retire.

MRS. GRAM. Stay, please!

BRAITH. If I can be of any service to you in your suffering—if I might recommend a dentist —

MRS. GRAM. I do not want a dentist, but a legal adviser.

BRAITH. A legal adviser for the toothache?

MRS. GRAM. I deceive you, sir; it is my heart, not my tooth. I am a wife seeking separation from her husband.

BRAITH. (*aside.*) By Jove! that's my own wife's position.

MRS. GRAM. Did you speak, sir?

BRAITH. I merely observed that separation is a very serious affair for some of us. I would advise a woman to

think twice before she seeks the interference of the law in her connubial difficulties.

MRS. GRAM. You advise it! A man's advice!

BRAITH. A man's—but a lawyer's.

MRS. GRAM. A lawyer! You are a lawyer?

BRAITH. I have the right to call myself one.

MRS. GRAM. Then I engage you as my counsel.

BRAITH. But, madame, I do not practise in this city.

MRS. GRAM. Have you no sympathy for a suffering wife whose husband has treated her shamefully?—whose husband married her while caring deeply for some one else?

BRAITH. Eh? What? The brute!

MRS. GRAM. Who carries with him dainty little evidences of his attachment —

BRAITH. The scoundrel!

MRS. GRAM. Who accuses his wife of an unreasonable temper simply because she has a natural curiosity to know who the admired person is.

BRAITH. Say no more, madame; rely upon me for any aid which it may be in my power to afford. I am a guest in this hotel; I will see you again shortly. At the present moment I am somewhat perturbed owing to trouble which has overtaken me.

MRS. GRAM. You are in trouble! Pardon me, but you have been so sympathetic in my own unhappiness, that if I might assist you —

BRAITH. This is very womanly, and, believe me, much appreciated, Mrs.—Mrs. —

MRS. GRAM. Mrs. Grammercy, sir.

BRAITH. It is extremely good of you, Mrs. Grammercy. Women understand women, and my trouble is caused by one of your sex. Know then, that my wife has conceived a most extraordinary jealousy of me.

MRS. GRAM. I blush for the unreasonableness of women.

BRAITH. She insists that I fondly care for a lady who is unknown to her.

MRS. GRAM. How ridiculous many wives are.

Enter Mrs. Braithwaite, unperceived, with bonnet and shawl on.

BRAITH. My wife informs me that she intends to be separated from me by legal process.

MRS. GRAM. Let her do as she will; a woman of so little strength of character deserves small consideration, it appears to me.

MRS. BRAITH. (*aside.*) So I have little strength of character, have I (*hiding behind sofa*)?

BRAITH. She is stronger than you think.

MRS. BRAITH. (*looking over sofa; aside.*) She certainly is.

BRAITH. Indeed, I am so much out of sorts that I will leave you for awhile. I shall see you this evening after dinner. I must walk off my present perturbation.

MRS. BRAITH. (*aside.*) Oh, you will see her this evening, after dinner, will you? Now who is she? [*Exit Mr. B.*]

MRS. GRAM. A most sympathetic man. (*Mrs. Braithwaite comes front.*) A man whom any woman might be proud of.

MRS. BRAITH. (*aside.*) Indeed? (*Mrs. Grammercy facing her.*) The original of the photograph! (*Aloud.*) I have little strength of character, have I? Who are you?

MRS. GRAM. You are offensively peremptory.

MRS. BRAITH. I wish to know who you are.

MRS. GRAM. And I have no wish to gratify you.

MRS. BRAITH. I saw you talking with a gentleman who has just left this room.

MRS. GRAM. Did you?

MRS. BRAITH. Don't deny it!

MRS. GRAM. I have no such intention.

MRS. BRAITH. How dare you speak to that gentleman?

MRS. GRAM. How dare you ask me how I dare?

MRS. BRAITH. Tell me your name!

MRS. GRAM. I refuse to do so!

MRS. BRAITH. (*snatching Mrs. G.'s handkerchief.*) I will know! Ah! I thought so—"A. G."—your name is Ada!

MRS. GRAM. On the top of what I am already suffering, this impertinence is overwhelming. (*Pulls fan from her pocket and fans herself vigorously.*)

MRS. BRAITH. (*with an exclamation.*) What! That fan!

MRS. GRAM. (*suspiciously.*) This fan? Well?

MRS. BRAITH. Where did you get that fan?

MRS. GRAM. Do you know where I got this fan?

MRS. BRAITH. That is my fan!

MRS. GRAM. Is it possible that your name is Fanny?

MRS. BRAITH. You know me, then?

MRS. GRAM. I should think I do! Oh, you dreadful traitress, to separate me from the man I love!

MRS. BRAITH. You acknowledge that you love him?

MRS. GRAM. I have for two years simply adored him.

MRS. BRAITH. What an astounding confession to make!

MRS. GRAM. Astounding?—why has he not been my husband for more than a year?

MRS. BRAITH. (*fainting.*) Oh! oh! His wife! I married him one week ago! (*Falls on sofa.*)

MRS. GRAM. Now—now for my lawyer!

Exit Mrs. Grammercy. A short pause, then Mr. Grammercy enters.

GRAM. I believe my troubles are softening my brain; I feel oozy all over. (*Noticing Mrs. Braithwaite.*) Why what is the matter here?

MRS. BRAITH. (*reviving.*) Oh, sir, I have had such a terrible experience with the blighter of my happiness. She has just left me.

GRAM. (*his hand to his head.*) My brains are leaving me. I am in no condition to hear anything; I—I am going crazy.

MRS. BRAITH. I have no one to whom I can speak; I am a stranger,—a poor sad bride. Let me confide in you.

Enter Mrs. Grammercy, unobserved, with bonnet and shawl on, and remains in an obscure place.

GRAM. I would not willingly refuse to hear you, but —

MRS. BRAITH. I have said that she was here. Such a violent creature as she is. She had the audacity to confess that for two years she has simply adored my dearest one.

GRAM. She is audacious indeed, and plainly intends to give all the trouble that she can. But I can hear no more, my brain is liquefying, and besides I am looking for a man.

MRS. BRAITH. I—I am growing faint again. Will you—may I ask you to escort me to my room door? (*Mr. Grammercy assists her from the room.*)

MRS. GRAM. (*tearing fan to pieces.*) Oh! oh! oh!

Enter Mr. Braithwaite.

BRAITH. Mrs. Grammercy!

MRS. GRAM. I was going in search of you, sir. I'm so

glad you've come! I've just seen my husband and the lady;

BRAITH. Together?

MRS. GRAM. In this room!

BRAITH. Such effrontery!

MRS. GRAM. Effrontery? The English language hasn't a word to express it! Let me tell you all.

BRAITH. At the same time, Mrs. Grammercy, I am scarcely calm enough to hear you; I am in search of a man who last night purloined one of my garments.

MRS. GRAM. Such is man! The small matter of an abstracted garment can steel his heart against the throes of concrete misery.

BRAITH. But you don't understand the bearings of the case. (*Enter Mrs. Braithwaite, supported by Mr. Grammercy, unobserved.*) The facts are that my wife —

MRS. GRAM. Oh, that ridiculous woman!

MRS. BRAITH. (*aside.*) I have little strength of character and am ridiculous, eh?

GRAM. (*aside.*) My wife with that man?

BRAITH. I have not told you all my sorrow, dear madame.

MRS. GRAM. Nor have I told you all mine. I have a most terrible husband.

GRAM. (*aside.*) She refers thus to me! oh!

BRAITH. And I have a terrible wife.

MRS. BRAITH. (*aside.*) That's me! oh!

MRS. GRAM. My husband and your wife should be together; they are well matched. Sir, I am resolved on a separation from my husband.

BRAITH. And I shall soon be separated from my wife. (*Searching his pockets.*) Yet for the woman I love —

MRS. BRAITH. (*aside.*) He refers to her!

BRAITH. I would make an end of myself with this silver fruit-knife (*pulling out knife*)!

MRS. GRAM. My silver fruit-knife!

BRAITH. Your knife?

MRS. GRAM. It has my name engraved on it!

BRAITH. What! I have found Ada?

MRS. BRAITH. (*coming forward.*) You have found Ada, and you have found me!

GRAM. (*advancing.*) And I have found you, sir!

MRS. GRAM. Edward!

MRS. BRAITH. Don't presume, madame, to address my husband by that name!

MRS. GRAM. *Your* husband? *My* husband!

MRS. BRAITH. How dare you, Ada?

MRS. GRAM. How dare you, Fanny?

MRS. BRAITH. (*holding up photo.*) Behold your picture!

MRS. GRAM. Where did you get that?

MRS. BRAITH. From my husband's pocket!

BRAITH. (*running to Grammercy.*) I want my coat!

GRAM. (*grappling with him.*) I want you!

MRS. BRAITH. Edward!

MRS. GRAM. Edward!

MRS. BRAITH. Stop calling my husband Edward!

MRS. GRAM. He's not your husband; he's *my* husband!

BRAITH. I will take your life with this silver fruit-knife!

GRAM. Stab away! Silver fruit-knives have never been known to cut anything! I want to settle a little matter with you, sir.

BRAITH. I want my coat; you took it instead of your own last night after the lecture (*struggling*)!

MRS. GRAM. Edward, do you hear me?

MRS. BRAITH. Stop calling my husband!

MRS. GRAM. My husband, stop fighting; I love you, and only you!

MRS. BRAITH. Edward, stop for *my* sake; your bride's sake!

MRS. GRAM. Edward, I have adored you for two years!

MRS. BRAITH. You horrible Ada!

MRS. GRAM. You outrageous Fanny! There (*throwing ruined fan and note at her feet*)!

MRS. BRAITH. (*throwing photograph to the floor.*) There! My fan and my note to my husband!

GRAM. Villain! where did you get that silver fruit-knife which I presented to my wife?

BRAITH. Scoundrel! I found it in the pocket of the coat which you left instead of my own last night.

GRAM. I left no coat instead of yours.

MRS. GRAM. My husband is no thief!

MRS. BRAITH. *Your* husband?

BRAITH. Your husband, Mrs. Grammercy?

GRAM. Do you refer to me, or to this gentleman, Ada?

MRS. BRAITH. Ada!

BRAITH. Ada!

MRS. GRAM. Oh, Edward, a light breaks in upon me! A soft black overcoat with a velvet collar?

BRAITH. Mine!

GRAM. Mine!

MRS. GRAM. I threw it behind that sofa.

MRS. BRAITH. (*running and getting it.*) My husband's coat,—Edward Braithwaite's!

MRS. GRAM. Edward's! *my* husband's!

BRAITH. That's my coat; here's my name inside the collar-loop; and here's the missing button I tore off last night.

MRS. GRAM. Which button I was asked to sew on. Oh, I see it all—I see it all!

MRS. BRAITH. I am faint; what do you see?

MRS. GRAM. Oh, they exchanged coats; *my* husband's had in the pocket my picture and my fruit-knife.

MRS. BRAITH. *My* husband's had in its pocket my fan and my note. Oh, our insane jealousy!

GRAM. I see it all, Ada!

BRAITH. So do I, Fanny!

GRAM. Forgive me, Mr. Braithwaite!

BRAITH. Forgive me, Mr. Grammercy!

MRS. BRAITH. (*running to her husband.*) And to think that we were both about being legally separated.

MRS. GRAM. (*running to Grammercy.*) What a ridiculous creature is a jealous woman! I love my husband more than ever.

MRS. BRAITH. So do I.

MRS. GRAM. *My* husband, madame?

MRS. BRAITH. Oh, you know what I mean. Everything is confusion.

BRAITH. It has all grown plain.

MRS. GRAM. Yes, as plain as it can be made by —

MRS. BRAITH. By what?

BRAITH. By a soft black overcoat —

GRAM. With a velvet collar!

All shaking hands and laughing, as curtain falls.

THE ROUGH DIAMOND.—BUCKSTONE.

ABRIDGED AND ADAPTED FOR PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

CHARACTERS.

SIR WILLIAM EVERGREEN.
CAPT. AUGUSTUS BLENHEIM.

COUSIN JOE.
MARGERY.

SCENE.—*A handsome centre-door apartment in the Villa of Sir William Evergreen, with corresponding furniture. A flower-stand, with a variety of flowers; table, with books, etc. Enter Sir William and Capt. Blenheim, the latter in undress military uniform.*

SIR WILLIAM. I pity you, from my heart, you have lost a treasure; but you should see the one that I have found.

CAPT. BLENHEIM. You are married, I hear.

SIR W. Yes, I also formed an attachment to a young girl that I idolized. You have known me some years; I was leaving college shortly after you entered, and you know how I have ever prized education; that it has ever been my watchword, my constant theme. When I had a seat in Parliament—I don't sit now, but that's not my fault, but when I did sit—my constant agitation was education. Educate, said I, educate. That is the panacea for every social evil.

CAPT. B. I have read your speeches.

SIR W. You should have heard them! Will you hear one now?

CAPT. B. Don't trouble yourself.

SIR W. Well, after dinner, one day, sir, riding through the country, my horse stumbled; I was thrown violently; my head encountered the edge of a stone wall; the wall being the hardest, I was the only sufferer. Stunned and bleeding, I was carried to a farm-house; my injuries were so severe that I was compelled to remain there for some weeks; the farmer's daughter constantly waited upon me, paid so much attention, so amused me, so anticipated my every wish; in short, made herself so necessary to my comfort, that —

CAPT. B. You — (*Lays his hand upon his heart.*)

SIR W. Exactly! I used to watch her every action as I

reclined on my sofa ; she was rude and odd, but there was a heartiness in her nature, and comeliness in her person, that pleased me,—that really fascinated me, until at last I began rather to love her.

CAPT. B. You love an uneducated country girl ?

SIR W. It was silly, wasn't it ? But we are not our own masters in such matters ; however, don't laugh at me yet. I anticipated the pleasure of rightly directing her mind ; of the happiness of possessing a subject upon which to practise my favorite theory. I pictured a whole life of felicity in educating the object of my affection.

CAPT. B. For which purpose you married her.

SIR W. I did, to the great disgust of all my friends and relatives.

CAPT. B. But you found happiness in combining the characters of husband and tutor ?

SIR W. I surrounded her with masters,—an English master, French master, a music master, a dancing master, a singing master, a philosophical lecturer, and a political economist.

CAPT. B. And what has been her progress ?

SIR W. Her progress has been entirely stationary, I can do nothing with her, she seems to rejoice in her ignorance, and although I sometimes think she has a capacity for learning, my hopes have been so often disappointed that I now give her up. She is a female Orson, sir, although I confess I was once her Valentine. (*Margery laughs, without.*) There she is.

CAPT. B. Very merry at any rate.

SIR W. Oh, she is merry enough ; but, my dear sir, with my delicacy, as regards conduct in society, conceive my agony in possessing a wife who is as wild as an unbroken colt. She finds a nickname for everybody, and persists in being called by her Christian name of —

CAPT. B. Of what ?

SIR W. I am ashamed to tell you !—Margery.

CAPT. B. Margery !

SIR W. I have tried to persuade her to change it to Matilda, or Margaretta, but all in vain. Her mother's name was Margery, her grandmother's name was Margery, her name is

Margery, and Margery she will be to the end of the chapter.

MARGERY (*heard without*). Now come along, Jack; and you, Tom, mind how you carry my kitten.

Enter Margery, in a fashionably made dress, which she wears very awkwardly, followed by two servants,—Tom, who carries a kitten, and Jack.

MARGERY. Now, Jack, mind what you say; how many pigs are there in the last litter?—Oh, I know, eight. You may send one to my cousin Joe,—I'll tell you where he lives by-and-by; two to my old dad; and one to Betsy Bundle, my old play-fellow. The three black ones I shall have in the parlor to play with.

SIR W. Pigs in the parlor to play with! Lady Evergreen, do you not perceive a visitor?

MARG. Wait a minute, I'll speak to him presently. (*To Jack.*) Do as I bid you. (*Exit Jack.*) Tom, give my kitten a lunch, and turn all the young terriers loose upon the lawn, because I like to see them tumble over one another. There, go. (*Exit Tom.*) Well, sir (*to Captain Blenheim*), how do you do, sir, and how are you, and who are you?

SIR W. My dear, my dear, do think of your station; this is an old friend of mine, we were at college together. Captain Blenheim, Lady Evergreen.

MARG. (*dropping a very awkward country courtesy.*) Hope you are well, sir; fine weather for the hay, and nothing looks better yet than the *taters*.

SIR W. Hush, hush! don't talk, my dear.

MARG. Then what did you bring him here for?

CAPT. B. I'm delighted in being introduced to the wife of my old friend.

MARG. Well, I ain't sorry to see you, if you come to that, if only for a bit of a change, for my Billy, here, seldom lets anybody come visiting; and I often ask him why he don't have a few friends, now and then, to kick up a bit of a bobbery.

SIR W. My dear —

MARG. I will talk. He says I'm too rough to mix up with his sort, and that he can't bring them here, nor take me 'mongst them till I'm polished up, but I'm afraid I shall

take so much polishing that I shall be worn out before I'm bright as he wants me to be.

CAPT. B. I trust not, madam.

SIR W. My dear, will you go into ——

MARG. Not just yet; if I talk a little more now, to the gentleman, he'll get used to me, and won't notice my *grammar*, and I'm not going to stand mumchance or try to talk that horrid gibberish you've been a-trying to teach me when I've got a good English tongue of my own. Please don't mind *us*, sir; man and wife, you know, when in company, often have a few snaps at each other on the sly, and as it's nobody's business but their own, why of course *you* don't want to know what *we're*-snapping about, do you?

CAPT. B. Certainly not, my lady.

MARG. Of course, I suppose you've been educated, ain't you?

CAPT. B. Your husband and I were at college together.

MARG. I know what you mean,—you were school-fellows. I dare say you're glad to see each other. I know I should be very glad to see Cousin Joe; we were school-fellows, too—used to go to old mother Tickles, at the big house in the village, close to the duck pond—many and many's the time I've pushed him into it up to his knees. Oh, Lud, it was so *bong*,—*bong*, that's a bit of French; do you understand it, sir (*crossing the room*)?

SIR W. (*who has come up behind the Captain.*) Don't you, don't you pity me?

CAPT. B. I think her charming; it's natural gaiety of the heart, nothing more.

SIR W. No, no, you are pleased to compliment.

MARG. Holloa! you're a-whispering. Where's your manners?—whispering before a lady, is that your *education*, my dear?

SIR W. Well, my dear friend, I shall expect you to dine with us to-day.

MARG. Yes, do come and take pot luck.

SIR W. Lady Evergreen, I implore you ——

MARG. If he knows what I mean, what's the matter? You'll come, won't you? (*Coming up to Captain B.*) Oh, do! and bring some of the *sogers* with you—I like *sogers*. What are you? a sharp-shooter, or what do you call 'em?

CAPT. B. In the infantry, madam.

MARG. Infant—infant—try. What! oh! aye! *younguns* in arms.

SIR W. No, no, my dear.

MARG. I know, bless you, but I like what I used to see in the country. The—the—yo—ho--no—zo—ho, sailors, the yeomanry—that's it. I like *them* best. Such red jackets with yellow insides and things on their heads like a tin pot, with a large fox's brush pulled over it. Oh, didn't they look prime!

SIR W. (*stamping with rage.*) Oh! good gracious! good Heaven!

MARG. Only look at my Billy dancing; I never saw him so full of fun before. Ha! ha! ha!

CAPT. B. Well, Lady Evergreen, I certainly shall accept your kind invitation. I must return to my quarters for a short time, but will rejoin you again in the course of half an hour. I am delighted at meeting you again, Sir William, and believe me equally delighted at my introduction to your excellent wife.

MARG. Come, that's hearty; give us your hand, you're the kind of man I like, after all.

SIR W. Don't be longer than half an hour.

CAPT. B. Not a moment. Adieu, my lady, for the present.

MARG. Good bye. (*Exit Captain B., Margery calling after him.*) Come again soon now, Captain,—*Bonjour.* (*To Sir W.*) There—there's a bit of edication for him.

SIR W. Now, my dear, that we are alone, I must tell you that your behavior has been abominable.

MARG. Oh! has it? Now if I did not think I was quite the lady.

SIR W. What, with your directions respecting your animals, and your reference to your cousin Joe, and the old woman, your school-mistress; and your ridiculous eulogium on the uniform of the yeomanry; I thought I should have taken to my heels and run out of the room.

MARG. I wish you had! I know I should have got on better without you than with you at my elbow; and as for Cousin Joe, he may be a stupid fellow, and all that, but he is a good fellow, and if he don't know how to make a proper

bow, or a fine speech, like you do,—such as I have heard you practising to yourself, about railroads, and borrowing of money, and the taxes, and the state of the nation, and the situation of the population, and the horrible education,—he can talk so that I can understand him, and that's more than I always can when you talk, or anybody else can for the matter of that. I speak according to my knowledge, and I know I always speak the truth, and what I want to say I say, without beating about the bush, and that's much better than being deceitful and making believe to be glad to see people when you really wish them at Jericho, and go grinning and smiling up to them, and shaking hands, when in your heart you would like to shake 'em inside out; and make use of fine words, and say beautiful things, when you don't mean them; you may call *this* polish, but I call it telling lies.

SIR W. But the usages of society —

MARG. I don't care, I shall follow my own nature, and I began this morning by packing off my French master, and my music master, and as for the dancing master, if he dares come here again, and make my feet ache, as he did yesterday, I'll break his fiddle over his head for him.

SIR W. Break the fiddle over his head. Madam—Pshaw! (*Aside.*) It's no use—I fear my experiment has failed. [*Exit.*]

MARG. (*looking after him.*) Now there's manners,—talking to himself before a lady.

Enter Cousin Joe, opposite side, in flashy country attire, staring about awkwardly, and stumbling against the furniture.

JOE. This must be the house! The people at the Nag's Head told me as this was Sir William Evergreen's, and he's the man, as he married my cousin Margery. (*Margery turns around.*) What, Margery!

MARG. What, Joe, is it you! How do you do, Joe? Well, I'm glad to see you! (*Shaking hands with him.*) More old friends meeting; but this is the best of all. Well and how are you, Cousin Joe?

JOE. Oh, I am very well, thank you.

MARG. What's brought you here? Come to see me?

JOE. Yes.

MARG. That's right.

JOE. Why, you see, I'm going up to Lunnun, cause mother knows somebody there, and as I never cared much about farming, but always had a bit of a notion of being a kind of a gentleman, why the hend of it is, I'm going to be a fine lady's page.

MARG. La, Joe!

JOE. Yes, I ham; I hain't a-going to wear these old things,—I'm to be all over buttons, and have a hat covered with gold lace, and I'm to have my hair curled every morning, and I'm to walk after my missus in the street with her lap dog, to see as nobody is saucy to her.

MARG. Can you stay here a day or two before you go to your place? we would have such fun; for though my husband has often said that none of my family must come here, as he wanted me to forget all their ways, yet, as you are here, I think I can coax him to let you stay. Set down, Joe. Well and so, and how's your mother, Joe?

JOE. She's hearty.

MARG. And what's the news? Tell me all you can think of. How's Tom Dixon?—married Lizzy Turnay yet?

JOE. No—bless you, no! they were going to be married honly last week, and when Tom got to the church door, he rued, like a fool, run all the way home again, and left poor Lizzy crying her heyes out at the porch door.

MARG. You don't say so! Well, I always thought and said Tom was a fool. Come close, Joe, don't be shy. Ah! Joe, how comfortable this is to have somebody to talk to in one's own way; I do feel so free and easy again. Well, tell me, Joe, is Dame Williams living?

JOE. No, she died six months ago.

MARG. Did she leave all her money to her nephew, Jim Porter?

JOE. No, there was such work. I'll tell you.

MARG. Come quite close, and tell me.

JOE. Why, you see, Jim, he made sure of the money, and lived in sich style,—bought a house, kept a gig, went to the races, played at ninepins, and carried on sich games, and then the hold woman died, and it was found as she'd left all her money to a little smooth-faced fellow, with a face about

the size of a sixpence, as had, somehow or another, got into the hold lady's books, and it was all writ down in her will; it was because Jim had kicked her favorite lap dog, as used to fly at everybody's heels; so Jim's in prison for debt and the dog's gone to live along with the butcher.

MARG. Well, and what's become of Harry Bacon?

JOE. Gone to sea, because he took tick of a tailor from Lunnun. And you know Tom Hammer, the blacksmith?

MARG. Yes.

JOE. Well, if he hain't gone and bought all Merryweather's pigs, I'm a Dutchman.

MARG. La!

JOE. And Merryweather has gone to 'Merica, and the heldest daughter has married Sam Halloway, the cutler, and folks *do* say it hain't a good match, 'cause he's a vidow with three children, and she might have 'ad Master Pol-lard, the schoolmaster, so he's gone and turned serious and won't let the boys play at no games, so they is going to a new man, who is going to let them do just whatever they like; and Will Swiggs has been found out stealing chickens, so he is in prison; and young Trotter, the postman, has opened a green grocer's shop; and the doctor's got two lamps over his door, with two great big red and blue bull's eyes over it; and they are pulling down the old parsonage and building up a new one; and all the parish children have got the whooping cough; and we've got a new beadle; and Mrs. Jenkins' cow is dead; and mother Miles' great big white rabbit has got the measles; and—and—that's all.

MARG. Oh, Joe! I can shut my eyes and see everything, and everybody you've been talking about; oh, so plain, and to see you again does seem so like old times.

JOE. And don't you remember when you used to climb up the cherry trees, and halloa out to me, and say, "O Joe, come and catch me, or I shall tumble down and break something!"

MARG. Yes, and Joe, when my father used to take you and I to market, and we used to sit at the bottom of the cart and eat apples.

JOE. Oh, yes! and when I used to try and kiss you, what pokes you used to give me in the nose; but I used to get so

savage, sometimes, and kick you with my hobnail shoes. Oh, how friendly we was then, wasn't we?

MARG. And how we did sing!

JOE. And dance!

MARG. And was so happy! O Joe!

JOE. O Margery!

Joe catches Margery in his arms and kisses her; at the same moment Sir William and Captain Blenheim appear at the back; they both stand an instant in an attitude of astonishment; Sir William advances.

MARG. Heavens!

CAPT. B. Sir William!

Joe makes three bows to Sir William, then retires to corner of the stage.

MARG. Don't go away, Joe, it's only my husband.

SIR W. Who is that fellow, and what is he doing here?

MARG. He was only giving me a kiss just now; it's my cousin Joe, and I was so glad to see him, and he was so glad to see me, that—we—couldn't help it—no—we couldn't help it.

JOE. No, we couldn't help it.

CAPT. B. Exceedingly ingenuous!

SIR W. (to Margery.) Oblige me by returning to your room; and you, fellow, leave this place immediately!

MARG. Don't send him away yet, we haven't had half a talk together.

JOE. No, no, we haven't had half a talk yet!

MARG. Don't you go, Joe!

JOE. No, hi don't mean to.

SIR W. Your conduct, madam, is most unbecoming; you forget your station,—you forget that you are my wife.

MARG. I'm sure I don't, and I'm sure you take good care I shan't!

JOE. Yes, you take good care she shan't.

MARG. Hold your tongue, Joe! How dare you speak? I won't be tethered so tight any longer, I can tell you; and I *will* be myself again. I'm tired of being somebody else, and I can't, and I'll go and put on my old country clothes again, for I've no comfort in these, and then I can do as I like,—kiss Joe and you and —

SIR W. Margaret!

MARG. I don't want to quarrel, and I won't quarrel, if you'll only be kind to me, but I will be myself again; for since I've been married, I feel as if my head had been put on the wrong way, and when I am myself again, if you don't like me, I had better go back to my father, he'll be fond of me if you won't. (*Taking Joe by the arm and running off.*) So come along, Joe.

SIR W. I give it up. I can no longer pursue my darling theory,—it's all labor in vain. (*Falls into a chair.*) I admired her simplicity, her frankness; and I fondly imagined that if I could unite such qualities with refinement, that I should create, as it were, a woman of perfection.

CAPT. B. You now perceive the error of your speculations, the inability of striving to elevate humanity from its natural position; there must exist separate grades in society,—the Patrician, the Commoner, and the Plebeian. Seek not to amalgamate; the process may be very well in a railroad, but with human nature it must ever create incongruities. But don't be downcast, Sir William; there's no help for it now, so make the best of a bad bargain; there is no making a silk purse out of — I need say no more. (*Bows himself out.*)

SIR W. (*after a pause.*) I'm sorry—very sorry, to see this sad result of all my labor, and I fear much unhappiness is in store for both of us. How can I pass my leisure hours in the company of one so uninformed, so incapable of conversation? [*Exit Sir W.*]

Enter Margery, in the dress of a country girl.

MARG. Now I am comfortable—now I do feel like myself again!

She skips around the stage, humming to herself; or, if the player is so disposed, an opportunity is here offered for the introduction of a merry country song.

JOE (*heard without*). I don't care, I'm as good a man as you any day!

Enter Cousin Joe.

MARG. Why, Joe, what's the matter now?

JOE. Matter? Why you know, when you put me in that

room with them grand pictures, when you went to take off your clothes, in comes your grand husband. Don't stand on the chairs, says he; Why how can I see the pictures if I don't? says I; Well, then, get out of the house, says he; says I, I shan't! my cousin has put me here, and neither you, nor any six of your servants shall turn me out!

MARG. That was wrong, Joe.

JOE. And he said something to me, and I said something to him, and the hend of it was, he tuck me by the collar of the coat and kicked me down-stairs.

MARG. And served you right!

JOE. Eh!

MARG. You had no business to be impudent to my husband, if you *are* my cousin. What did you say?

JOE. Why, he bothered me so, at last, I up and called him —

MARG. What did you call him?

JOE. Why, old fool!

MARG. You did?

JOE. Yes I did! And why didn't he come out on the grass plot and have it out, like a man? I'd have molished him, that I would!

MARG. You would? And did you dare to call my husband names? There—there—there! (*She seizes Joe by the collar with her left hand, strikes him with her right, and finishes by striking his hat over his eyes, as Sir William enters.*) I'm so glad you've come, my dear; he won't behave bad any more, I promise you. I've given him such a thrashing!

JOE. I won't come here again in a hurry, I can tell you. I haven't been half an hour in the house, and I've been kicked and larruped about by heverybody. You have made my nose bleed, and I shall go to my new place with a black eye.

SIR W. My dear Margery, there was no necessity for being so severe with your cousin; I had sufficiently corrected him, although, I must confess, that I have not witnessed this proof of your affection for me and the striking simplicity of your nature, without a feeling of great satisfaction. Margery, my dear, will you kiss me?

MARG. Oh, won't I (*kissing him*)—there!

SIR W. (*embracing her.*) And there; you don't want to kiss Cousin Joe, now, I hope?

JOE. I wouldn't let you kiss me now, if you wanted to ever so much!

MARG. Bless his heart, I think no more of kissing him than I should of kissing my grandmother; but he must not forget himself!

SIR W. I forgive him, and if agreeable, he may stay and dine with us.

MARG. There, Joe, you may stay and dine with us, if you will!

JOE. Very well, if I can't be revenged upon him, I will upon his wittles.

SIR W. And are you happier in your country attire?

MARG. Oh, that I am! if only because 'twas what I wore when you first loved me.

SIR W. And you will be happier still if I allow you to follow the dictates of your heart and feelings, without the directions of masters or of books?

MARG. Oh, that I shall! yet I'll try my hardest to be as you wish me, if you but let me try my own way. And I'm sure in time you will not be ashamed of me. Don't give me masters—don't give me books; but when you want me to learn, teach me *yourself*. A loving word and gentle patience—and all from you, will make us both happy, and me, I hope, sincere; and (*to the audience*) what will be better still, let but the ROUGH DIAMOND be firmly set in your golden opinions, and she will be sufficiently polished to shine as long as you will permit her.

[*Curtain falls.*]

DRAMATIO SUPPLEMENT
—TO—
One Hundred Choice Selections, No. 16.
DESIGNED ESPECIALLY FOR
SABBATH-SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENTS.

ESAU AND JACOB.—ELLEN MURRAY.

YESTERDAY.

ESAU. Down, dogs! down, down! Lie there, red deer.

A chase

Weary and long I've had to-day. How good
And tempting smells your cooking, brother mine;
It simmers, boils, and bubbles. Give me some?
I have been hunting since the early dawn
And cannot wait for venison.

JACOB.

Why, they say
There's naught for nothing, brother Esau, here.
Give me your birthright and then help yourself.

ESAU. If I should die of hunger, where's the use
Of this great birthright. You may claim my right—
Now fill the bowl up fully.

1ST SEMI-CHORUS.

Foolish man!
Poor, foolish man! Is not thy father's tent
A few steps off? Does not thy mother wait
To welcome thee? The servants ready stand
To bring thee food?

2ND SEMI-CHORUS. Roast calf and fatted lamb,
The savory broth, the cakes of finest flour.
For this couldst thou not rule thy appetite?

1ST S-C. What has he paid for this same mess of soup?

2ND S-C. His mother's tent, his father's herds, the right
Of rule and lordship.

1ST S-C. Any more than this?

2ND S-C. He gives his birthright to this goodly land;

To Lebanon and Carmel, Jordan's wave,
Its royal Zion and its holy hill.

1ST S-C. What else?

2ND S-C. His father's blessing. He shall pray
For it in vain with many bitter tears
And fruitless pleading.

1ST S-C. Is there hope for him?

2ND S-C. This only, that in years to come, the yoke
May from his neck be broken.

JACOB. I have done
Well for myself to-day. By one full dish
Of pottage I have made myself so rich
I scarce can count my gains.

1ST S-C. Poor, foolish man!
What has he gained?

2ND S-C. His mother's bitter shame,
His father's grief, and he must wander out,
A lonely stranger, dreading everywhere
His cheated brother's anger.

1ST S-C. Is this all?

2ND S-C. No; he, too, shall be cheated. Laban's greed
Shall steal his wages, and his lying sons
Shall fill his life with sorrow.

1ST S-C. He shall gain —

2ND S-C. The bitterest repentance. He shall cry
In his old age: "Evil have been the days
Of my long pilgrimage." Poor, foolish man!

TO-DAY.

ESAU. I am so hot and tired. I have worked
Through the long day, until my lips are dry.
Brother, your drink looks tempting. Yes, it smells
Very refreshing. Will you give me some?

JACOB. There's naught for nothing, brother Esau, here.
But if you have your pocket-book, and pay
A ten-cent for a glassful, here it is.

ESAU. Only a ten-cent! that will not be much
One way or other, and I cannot wait,
I am so thirsty. Fill it up.

1ST S-C. Poor man!
Poor, foolish man! Lies not the cool, clear well,
Like some bright jewel by thy homeward path?
Is not the white milk standing in the pan?
Hang not the apples, gold and ruby-flecked,
Crisp with sweet juice, upon the loaded trees,

To stay thy thirst, and cool thy longing lips?

2ND S-C. Stand not the Church and Bible hand in hand,
Calling thee back to where through pastures green
The living waters flow?

1st S-C. Poor, foolish man!
What has he paid for this same ten-cent drink?

2ND S-C. His twelve months' gains; yea, more, his acres
broad,
His barn, his house, his standing among men,
The future of his children.

1st S-C. More than this?
2ND S-C. Alas! he pays his birthright in yon heaven,—
Its gates of pearl and rainbow, streets of gold,
Its river flowing from the crystal throne.

1st S-C. What else?
2ND S-C. Oh, price most terrible! he gives
The blessing of his God, no more to fall
Upon his withered soul, that shrieks, aghast,
In terror at the loss.

1st S-C. Is there no hope?
2ND S-C. This only, that with many a bitter pain
He may, at last, o'ercome his wish for drink.
Few, few, alas! are saved.

JACOB. Well, I have done
Quite well to-day. If I keep on like this
I shall be rich ere long. The whisky costs
So little, and it brings in money fast.
The temperance folks would stop me. Let them try,
I prosper more and more,—my gains increase.

1st S-C. What has he gained?
2ND S-C. His mother's blush of shame
For her lost son, his father's gray head bowed
In hopeless grief, the curse of fellow men
Cheated by him to ruin and despair.

1st S-C. And is this all?
2ND S-C. No, he shall cheat himself.
His boasted riches shall, like withered leaves,
Fly in the coming whirlwind, and his gains
Shall turn to liquid fire and eat his flesh
In that great day.

1st S-C. Oh, fearful prophecy!
2ND S-C. Poor fool! poor fool! For he shall cry at last:
"What doth it profit me? I've gained the world
And lost my soul."

THE BEAUTY OF PIETY.—S. C. EDGARTON.

CHARACTERS.

PRIESTESS OF NATURE.	AERIA.
FLORA.	METEORA.
TERRESTRIA.	CELESTIA.
OCEANA.	PSYCHE.
CHRYSOLINE.	CHRISTINA.

The Priestess stands alone, with one arm leaning on her altar.

PRIESTESS. Here is my altar, *naked*—and I a Priestess! Why come they not, those gentle messengers whom I sent abroad to bring me the pure and beautiful things of earth? Has the glory of this world departed, that they linger thus in its pursuit? Nay, not *all* departed, for here cometh Flora, the queen of a radiant realm.

FLORA. All hail, sweet Priestess! I have wandered long,
But the dear flowers were sleeping in their graves;
Only a few, from all the beauteous throng,
Have wakened at the song of spring's wild waves.
Those few I bring thee, from their far retreat,
An offering for thine altar, pure and sweet.

PRIESTESS. Bless thee, Flora! They shall lie there, as beautiful tokens of thy faithful ministries to man. Thou makest the earth radiant for his footsteps; and the rugged scenes along his pilgrimage are decked with beauty by thy gentle hand. Bless thee, Flora, for thy fragrant offering. Hast thou aught to ask in return?

FLORA. Sweet Priestess, I would have thee deal
With man's unthinking, senseless heart,
And waken there a sense to feel
The humble beauty I impart;
And so my own poor works control
That they may purify his soul.

PRIESTESS. Stand here, by my altar. Thou shalt not lose thy reward; but Terrestria approacheth now, bearing also a gift. What hast thou found of the beautiful, in thy dim domains, thou queen of the under-world?

TERRESTRIA. Priestess, I have brought thee gems!
Weave them into diadems

For those brows where human thought
Its divinest charm has wrought.
They are beautiful and bright,
Robed in rays of glorious light;
Take them, Priestess, they are thine,
Let them rest upon thy shrine.

PRIESTESS. Pure, beautiful are they, Terrestria, and man loves to hoard them up in caskets, and woman to entwine them upon her brow. For thy gift what reward wilt thou have?

TERRESTRIA. Priestess, temper woman's heart,
By thine own redeeming art;
Make these gems to her soft eye
Teachers of meek purity;
Keep her heart from foolish pride,
Innocent, and sanctified;
Make her see, in all things bright,
Rays of spiritual light.
Ere I seek my mountain-cave,
Priestess, this dear boon I crave.

PRIESTESS. Stand at the altar, by Flora's side, and I will remember thy request. Another messenger has entered,—
Oceana, the daughter of the sea. She is a merry queen.

OCEANA. The sea—from the bright blue sea I come!
There is my own wild murmuring home;
I have chased the dolphin along the main,
And followed the nautilus all in vain.
I sought to bring to thine altar here
A nereid's smile and a mermaid's tear;
But they fled away to their sparry cells,
So I filled my basket with simple shells.

PRIESTESS. Thy shells are very beautiful, and they have a moan of music from the sea. Men have gazed upon their varied and exquisite forms, and children have held them to their ears, and listened to their low and dreamy songs. Name a recompense, and it shall be thine.

OCEANA. Oh, grant, sweet Priestess, that children may learn,
From the moan of the shell, how their spirits will
yearn,

Should they wander astray from the dwelling of
truth,
For those far-away homes of their innocent youth.
Let them look on the harps with wondering eyes,
And ask whence the conch-shell hath borrowed
her dyes.
Let them marvel, and study, and take to their
hearts,
The beautiful lesson the ocean imparts;
Then pearl-shell and coral sweet wisdom shall
teach,
As their merry young feet ramble over the beach.
This boon, gentle Priestess, is all that I ask—
So I'll hie me away to my every-day task.

PRIESTESS. Tarry awhile, gentle Oceana. Stand around
the altar, with thy sisters, and wait till after the other mes-
sengers have returned. Then will I grant the boon. Be-
hold, one cometh now. Welcome, fair Chrysoline!

CHRYSOLINE. Thou didst send me forth for beauty,
And I wandered long and far;
But in vain I toiled for duty,—
'Twas like reaching for a star!
For the beautiful things
Of my realm have wings,
And they flitted before my steps;
Not one could I see,
Save the sweet little bee,
Flying off with the dew on his lips.

PRIESTESS. It is well, Chrysoline. Let the beautiful things
of thy realm go free. Suffer them to enjoy life, happiness,
and employment. Nevertheless thou shalt not lose thy re-
ward. What wilt thou ask?

CHRYSOLINE. I will ask that the butterfly's beauty,
And the skill of the brown buzzing bee,
Teach lessons of wisdom and duty,
No less than the shells of the sea;
No less than the gems that are shining
So bright on thine altar to-night;
Or the flowers that around it are twining
In fragrance, in beauty, and light.

PRIESTESS. What hast thou brought, Aeria?

AERIA. Oh, beautiful songs have I heard to-day
 From the larks that stood on the budding spray;
 And radiant plumage and golden crests
 Glanced to and fro by the new-made nests;
 And glad should I be could I bring thee here
 The beautiful birds of the early year.
 But it may not be, for the birds are shy,
 And they love the fields of the bright blue sky.
 The game of the hunter I would not bring,
 Nor lay on thine altar a *bloody* thing;
 So, beautiful Priestess, I left them free
 To flit about on the greenwood tree;
 And the only favor I dare bespeak
 Is a watchful eye and a spirit meek,
 For those who roam through the fields of spring,
 And mark the birds on buoyant wing.
 Oh, may they learn from their daily songs
 What joy to an innocent heart belongs,
 And see how happy the simplest thing
 Is made by the love of the guardian King!

PRIESTESS. It is a holy request, Aeria. Go, join thy sisters
 at the altar. And here come two other ministers of the
 beautiful,—*Meteora* and *Celestia*. Have ye brought offer-
 ings for my shrine?

METEORA. I saw a rainbow in the sky—

CELESTIA. And I a star—

METEORA. I saw a radiant cloud float by,
 Like some bright, air-borne car—

CELESTIA. I saw sweet Venus far away
 O'er a wild mountain—

METEORA. And I a rainbow in the spray
 Of a clear sunny fountain.

CELESTIA. I could not bring the stars to earth—

METEORA. Nor I the lightnings of the north—

BOTH. But we have brought report to thee
 Of glories in that upper sea,
 And pray thee to direct the love
 Of human hearts to things above;
 To the bright stars, and to the clouds,
 And to the faint and viewless crowds
 Whose shadows form the galaxy
 That spreads along the bending sky,

That men may love the pure and bright,
And trace out beauty in the night.

PRIESTESS. All this shall be done. Wait with patience,
for another messenger is here,—sweet, thoughtful Psyche.
Hast thou found anything beautiful?

PSYCHE. O Priestess! ne'er hath human eye,
In earth, or sea, or star-gemmed sky,
Discerned so marvelous a thing
As that which now to thee I bring.
Priestess, it is a *human soul*,—
A silver chord, a golden bowl;
The light that glorifies the earth,—
A spirit of undying birth;
A star, a gem, a sweet-toned lyre,
Man's ever-lighted incense fire;
The only link 'twixt earth and heaven;
A thing that sins and is forgiven.
This have I brought, but it is *mine*;
I lay it on no earthly shrine;
No human power can e'er control
The movements of the human soul.

PRIESTESS. Psyche, thou art right. Here upon my altar
lie three gifts,—beautiful, pure, but without life. All that is
spiritual disdains to be brought down to an earthly shrine.
But a messenger cometh, who will tell what alone of thee is
truly beautiful. Listen to Christina.

CHRISTINA. Priestess, I wandered at thy will,
To seek in earth and air,
What to my spirit's eye might seem
Most lovely and most fair.

I saw the flowers, the gems, the shells,
I saw the stars and clouds,
The insects and the singing birds,
That came and went in crowds.

I saw the wondrous human soul,—
A soul with gems impearled,
And mid them there the loveliest thing
In all this glorious world.

The soul were faint and very dark
Without this radiant guest:

It is the light, the joy, the peace,
Of every human breast.

Sweet Priestess, know ye where or what
This beauteous thing may be?
'Tis found in every pure young heart,—
Named *early Piety*.

But, Priestess, not unto *thy* shrine
May I this offering bring;
It goeth up from human souls
To heaven's eternal King.

PRIESTESS. Thou hast spoken truth, Christina. To God belongeth the purest thing of his great universe. And since some boon is merited by thee, for the wisdom of thy choice, I will give thee a ministry over human souls, to work upon them, by the spell of this beautiful thing which thou hast chosen, the gifts which have been desired of me by the sisters who surround the altar. Through the influence of piety they shall see beauty and purity in the flowers and gems, in the insects and birds, in the sea and in the sky, and all around and abroad in the glorious universe; and the purest offerings of every heart shall be brought to the holy altar of the living God.

HEAVENLY FOUNDATIONS.—ORRIE M. GAYLORD.

"And the foundations of the wall of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones. The first foundation was jasper; the second, sapphire; the third, a chalcedony; the fourth, an emerald; the fifth, sardonyx; the sixth, sardius; the seventh, chrysolite; the eighth, beryl; the ninth, a topaz; the tenth, a chrysoprasus; the eleventh, a jacinth; the twelfth, an amethyst."—Rev. xxi: 19, 20.

SISTER QUEEN.

City of God, oh, how bright and how fair
Seem thy pure pearly gates in that heavenly air!
What a flood of clear light from thy jasper walls gleams,
As each foundation-stone in its own beauty beams!
Methinks, as each stone has a *light* of its own,
So each flash to our hearts bears a magical *tone*;
And there breathes from each gem a word of good cheer,
Such as flowers in their beauty bring to us here.
I would, my dear sisters, we might by their light,

Their language receive, and translate it aright,
So that we, as our eyes toward those glistening walls turn,
From their beauty may ever some new lesson learn,—
Some glimmer of truth that may light up the way
Our weary feet tread, toward those portals of day.

FIRST VOICE.—*Jasper.*

Methinks the Jasper—first in sight,
Beaming on all with cheery light,
Withholding not a single ray
To others due, yet from the day,
So shrouding its own heart from view,
That not a ray can pierce it through—
Emblems the Great Mysterious One
Who sits upon the jasper throne,
And, shedding light on all around,
Still wrapped in mystery profound,
In ways we cannot comprehend,
Works out His purpose to the end.

SECOND VOICE.—*Sapphire.*

The second gem's cerulean hue,
The sapphire, with its heavenly blue,
Seems like the heart that finds above
Its noblest joy, its purest love;
Hiding no secret in its breast,
But loving heaven's own hue the best.

THIRD VOICE.—*Chalcedony (Cornelian).*

The stone that next we see,
Blood-red Chalcedony,
Reminds us that we owe
Our life, our all below,
To Him whose blood alone
Could for our sin atone;
Shall not its language be
To us, humility?

FOURTH VOICE.—*Emerald.*

Oh, yes, such let it be;
None but the contrite heart
From sinful pride set free,
Can in that blood have part.

And now upon our sight
Mildly the emerald gleams,

As Hope's refreshing light
Upon our pathway beams.

FIFTH VOICE.—*Sardonyx*.

And blending with its vernal light
The fifth foundation-stone,
With pale rose hue and zones of white,
Breathes love in every tone.

'Twas Love that reared these mansions fair,
'Tis Love that bids us come,
And while it reigns supremely there,
'Tis Love conducts us home.

SIXTH VOICE.—*Sardius (Ruby)*.

Close by there flashes on the sight
The Sardius, with its ruby light;
An emblem, in its regal ray,
Of princely grace and dignity.

Well may its burning brilliance grace
The walls where reigns the Prince of Peace;
And truly fitting is this gem
To deck His royal diadem.

SEVENTH VOICE.—*Chrysolite (Diamond)*.

Clear as the crystal waters are,
Pure as the face of heaven fair,
The seventh foundation beams in sight,
The Diamond, or the Chrysolite.

Truth like this adamantine gem,
Ne'er feels corroding touch of time,
But faithfully reflects each ray
From early dawn till twilight gray.

EIGHTH VOICE.—*Beryl*.

And now the Beryl's sea green hue
Beside the Diamond gleams in view,
With softened light;
Emblem of knowledge, deep, profound,
Like ocean-depths, no line can sound,
Yet ever bright.

NINTH VOICE.—*Topaz*.

We, ninthly, in the Topaz trace
The symbol of that kingly grace,
Sweet clemency.

Oh, were not this inscribed above,
 Banished for aye from light and love,
 How lost were we!

TENTH VOICE.—*Chrysoprasus.*

And yet, assured of this,
 We turn with grateful thought,
 The tenth foundation trace,
 With grace and beauty fraught.
 Its vernal coloring
 Minds of green fields and bowers,
 And of that promised spring
 That wakes immortal flowers.

ELEVENTH VOICE.—*Jacinth.*

And there the Jacinth gleams
 With its warm amber ray,
 Like day's departing beams,
 Emblem of victory.
 Even in the darkest hour,
 The skies all overcast,
 We'll trust our Father's power
 For victory at last.

TWELFTH VOICE.—*Amethyst.*

The last foundation-stone,
 With beauty all its own,
 Reflects its violet ray,
 Like clouds at set of day.
 Type of immortal joy,
 Of bliss without alloy,
 Such is our heavenly rest,
 O lovely Amethyst.

SISTER QUEEN.

Precious thoughts, my dear sisters, ye've gathered and
 brought
 That with memories fragrant may ever be fraught;
 And like stars on the main, to the mariner lost,
 May guide some poor soul on life's sea, tempest-tossed,
 To that haven of rest where no angry winds blow,
 But the breezes sigh soft, and the still waters flow.
 And may *we all, too*, read these lessons aright,
 And ever press on toward the city of light,
 Through temptations and trials e'er grasping the hand
 Of Jesus, our Guide, our Protector, and Friend.

SIGNING THE PLEDGE.

CHARACTERS.

MR. HENRY CLAYTON.

MRS. MINNIE CLAYTON.

EDWARD, }
WALTER, } Clayton's children.
CLARA, }
MARY, }

MR. BLAKE, a saloonkeeper.

MRS. BLAKE.

LIZZIE, } Blake's daughters.
HELEN, }

BRIDGET, the maid.

SCENE I.—*Room in the Clayton home. Mr. C. reading paper; Mrs. C. sewing; the children doing various things.*

EDWARD. Well, mother, how about your temperance work; I heard you women were going to crusade. Is it so?

MRS. CLAYTON. If they do, I think I shall be one of them. Wouldn't I be in the path of duty?

EDWARD. Maybe. But I think a better plan would be to get intoxicating drinks out of your own house first. Everybody knows father keeps a sideboard well filled with choice wines.

MR. CLAYTON. That is my business.

MRS. C. And everybody knows, too, that it is contrary to my wishes. Had I my way, there would be nothing of that kind about the house, and each member of the family would be the possessor of a pledge-card.

CLARA. Why, mamma, some of us have cards. Give us credit. You have only father and Eddie to sign it now.

EDWARD. When father signs one, I will do likewise.

MR. C. You cannot get around it *that* way, my boy. If you want to become a temperance man, don't wait upon me. If there is any danger of your becoming a sot, you had better join the cold-water army.

MRS. C. I do love the cause of temperance, and would like to work for it, but it has thrown quite a damper upon my ardor, when I think that husband and son are on the opposite side, and we are a divided house. And I think, father, you had better take a step forward now, as Edward

has said he would follow. Won't you do so? Come, I have some cards.

MR. C. Never will I sign away my freedom in such a way as that. I am all right; whenever I see that there is any danger of my becoming a drunkard, I will quit. But because a man holds that he has the privilege of taking a social glass when he wishes, I do not see the use of the women, and a few reformed men, constantly interfering; and in plain words, I don't think it's any of their business.

MARY. Mamma, may I get my card?

MRS. C. Yes, child, show it to your father.

EDWARD. I agree with you, father. Some of them are always around where they have no business, for no other purpose than to watch others.

MARY (*who has crossed the room to a table, got card, and is returning*). Here it is. Oh, papa, put your name under mine, and it will be yours and mine. Please do, won't you? One day, at Sabbath-school, our lesson was about wine, and the minister said it meant ale and beer, too. There was a picture of a glass that men drink wine out of; it wasn't like ours, for there was a snake in the bottom of it, and they said something about not looking at the wine when it is red. Is that the kind you drink, papa? Will the snake bite you?

MR. C. Nonsense, child! you had better be at home, playing, than at such a place as that. (*Taking a bottle from sideboard.*) Here, you taste it, and see whether there is anything that will hurt about it; see, I am going to take some.

MARY. Please don't, papa. I wouldn't take it for the world. They say at Sunday-school that it kills and murders and makes papas hurt little children. Will it make you hurt me?

MR. C. (*replacing bottle.*) I wouldn't hurt you for the world, Mary.

MARY. Then you won't drink any more wine. Mamma, if papa puts his name here, will it keep the snake from biting him?

MRS. C. Yes, yes, dear child, get him to write his name, and Edward, too.

EDWARD. I am going down street.

WALTER. Stay, Ed, and sign Mary's card.

CLARA. Do, Eddie.

EDWARD. I'll sign after father does. [*Exit Edward.*]

MARY. Will you write your name, papa?

MR. C. Not now. I must go. I have an engagement down town. I can't write my name there, Mary; never ask me again. Mrs. Clayton, I hope you will see that this scene is not repeated; keep her home from Sunday-school. The idea of such stuff as that in a child's head! A pretty place it must be, where they teach a child to despise its father!

CLARA. Not the father; only the sin.

MR. C. Well, she will not go any more.

MRS. C. I couldn't deprive her of such excellent instruction. I'm only sorry that the work of instilling temperance into children in such a way that it becomes a part of their nature, was not commenced years ago. This scene would not then have occurred.

MR. C. I do not think your course a very wise one. You are teaching my child to disobey me,—some more of those principles. From such religion deliver me. Train them on, and when they utterly despise me, I suppose you will be pleased! Get away! I am going where things are more pleasant! [*Exit Mr. C.*]

CLARA. Oh, mamma; what will we do! Every time we talk to papa about temperance, he gets angry.

WALTER. Oh, dear! I wish he would sign and let drink alone. I heard some men talking,—they didn't know me,—and they said it was a great pity of Henry Clayton. He was going down as fast as he could. He was neglecting his business, and it would soon pass into other hands. Is it true, mamma?

MRS. C. Never mind now. You children must improve every opportunity. God only knows what there is in store for us.

CLARA. Well, if Eddie would only sign!

MRS. C. We will hope for the best. "How long, O Lord, how long?"

MARY. Will God hear a little girl pray?

MRS. C. Always. (*Exit Mary.*) My dear child, she is going to pray for her father. Children, you must all do likewise.

SCENE II.—*Room in the Clayton home after a few years. All poorly clad. Mrs. Clayton discovered.*

MRS. C. Oh, how things have changed! Our home gone; clothes worn out, and no way of getting others. It takes all the children make to buy food. Father gets money from them whenever he can, and sometimes takes what I have. How he has changed! He used to be so kind, and Mary was his idol; now we hear nothing but cross words, and this from him who promised to love and cherish! Sometimes I think such thoughts will drive me mad; but I must bear up for the sake of my children. I have no fear for any but Edward, for the rest are Christians; but poor, wayward Edward,—going just like his father. Every day I expect to hear of his discharge. Clara is with a very nice kind family, and what little the dear girl can earn she gives to me. She always looks tired; sewing is hard on her. Poor, sensitive Walter! he feels his condition so much. Well, children, you will have your reward for your “patience in tribulation.” But some one is coming.

Enter Mary.

MARY. I am so tired and hungry; will supper soon be ready? I wish we had lots to eat, as we used to have, and clothes to wear that were not in so many pieces. If papa would only take the pledge, and sign my card.

Enter Edward.

MRS. C. How does it come that you are home from work so soon, Edward?

EDWARD. I left.

MRS. C. Why?

EDWARD. They gave me permission,—said they didn’t want me any more.

MRS. C. Has it come to this? What will we do! Oh, Edward, had you listened to me, what a comfort you might have been to me now!

EDWARD. Don't go to preaching, mother. I don't want to listen; ain't in a humor for it!

Exit Mrs. Clayton, weeping. Enter Clara.

CLARA. How does it come you are home, Eddie; are you sick?

EDWARD. No. I am home, that is all, and nobody's business either!

CLARA. I did not intend to make you angry.

MARY. He has quit working for Mr. Cole; that's what he told mamma, and she feels so badly.

EDWARD. She needn't worry herself.

CLARA. Don't talk so about mother.

EDWARD. Now, Miss Clara, just keep your advice to yourself, will you; when I want it I will ask for it!

Enter Walter.

WALTER. Clara, what's the matter?

MARY. Eddie hasn't any place to work; where will mamma get bread now, Walter?

WALTER. We will try and take care of mother. What's the matter, Ed?

EDWARD. What do you see the matter?

Enter Mr. Clayton.

MR. C. How did you get home so early, Edward.

EDWARD. I am like you,—loafing. Mother and the children can take care of me, as they do of you.

MR. C. Well, you'll have slim fare. I suppose you have been drinking. Nothing more than I expected, though.

EDWARD. Look here, father, don't you say anything! If you had done your duty, I would not have been what I am to-day! Who taught me to drink? Who told me it wouldn't hurt me, and by his actions taught me to condemn the temperance movement? You did! and now blame me! This drink has made a demon of me! All natural affections are completely burnt out (*enter Mrs. C.*); and now see what I am, and you, too! You can look as fierce as you please, but you had better not touch me! (*Mr. C. starts toward him.*) Hands off, sir! I'll leave when I'm ready! You are responsible

for my ruin, and now want to turn me off! You laughed at mother's religion, but *she* loves me yet! [*Exit Edward.*]

MRS. C. Oh, my child! have I not drank the bitter cup to the dregs! What will be the end of this! Husband, do see your folly, and reform before we are all crushed with sorrow!

MR. C. No preaching; get some supper! Hurry up!

SCENE III.—*Mr. Blake's saloon. Mr. Blake and Mr. Clayton discovered.*

MR. B. Hen. Clayton, your wife is coming; get out as soon as you can. I don't want her to find you here; come, hurry!

MR. C. I used to be *Mr. Clayton*, when I had money.

MR. B. Get out by the back door quickly!

Mr. C. goes out, back. Enter Mrs. C.

MRS. C. Mr. Blake, is my husband here?

MR. B. What do I know about your husband?

MRS. C. I know he frequents this place, and I would like to find him; I want him to spend the evening with me; it is the anniversary of our marriage.

MR. B. I should think you would have a more pleasant evening without him.

MRS. C. He is my husband.

MR. B. And a fine specimen of humanity he is, too. You will not find him here. We keep a respectable place. We would not allow him to loaf here.

MRS. C. He does come here sometimes,—ah, very often, does he not?

MR. B. He used to come, but now he goes to places where they sell to those of known intemperate habits. We are law-abiding, and do not give to them already drunk.

MRS. C. Then the business of your establishment is to make drunkards, and turn them over to others, is it?

MR. B. I won't allow such talk here, madam, and the sooner you leave, the better it will be for you! I shall be happy to say Good evening, Mrs. Clayton.

MRS. C. Stay a moment. You admit that my husband

formerly came here, but now he cannot come because he is so low. Pray, what is the cause of the change?

MR. B. I do not know. It does not concern me, I'm sure.

MRS. C. Yes, it does concern you. You have helped bring on this great calamity. A few years ago we were a happy family,—a good home, plenty to eat and wear; what are we to-day! My children scattered; my husband and myself outcasts; my eldest boy a wanderer. I know not where he is, and the cause I lay at your door. You allured and tempted,—it is your business to tempt; and they fell. I will not curse you. There will be a day of reckoning. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." May He forgive; I almost fear I cannot.

SCENE IV.—*Room in the Blake home. Mrs. Blake, Lizzie, and Helen doing fancy-work. Enter Bridget.*

BRIDGET. A lady, mum. Shall I show her up?

MRS. BLAKE. Who is it, Bridget?

BRIDGET. Sure I don't know. Maybe she hain't got no name. She's just dressed in a caliker not so good as my own, ma'am, and she said she would like for to see the ladies.

MRS. B. Well, show her in. *[Exit Bridget.]*

LIZZIE. How foolish, ma; you don't know who it is. Maybe she's a gipsy.

HELEN. Somebody begging, I should think, from the description.

Enter Mrs. Clayton.

MRS. C. Good afternoon, ladies; I think you do not know me. I used to know you, Mrs. Blake; my name was Minnie Wayne.

MRS. B. Minnie Wayne? It can't be possible! she was such a bright, joyous, happy creature, so unlike you. No such look of distress could ever be made upon Minnie's face.

MRS. C. Time makes great changes. I am now Mrs. Clayton. I have talked with your husband, and now want a few words with you. I see you are pleasantly situated, have everything that you could desire, but your comforts have cost me dearly.

Mrs. B. What do you mean, woman? We have nothing of yours.

Mrs. C. I mean that the business your husband is in, together with the temptation of his place, have taken everything from us,—home, reputation, everything; and while you have plenty, we are in great need.

Mrs. B. I presume you mean that you want some provision and clothes from me. Well, if that is all, I will have Bridget fill a basket for you, and give you some clothes. I guess we have some we do not need. Lizzie, ring for Bridget.

Mrs. C. Don't, Mrs. Blake; I am not begging,—that is, not for bread or clothes; but I am begging, oh, so earnestly begging, that you will try and have your husband stop his dreadful business before he ruins any more families, or kills my loved ones, body and soul. If you will not do that, at least persuade him to keep it from my husband. You were kind and good at school; won't you do something now for fallen humanity? Your daughters will help you, thousands will bless you, and God will reward you. Oh, may I hope that your influence will be for good?

LIZZIE. Well, ma, I think I would send her away. I think pa can attend to his own business.

Mrs. B. I make no rash promises, madam. As my daughter has said, Mr. Blake is capable of attending to his own affairs. I will have Bridget show you the door.

HELEN. Don't call Bridget; I will show this lady out, and promise her to do what I can for her family. (*Exit Helen and Mrs. Clayton.*)

LIZZIE. Just like Helen,—she is so very pious. If pa would do as she wishes him to, I am sorry for all the clothes we would have.

Enter Helen.

HELEN. Mother, is it not as this woman says? Are we not living at our ease, while the business which furnishes the money is breaking hearts, destroying homes, and filling drunkard's graves? I will not be a party to such work any longer. Henceforth I am with the temperance people. (*Exit Helen.*)

LIZZIE. What foolishness! She's crazy!

Mrs. B. Yes, but I fear she'll do as she says!

SCENE V.—*Room in the Clayton home. Mrs. Clayton reclining in chair, Clara in attendance.*

MRS. C. (*feebly.*) Clara, when was your father home last?

CLARA. Not since day before yesterday. He was so much as he used to be, mamma; so careful and attentive to you while you were unconscious, and watched carefully until one of those terrible spells came on; then he left, and I have not seen him since. I am so uneasy. Mamma, through all these long and weary years, hasn't your faith in God ever wavered?

MRS. C. Never; my prayers will be answered. It may not be while I am in the body, but I think you will live to see them answered.

CLARA. I hope so, but sometimes I am tempted to doubt it.

MRS. C. Where is Mary?

CLARA. She is at the temperance meeting, but will soon be home now.

MRS. C. When did you hear from Walter?

CLARA. Not since before you became sick. I presume he has not had time to answer. There comes Mary. What a noise she is making.

Enter Mary.

MARY. O mamma! Clara! look at my card,—mine and papa's! mine and papa's! See the name! papa's name is under mine! I couldn't wait until they were ready. I hurried on to tell you.

MRS. C. (*taking card.*) Thank God!

Enter Mr. Clayton.

MARY. Here's our dear papa,—sober,—our own papa! O mamma, aren't we glad? Clara, you ought to have been at the temperance meeting. Helen Blake brought papa to the desk. (*Enter Helen Blake.*) Here she is; come and see mamma, Helen. Ah, but you are a good girl! I wouldn't let papa sign any other card until he signed mine. I have kept it for a long, long while. Mine and papa's! mine and papa's!

CLARA. Be quiet, Mary; there is some one coming. (*Enter Walter.*) Walter! but we are glad to see you; papa has

signed the pledge! he— Who is that? (*Enter Edward.*)
Edward! Mamma, here is Edward!

EDWARD. Yes, I have my card, too, mother. Father, forgive your prodigal!

MRS. C. Once more a united family; and may these pledges, with all that have been signed in our city, be faithfully kept, "God helping us!"

All unite in singing a temperance song, as curtain falls.

LESSONS FROM SCRIPTURE FLOWERS.—M. B. C. SLADE.

The Lily of the Field.

FIRST BOY.* This flower that Jesus bids us *consider* was the Chalcedonian Lily, very common in Palestine, with scarlet flowers, like those that grow wild in our pastures.

FIRST GIRL. In upland meadows bright flowers I see,
Like lilies that blossomed in Galilee;
When I see them, shining in gold and red,
I think of the words that Jesus said:

TWO IN CONCERT. Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.—[Matt. vi: 28, 29.

The Rose of Sharon.

SECOND B. This flower was not a rose, but the narcissus, like our white flowers of that name. This is the flower of which Solomon speaks when he says, "I am the Rose of Sharon."

SECOND G. In garden-borders, in rows of white,
The dear narcissus is spring's delight;
This lovely blossom in odors sweet,
The promise of old still seems to repeat:

TWO IN CON. The desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.—[Isa. xxxv: 2.

*The assignment of parts here given can be changed to suit different cases, and such other classifications adopted as may seem best. Singing could also be introduced very effectively, especially in connection with "The Rose of Sharon," by the use of H. B. Palmer's hymn by that name, found in "The Choral Union" collection.

The True Rose.

THIRD B. This grows in Palestine. The hills of Jerusalem are covered with beautiful pink, white, and yellow roses.

THIRD G. When lovely roses, in colors fair,
Are budding and blossoming everywhere,
By the brook of the fields in the bright June day,
Their voice to the children shall sweetly say :

TWO IN CON. Harken unto me, ye children, and bud forth as a rose, growing by the brook of the fields.—[Ecclesiasticus xxxix : 13.

The Almond Tree.

FOURTH B. This is the *wakeful* tree, because it is the first to awake from winter's sleep and put on its beautiful garment of rose-colored blossoms.

FOURTH G. The flowering almond, we call it now ;
Spring's brightest, earliest blooming bough.
The prophet found it a symbol true,
That God would hasten his work to do.

TWO IN CON. And I said, I see a rod of an almond tree. Then said the Lord unto me, Thou hast well seen, for I will hasten my word to perform it.—[Jer. i : 11, 12.

Mint, Anise, Cummin.

FIFTH B. These plants had small fragrant seeds, and were those that we now call by the same name.

FIFTH G. In fragrant gardens I love to go,
Where mint and anise and cummin grow ;
But, oh ! how sad it would be to hear
Such words as these from the Master dear :

TWO IN CON. Ye pay tithe of mint, and anise, and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law,—judgment, mercy, and faith.—[Matt. xxiii : 23.

The Mustard Tree.

SIXTH B. This was not our common mustard plant. It is a shrub, still found by the sea of Galilee. The seed is small, but the shrub grows so large that birds can, and do, lodge in the branches.

SIXTH G. Sometimes I stop by the way to heed
The simple bloom of the mustard seed;
And think how, from humblest things that grew
Such lessons as this our Teacher drew:

TWO IN CON. The kingdom of heaven is like to a grain of mustard seed, which a man took, and sowed in his field: which indeed is the least of all seeds; but when it is grown, it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof —[Matt. xiii: 31, 32.

SEVENTH G. When winter goes by and spring is here,
And over the earth the flowers appear,
While birds are singing and breezes play,
These beautiful words again we say:

TWO IN CON. For lo! the winter is past; the rain is over and gone. The flowers appear on the earth. The time of the singing of birds is come.—[Cant. ii: 11, 12.

EIGHTH G. When spring and summer have hastened on,
And beautiful buds and blooms are gone,
With fragrant breath, as they pass away,
The autumn blossoms to us shall say:

ALL IN CON. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the Word of the Lord endureth for ever!—[Isa. xl: 8.

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